

**THE PLAYS AND
POEMS OF
WILLIAM
SHAKSPEARE, IN
SIXTEEN...**

William Shakespeare





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OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.
VOLUME THE SEVENTH.



THE
PLAYS AND POEMS

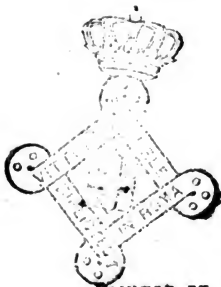
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,



VOLUME THE SEVENTH.

CONTAINING

MACBETH.
KING JOHN.
KING RICHARD II.



D. PROB. ROM. S. J.



D U B L I N;

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1794.

M A C B E T H.



Persons Represented.

Duncan, *King of Scotland* :

Malcolm, } *his Sons.*
 Donalbain, }

Macbeth, } *Generals of the King's army.*
 Banquo, }

Macduff, } *Noblemen of Scotland.*
 Lenox, }
 Rosse, }
 Menteth, }
 Angus, }
 Cathness, }

Fleance, *Son of Banquo.*

Siward, *Earl of Northumberland, General of the English forces :*

Young Siward, *his Son.*

Seyton, *an Officer attending on Macbeth.*

Son to Macduff.

An English Doctor. A Scotch Doctor.

A Soldier. A Porter. An old Man.

Lady Macbeth.

Lady Macduff.

Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.

Hecate, and three Witches.

*Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants,
 and Messengers.*

The Ghost of Banquo, and several other Apparitions.

SCENE, *in the end of the fourth act, lies in England;
 through the rest of the play, in Scotland; and, chiefly, at
 Macbeth's castle.*

M A C B E T H.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An open place.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

1. *Witch.* When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

2. *Witch.*

* Malcolm II. king of Scotland, had two daughters. The eldest was married to Crynin, the father of Duncan, Thane of the Isles, and western parts of Scotland; and on the death of Malcolm, without male issue, Duncan succeeded to the throne. Malcolm's second daughter was married to Siach, Thane of Glamis, the father of Macbeth. Duncan, who married the daughter of Siward, Earl of Northumberland, was murdered by his cousin german, Macbeth, in the castle of Inverness, according to Buchanan, in the year 1040; according to Hector Boethius, in 1045. Boethius, whose history of Scotland was first printed in seventeen books, at Paris, in 1526, thus describes the event which forms the basis of the tragedy before us: "Macbeth, be persuasion of his wyfe, gaderit his friendis to ane counfall at Invernes, quhare kyng Duncane happennit to be for y^e tyme. And because he fand sufficient opportunitie, *be support of Banquo* and otheris his friends, he slew kyng Duncane, the vii zeir of his regne." After the murder of Duncan, Macbeth "come with ane gret power to Scone, and tuk the crowne." *Chronicle of Scotland*, translated by John Bellenden, folio, 1541. Macbeth was himself slain by Macduff in the year 1061, according to Boethius; according to Buchanan, in 1057; at which time King Edward the Confessor possessed the throne of England. Holinshed copied the history of Boethius, and on Holinshed's relation Shakspeare formed his play.

In the reign of Duncan, Banquo having been plundered by the people of Lochaber of some of the king's revenues, which he had collected, and being dangerously wounded in the affray, the persons concerned in this outrage were summoned to appear at a certain day. But they slew the *serjeant at arms* who summoned them, and chose one MACDOWALD as their captain. Macdowald speedily collected a considerable body of forces

2. *Witch.* When the hurly-burly's done *,
When the battle's lost and won †:

3. *Witch.*

forces from Ireland and the Western Isles, and in one action gained a victory over the king's army. In this battle Malcolm, a Scottish nobleman, who was (says Boethius) "Lieutenant to Duncan in Lochaber," was slain. Afterwards Macbeth and Banquo were appointed to the command of the army; and Macdowald being obliged to take refuge in a castle at Lochaber, first slew his wife and children, and then himself. Macbeth on entering the castle finding his dead body, ordered his head to be cut off, and carried to the king, at the castle of Bertha, and his body to be hung on a high tree.

At a subsequent period, in the last year of Duncan's reign, Sueno king of Norway, landed a powerful army in Fife, for the purpose of invading Scotland. Duncan immediately assembled an army to oppose him, and gave the command of two divisions of it to Macbeth and Banquo, putting himself at the head of a third. Sueno was successful in one battle, but in a second was routed; and after a great slaughter of his troops he escaped with ten persons only, and fled back to Norway. Though there was an interval of time between the rebellion of Macdowald and the invasion of Sueno, our author has woven these two actions together, and immediately after Sueno's defeat the present play commences.

It is remarkable that Buchanan has pointed out Macbeth's history as a subject for the stage. "*Multa hic fabulose, quidam uirorum affingunt; sed, quia theatris aut Milesis fabulis sunt aptiora quam historia, ea emitto.*" RERUM SCOT. HIST. L. VII. But there was no translation of Buchanan's work till after our author's death.

This tragedy, was written, I believe, in the year 1606. See the notes at the end; and *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.

2 *Enter three Witches*] 'n order to make a true estimate of the abilities and merit of a writer, it is always necessary to examine the genius of

* *Hurly-burly*—] However mean this word may seem to modern ears, it came recommended to Shakspeare by the authority of Henry Peacham, who, in the year 1577, published a book professing to treat of the ornaments of language. It is called *The Garden of Eloquence*, and has this passage "Onomatopœia, when we invent, devise, sayne and make a name imitating the sound of that it signifyeth, as *burlyburly*, for an uprore and tumultuous stirre." HENDERSON.

3 *When the battle's lost and won:*] i. e. the battle, in which Macbeth was then engaged. WARBURTON.

So, in *K. Richard III.*

"——— while we reason here,

"A royal battle might be *won and lost*."

So also Speed, speaking of the battle of Towton: "—by which on'y stratagem, as it was constantly averred, the battle and day was *lost and won*." Chronicle, 1611. MALONE.

3. *Witch.* That will be ere the set of sun.

1. *Witch.* Where the place?

2. *Witch.*

of his age, and the opinions of his contemporaries. A poet who should now make the whole action of his tragedy depend upon enchantment, and produce the chief events by the assistance of supernatural agents, would be censured as transgressing the bounds of probability, be banished from the theatre to the nursery, and condemned to write fairy tales instead of tragedies; but a survey of the notions that prevailed at the time when the play was written, will prove that Shakspeare was in no danger of such censures, since he only turned the system that was then universally admitted, to his advantage, and was far from overburthening the credulity of his audience.

The reality of witchcraft or enchantment, which, though not strictly the same, are confounded in this play, has in all ages and countries been credited by the common people, and in most, by the learned themselves. The phantoms have indeed appeared more frequently, in proportion as the darkness of ignorance has been more gross; but it cannot be shown, that the brightest gleams of knowledge have at any time been sufficient to drive them out of the world. The time in which this kind of credulity was at its height, seems to have been that of the holy war, in which the Christians imputed all their defeats to enchantments or diabolical opposition, as they ascribed their success to the assistance of their military saints; and the learned Dr. Warburton appears to believe (*Suppl. to the Introduction to Don Quixote*), that the first accounts of enchantments were brought into this part of the world by those who returned from their eastern expeditions. But there is always some distance between the birth and maturity of folly as of wickedness: this opinion had long existed, though perhaps the application of it had in no foregoing age been so frequent, nor the reception so general. Olympiodorus, in Photius's extracts, tells us of one Libanius, who practised this kind of military magick, and having promised *ῥῶς ἐπ' αὐτῶν κατὰ βαρβάρων ἰσχυρῶς* to perform great things against the Barbarians without soldiers, was, at the instance of the empress Placidia, put to death, when he was about to have given proofs of his abilities. The empress shewed some kindness in her anger, by cutting him off at a time so convenient for his reputation.

But a more remarkable proof of the antiquity of this notion may be found in St Chrysostom's book *de Sacerdotio*, which exhibits a scene of enchantments not exceeded by any romance of the middle age: he supposes a spectator overlooking a field of battle, attended by one that points out all the various objects of horror, the engines of destruction, and the arts of slaughter. *Δικνύτο δὲ ἐνὶ παρὰ τοῖς ἐναντίοις πετομένους ἵππους δια τινος μαγαντίας, καὶ ὀπλίτας δὲ αἶρος φερομένους, καὶ πάσων γυναικῶν δύναμιν καὶ ἰδαν* Let him then proceed to shew him in the opposite armies horses flying by enchantment, armed men transported through the air, and every power and form of magick. Whether St. Chrysostom believed that such performances were really to be seen in a day of battle, or only endeavoured to enliven his description, by adopting the notions of the vulgar, it is equally certain, that such notions were in his time received, and that therefore they were not imported from the Saracens

in

2. *Witch.* Upon the heath :

3 *Witch.* There to meet with Macbeth ⁴.

1. *Witch.*

in a later age; the wars with the Saracens however gave occasion to their propagation, not only as bigotry naturally discovers prodigies, but as the scene of action was removed to a great distance.

The Reformation did not immediately arrive at its meridian, and though day was gradually encreasing upon us, the goblins of witchcraft still continued to hover in the twilight. In the time of queen Elizabeth was the remarkable trial of the witches of Warbois, whose conviction is still commemorated in an annual sermon at Huntington. But in the reign of king James, in which this tragedy was written, many circumstances concurred to propagate and confirm this opinion. The king, who was much celebrated for his knowledge, had, before his arrival in England, not only examined in person a woman accused of witchcraft, but had given a very formal account of the practices and illusions of evil spirits, the compacts of witches, the ceremonies used by them, the manner of detecting them, and the justice of punishing them, in his dialogues of *Demonologie*, written in the Scottish dialect, and published at Edinburgh. This book was, soon after his accession, reprinted at London, and as the ready way to gain king James's favour was to flatter his speculations, the system of *Demonologie* was immediately adopted by all who desired either to gain preferment or not to lose it. Thus the doctrine of witchcraft was very powerfully inculcated; and as the greatest part of mankind have no other reason for their opinions than that they are in fashion, it cannot be doubted but this persuasion made a rapid progress, since vanity and credulity co-operated in its favour. The infection soon reached the parliament, who, in the first year of king James, made a law, by which it was enacted, chap. xii. That "if any person shall use any invocation or conjuration of any evil or wicked spirit; 2. or shall consult, covenant with, entertain, employ, feed or reward any evil or cursed spirit to or for any intent or purpose; 3. or take up any dead man, woman, or child, out of the grave,—or the skin, bone, or any part of the dead person, to be employed or used in any manner of witchcraft, sorcery, charm, or enchantment; 4. or shall use, practise or exercise any sort of witchcraft, sorcery, charm, or enchantment; 5. whereby any person shall be destroyed, killed, wasted, consumed, pined, or lamed in any part of the body; 6. That every such person being convicted shall suffer death." This law was repealed in our own time.

Thus, in the time of Shakspeare, was the doctrine of witchcraft at once established by law and by the fashion, and it became not only unpolite, but criminal, to doubt it; and as prodigies are always seen in proportion as they are expected, witches were every day discovered, and multiplied so fast in some places, that bishop Hall mentions a village in Lancashire, where their number was greater than that of the houses. The jesuits and sectaries took advantage of this universal error, and endeavoured

⁴ There to meet with Macbeth.] There is here used as a disyllable.

MALONE.

1. *Witch.* I come, Gray-malkin⁵!
All. Paddock calls⁶:—Anon —
 Fair is foul, and foul is fair⁷:
 Hover through the fog and filthy air. [Witches *vanish*.]

SCENE

deavoured to promote the interest of their parties by pretended cures of persons afflicted by evil spirits; but they were detected and exposed by the clergy of the established church.

Upon this general insatuation Shakspeare might be easily allowed to found a play, especially since he has followed with great exactness such histories as were then thought true; nor can it be doubted that the scenes of enchantment, however they may now be ridiculed, were both by himself and his audience thought awful and affecting. JOHNSON.

5 —*Gray-malkin!*] From a little black letter book, entitled, *Beware the Cat*, 1584, I find it was permitted to a witch *to take on her a cat's body nine times*. Mr. Upton observes, that to understand this passage, we should suppose one familiar calling with the voice of a cat, and another with the croaking of a toad.

Again, in *News from Scotland*, &c. (a pamphlet of which the reader will find the entire title in a future note on this play:) "Moreover she confessed, that at the time when his majestie was in Denmarke, shee being accompanied with the parties before especially mentioned, tooke a *cat*, and christened it, and afterwards bound to each part of the *cat*, the cheefest part of a dead man, and several joints of his bodie, and that in the night following the said *cat* was conveyed into the midst of the sea, by all these witches sayling in their riddles or cives, as is aforesaid, and so left the said *cat* right before the towne of Leith in Scotland. This done, there did arise such a tempest at sea, as a greater bath not been seene," &c. STEEVENS.

6 *Paddock calls*:—] According to the late Dr. Goldsmith, and some other naturalists, a *frog* is called a *paddock* in the North; as in the following instance in *Cæsar and Pompey*, in Chapman, 1607:

"—*paddockes*, todes, and water-snakes."

In Shakspeare, however, it certainly means a *toad*. The representation of St. James in the witches' house (one of the set of prints taken from the painter called *Hellish Breugel*, 1566) exhibits witches flying up and down the chimney on brooms; and before the fire sit *grimalkin* and *paddock*, i. e. a *cat* and a *toad*, with several *baboons*. There is a cauldron boiling, with a witch near it, cutting out the tongue of a snake, as an ingredient for the charm. A representation somewhat similar likewise occurs in *News from Scotland*, a pamphlet already quoted.

STEEVENS.

"—Some say, they [witches] can keepe devils and spirits, in the likeness of todes and cats." Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, [1584,] Book I. c. 4. TOLLET.

7 *Fair is foul, and foul is fair*:] i. e. we make these sudden changes of the weather. And Macbeth, speaking of this day, soon after says:
So foul and fair a day I have not seen. WARBURTON.

B 5

The

SCENE II.

A Camp near Fores.

Alarum within. Enter King DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DON-ALBAIN, LENOX, with attendants, meeting a bleeding Soldier.

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the serjeant⁸,
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought
'Gainst my captivity:—Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.

Sol. Doubtful it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together,
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald⁹
(Worthy

The common idea of witches has always been, that they had absolute power over the weather, and could raise storms of any kind, or allay them, as they pleased. In conformity to this notion, Macbeth addresses them in the fourth act:

"Though you untie the winds," &c. STEEVENS.

I believe the meaning is, that *to us*, perverie, and malignant as we are, *fair is foul, and foul is fair.* JOHNSON.

This expression seems to have been proverbial. Spenser has in the 4th book of the *Faery Queen*:

"Then fair grew foul, and foul grew fair in sight." FARMER.

⁸ *This is the serjeant,*] Holinshed is the best interpreter of Shakspeare in his historical plays; for he not only takes his facts from him, but often his very words and expressions. That historian, in his account of Macdonwald's rebellion, mentions, that on the first appearance of a mutinous spirit among the people, the king sent a *serjeant at arms* into the country, to bring up the chief offenders to answer the charge preferred against them; but they, instead of obeying, *misused the messenger with sundry reproaches, and finally slew him.* The *serjeant at arms* is certainly the origin of the *bleeding serjeant* introduced on the present occasion. Shakspeare just caught *the name* from Holinshed, but the rest of the story not suiting his purpose, he does not adhere to it. The stage direction of entrance, where the *bleeding captain* is mentioned, was probably the work of the player editors, and not of the poet. STEEVENS.

⁹ *The merciless Macdonwald*] According to Holinshed we should read —*Macdonwald.* STEEVENS.

So

(Worthy to be a rebel; for, to that,
The multiplying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him,) from the western isles
Of Kernes and Gallow-glasses is supply'd¹;
And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling²,

So also the Scottish Chronicles. However, as it is possible that Shakspeare might have preferred the name that has been substituted, as better sounding, I have adhered to the reading of the folio, 1623. It appears from a subsequent scene that he had attentively read Holinshed's account of the murder of king Duff, by *Dinwald*, Lieutenant of the castle of Fores; in consequence of which he might, either from inadvertence or choice, have here written—*Macdowald*. MALONE.

¹ — from the western isles

Of Kernes and Gallow-glasses is supply'd;] Kernes were light armed, and Gallow-glasses heavy armed, Irish foot-soldiers. WARBURTON.

Of and with are indiscriminately used by our ancient writers. So, in *God's Revenge against Murder*, hist. vi: "Syponius in the mean time is prepared of two wicked gondaliers, &c." Again, in *The History of Helyas Knight of the Sun*, bl 1 no date: "—he was well garnished of spear, sword, and armour, &c." These are a few out of a thousand instances which might be brought to the same purpose.

STEEVENS.

The old copy has *Gallow-grosses*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

² And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling.] The old copy has—*quarry*; but I am inclined to read *quarrel*. *Quarrel* was formerly used for *cause*, or for the occasion of a quarrel, and is to be found in that sense in Holinshed's account of the story of Macbeth, who, upon the creation of the prince of Cumberland, thought, says the historian, that he had a just quarrel to endeavour after the crown. The sense therefore is, *Fortune smiling on his execrable cause*, &c. JOHNSON.

The word *quarrel* occurs in Holinshed's relation of this very fact, and may be regarded as a sufficient proof of its having been the term here employed by Shakspeare: "Out of the western isles there came to Macdowald a great multitude of people, to assist him in that rebellious quarrel." Besides, Macdowald's *quarry*, (i. e. game) must have consisted of *Duncan's friends*, and would the speaker then have applied the epithet—*damned* to them? and what have the smiles of fortune to do over a carnage, when we have defeated our enemies? Her business is then at an end. Her smiles or frowns are no longer of any consequence. We only talk of these, while we are pursuing our *quarrel*, and the event of it is uncertain. STEEVENS.

The reading proposed by Dr. Johnson, and his explanation of it, are strongly supported by a passage in our author's *King John*:

"—and put his cause and quarrel

"To the disposing of the cardinal."

Again, in this play of *Macbeth*:

"—and the chance, of goodness,

"Be like our warranted quarrel."

Here we have *warranted quarrel*, the exact opposite of *damned quarrel*, as the text is now regulated.—Lord Bacon, in his *Essays*, uses the word in the same sense: "Wives are young men's mistresses, companions for middle age, and old men's nurses; so as a man may have a *quarrel* to marry, when he will." MALONE.

Shew'd

Shew'd like a rebel's whore * : But all's too weak :
 For brave Macbeth, (well he deserves that name,)
 Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
 Which smok'd with bloody execution,
 Like valour's minion, carved out his passage,**
 Till he fac'd the slave :
 Which ne'er shook hands³, nor bade farewell to him,
 Till he unseam'd him from the navel to the chops⁴,
 And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O, valiant cousin ! worthy gentleman !

Sol. As whence the sun 'gins his reflexion⁵

* *Shew'd like a rebel's whore :*] I suppose the meaning is, that fortune, while she smiled on him, deceived him. Shakspeare probably alludes to Macdowald's first successful action, elated by which he attempted to pursue his fortune but lost his life. See p. 6. MALONE.

** *Like valour's minion, carved out his passage.*] So, in *King John* :

" Then, in a moment, fortune shall cull forth

" Out of one side her happy minion." MALONE.

³ Which ne'er shook hands,] Mr Pope, instead of *which*, here and in many other places, reads—*who*. But there is no need of change. There is scarcely one of our author's plays in which he has not used *which* for *who*. So, in *the Winter's Tale*, we read : " —the old shepherd, *which* stands by," &c. MALONE.

⁴ — he unseam'd him from the navel to the chops,] Dr. Warburton, instead of *navel*, reads—*nape*; but the old reading (as Mr. Steevens has observed) is fully justified by a passage in *Dido, Queen of Carthage*, a tragedy, by C. Marlowe, and T. Nashe, 1594 :

" Then from the *navel* to the *throat* at once

" He ripp'd old Priam."

Again, by the following passage in an unpublished play, entitled *The Witch*, by Thomas Middleton, in which the same wound is described, though the stroke is reversed :

" Draw it, or I'll rip thee down from *neck* to *NAVEL*,

" Though there's small glory in't" MALONE

⁵ *As whence the sun 'gins his reflexion*] The thought is expressed with some obscurity, but the plain meaning is this: *As the same quarter, whence the blessing of the day-light arises, sometimes sends us, by a dreadful reverse, the calamities of storms and tempests; so the glorious event of Macbeth's victory, which promised us the comforts of peace, was immediately succeeded by the alarming news of the Norwegian invasion.* The natural history of the winds, &c. is foreign to the explanation of this passage. Shakspeare does not mean, in conformity to any theory, to say that storms generally come from the east. If it be allowed that they sometimes issue from that quarter, it is sufficient for the purpose of his comparison. STEEVENS.

The natural history of the winds, &c. was idly introduced on this occasion by Dr. Warburton. Sir William Davenant's reading of this passage, in an alteration of this play, published in quarto, in 1674, affords a reasonable good comment upon it :

" But then this day-break of our victory

" Serv'd but to light us into other dangers,

" That spring from whence our hopes did seem to rise."

MALONE.

Shipwrecking

Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break ⁶ ;
 So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
 Discomfort swells ⁷. Mark, king of Scotland, mark :
 No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
 Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heels ;
 But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
 With furbish'd arms, and new supplies of men,
 Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismay'd not this
 Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo ?

Sol. Yes ;

As sparrows, eagles ; or the hare, the lion.
 If I say sooth, I must report they were
 As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks ⁸ ;
 So they
 Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe ⁹ :
 Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
 Or memorize another Golgotha ¹,
 I cannot tell :—

But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds ;

⁶ —*thunders break* ;] The word *break* is wanting in the oldest copy. The other folios and Rowe read—*breaking*. Mr. Pope made the emendation. STEEVENS.

Break, which was suggested by the reading of the second folio, is very unlikely to have been the word omitted in the original copy. It agrees with thunders ;—but whoever talked of the *breaking of a storm* ? MALONE.

⁷ Discomfort swells.] *Discomfort* the natural opposite to *comfort*.

JOHNSON.

⁸ As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks ;] That is, with double charges ; a metonymy of the effect of the cause. HEATH.

Cracks in the time of this writer was a word of such emphasis and dignity, that in this play he terms the general dissolution of nature the *crack of doom*. JOHNSON.

This word is used in the old play of *K. John*, 1591, and applied, as here, to ordnance :

“ — as harmless and without effect,

“ As is the echo of a cannon's *crack*.” MALONE.

⁹ Doubly redoubled strokes, &c.] So, in *K. Richard II.* A. 1 :

“ And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,

“ Fall, &c.” STEEVENS.

¹ Or memorize another Golgotha,] That is, or make another Golgotha, which should be celebrated and delivered down to posterity, with as frequent mention as the first. HEATH.

The word *memorize* (as Mr. Warton and Mr. Steevens have shewn) was used by Spenser, Chapman, Drayton, and others, as well as Shakespeare. MALONE.

They

They smack of honour both :—Go, get him surgeons.
[Exit Soldier, attended.]

Enter ROSSE and ANGUS².

Who comes here³?

Mal. The worthy thane of Rosse.

Len. What a haste looks through his eyes? So should he look,

That seems to speak things strange⁴.

Rosse. God save the king!

Dun. Whence cam'st thou, worthy thane?

Rosse. From Fife, great king,
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky⁵,

And

² — and Angus.] *Angus* not being addressed, nor speaking in this scene, was rejected by Mr. Steevens as a superfluous character. But it is clear from a subsequent passage, that his entry here was designed; for in scene iii. he again enters with Rosse, and says,

“ — We are sent

“ To give thee from our royal master thanks.” MALONE.

³ *Who comes here?*] The latter word is here employed as a dissyllable. MALONE

⁴ — — — *So should he look,*

That seems to speak things strange.] i. e. that seems about to speak strange things. Our author himself furnishes us with the best comment on this passage. In *Antony and Cleopatra*, we meet with nearly the same idea:

“ The business of this man looks out of him.”

Again, in *All's Well that ends Well*:

“ — Her business looks in her

“ With an importing visage.”

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

“ There's business in these faces.”

Again, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

“ And let your prologue seem to say, &c.” MALONE.

The following passage in *the Tempest* seems to afford no unapt comment upon this:

“ — pr'ythee, say on:

“ The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim

“ A matter from thee.”

Again, in *King Richard II.*

“ Men judge by the complexion of the sky, &c.

“ So may you, by my dull and heavy eye,

“ My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.” STEEVENS.

⁵ — flout the sky.] *To flout* is to mock or insult. The banners are very politically described as waving in mockery or defiance of the sky so, in *K. Edward III.* 1599:

“ And

And fan our people cold.
 Norway himself, with terrible numbers,
 Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
 The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict :
 Till that Bellona's bridegroom⁶, lapt in proof,
 Confronted him⁷ with self-comparisons⁸,
 Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
 Curbing his lavish spirit : And to conclude,
 The victory fell on us ;—

Dun. Great happiness !

Rosse. That now

Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition ;
 Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
 Till he disbursed, at Saint Colmes inch⁹,
 Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive

“ And new replenish'd pendants cuff the air,

“ And beat the wind, that for their gaudiness

“ Struggles to kiss them.” STEEVENS.

So, in *King John* :

“ *Mocking the air with colours idly spread.*”

This passage has perhaps been misunderstood. The meaning seems to be, not that the Norwegian banners proudly insulted the sky ; but that, the standards being taken by Duncan's forces, and fixed in the ground, the colours idly flapped about, serving only to cool the conquerors, instead of being proudly displayed by their former possessors. The line in *K. John*, therefore, is the most perfect comment on this. MALONE.

⁶ *Till that Bellona's bridegroom.*] This passage may be added to the many others, which shew how little Shakspeare knew of ancient mythology. HENLEY.

⁷ *Confronted him—*] By *him* in this verse, is meant Norway. The assistance the *thane of Cawdor* had given Norway was underhand ; (which Rosse and Angus, indeed, had discovered, but was unknown to Macbeth :) Cawdor being in the court all this while ; as appears from Angus's speech to Macbeth, when he meets him to salute him with the title, and insinuates his crimes to be *lining the rebel with hidden help and 'vantage*. WARBURTON.

⁸ — *with self comparisons,*] i. e. gave him as good as he brought, shew'd he was his equal. WARBURTON.

⁹ — *Saint Colmes inch,*] *Colmes-inch*, now called *Incheomb*, a small island lying in the Firth of Edinburgh, with an abbey upon it, dedicated to St. Columb ; called by Camden *Inch Colm*, or the *Isle of Columba*. Holinshed thus relates the whole circumstance : “ *The Danes that escaped, and got once to their ships, obtained of Makbeth for a great summe of gold, that such of their friends as were slaine, might be buried in Saint Colmes Inch. In memorie whereof many old sepultures are yet in the said Inch, there to be seene graven with the armes of the Danes.*” *Inch*, or *Inse* in the Irish and Erse languages, signifies an island. See *Lbryd's Archaeologia*. STEEVENS.

Our

Our bosom interest :—Go, pronounce his present death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

Rosse. I'll see it done.

Dun. What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Over a Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1. *Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister?

2. *Witch.* Killing swine

3. *Witch.* Sister, where thou?

1. *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And mounch'd, and mounch'd, and mounch'd :—*Give me,*
quoth I :

Aroint thee, witch ! the rump-fed ronyon² cries.

Her

¹ *Aroint thee, witch !*] *Aroint*, or *avaunt*, begone. *POPE.*

In a very old drawing published in Hearne's Collections, St. Patrick is represented visiting hell, and putting the devils into great confusion by his presence, of whom one that is driving the damned before him with a prong, has a label issuing out of his mouth with these words, *OUT OUT AROUNT*, of which the last is evidently the same with *aroint*, and used in the same sense as in this passage. *JOHNSON.*

Rynt you witch, quoth Bessie Locket to her mother, is a north country proverb. The word is used again in *K. Lear* :

"And *aroint thee, witch, aroint thee.*" *STEEVENS.*

² — *the rump-fed ronyon*—] The chief cooks in noblemen's families, colleges, religious houses, hospitals, &c. anciently claimed the emoluments of kitchen fees of kidneys, fat, trotters, *rumps*, &c. which they sold to the poor. The weird sister in this scene, as an insult on the poverty of the woman who had called her *witch*, reproaches her poor abject state, as not being able to procure better provision than offals, which are considered as the refuse of the tables of others.

COLLEPIER.

So, in *Wit at several Weapons*, by B. and Fletcher :

"A niggard to your commons, that you're fain

"To fize your belly out with shoulder fees,

"With kidneys, *rumps*, and cues of single beer."

In the *Book of Haukyng*, &c. commonly called the *Book of St. Albans*,) bl. l. no date, among the *proper terms used in kepyng of haukes*, it is said, "The hauke tyeth upon *rumps*."

Ronyon, i. e. scabby or mangy woman. *Fr. regneux; royne, scurf.*

Thus

Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o'the Tyger :
 But in a sieve I'll thither fail ³,
 And, like a rat without a tail ⁴,
 I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do.

2. *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind ⁵.

1. *Witch.* Thou art kind.

3. *Witch.* And I another.

1. *Witch.* I myself have all the other ;

Thus Chaucer, in the *Romaunt of the Rose*, p. 551 :

" her necke

" Withouten bleine, or scabbe, or roine."

Shakspeare uses the word again in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

STEEVENS.

3 —in a sieve I'll thither fail,] Reginald Scott, in his *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584, says it was believed that witches " could fail in an egg-shell, a cockle or muscle shell, through and under the tempestuous seas." Again, in *Newses from Scotland: Declaring the damnable life of Doctor Fian, a notable forcerer, who was burned at Edinburgh, January last, 1591, which Doctor was Register to the Dewill, that sundrie times preached at North Baricke Kirke, to a number of notorious Witches. With the true examinations of the said Doctor and Witches as they uttered them in the presence of the Scottis King. Discovering how they pretended to bewitch and drowne his majestie in the sea coming from Denmarke, with other such wonderful matters as the like hath not bin heard at anie time. Published according to the Scottis copy, Printed for William Wright: " — and that all they together went to sea, each one in a riddle or cive, and went in the same very substantially, with flaggons of wine, making merrie and drinking by the way in the same riddles or cives," &c. Dr. Farmer found the title of this scarce pamphlet in an interleaved copy of *Maunsells Catalogue*, &c. 1595, with additions by Archbishop Harsnet, and Thomas Baker, the Antiquarian. It is almost needless to mention that I have since met with the pamphlet itself. STEEVENS.*

4 And like a rat without a tail,] It should be remembered (as it was the belief of the times) that though a witch could assume the form of any animal she pleased, the tail would still be wanting.

The reason given by some of the old writers, for such a deficiency, is, that though the hands and feet, by an easy change, might be converted into the four paws of a beast, there was still no part about a woman which corresponded with the length of a tail common to almost all four-footed creatures. STEEVENS.

5 I'll give thee a wind.] This free gift of a wind is to be considered as an act of sisterly friendship; for witches were supposed to sell them. So, in *Summer's last Will and Testament*, 1600 :

" —in Ireland and in Denmark both,

" Witches for gold will sell a man a wind,

" Which in the corner of a napkin 'rap'd,

" Shall blow him safe into what coast he will."

Dayton, in his *Moon-calf*, says the same. STEEVENS.

And

And the very ports they blow ⁶,
 All the quarters that they know
 I' the shipman's card ⁷.
 I will drain him dry as hay ⁸ :
 Sleep shall, neither night nor day,
 Hang upon his pent-house lid ^{*} ;
 He shall live a man forbid ⁹ :

⁶ *And the very ports they blow,*] That is, and the very ports they blow *to*; and to our author would probably have written, had he not been confined by the metre and the rhyme.

We have various instances of similar ellipses in our author.

Mr. Pope changed *ports* to *points*, which has been adopted, I think, without necessity, by the subsequent editors. The substituted word was first given by Sir William D'Avenant, who in his alteration of this play has retained the old, while at the same time he furnished Mr. Pope with the new, reading:

"I myself have all the other.

"And then from every *port* they blow,

"From all the *points* that seamen know."

Mr. Steevens objects, that "though the witch from her power over the winds might justly enough say that she had all the *points* and *quarters* from whence they blow, she could not with any degree of propriety declare that she had the *ports* to which they were directed." I am always sorry to differ from so judicious a commentator; but I own this objection does not appear to me of sufficient weight to induce me to disturb the text. The witch in fact neither possessed the winds nor the ports; though she is supposed to have had power over the one, and consequently over the other also; and therefore, I think, she may with as much propriety be said to have the *ports*, to or from which the winds blow, as the winds themselves. Whoever can drive a ship into or out of a port, may poetically be said to have, or command, the port.

Points probably struck Mr. Pope, because that word seems to correspond more precisely with the following line; but the supposing that Shakspeare always aimed at being *totus teres atque rotundus*, has been, in my apprehension, the source of much error.

I must likewise add that the form of the letter *r*, used in the Mss. of our author's time, is so singular, that it is almost impossible to be mistaken for *i* n. MALONE.

The word *very* is used here (as in a thousand instances which might be brought) to express the declaration more emphatically. STEEVENS.

⁷ —*the shipman's card.*] The card is the paper on which the winds are marked under the pilot's needle. STEEVENS.

⁸ —*dry as hay:*] So, Spenser, in his *Fairy Queen*, b. iii. l. 9:

"But he is old and withered as hay. STEEVENS.

^{*} *Sleep shall, neither night nor day,*

Hang upon his pent-house lid;] So, in *The Miracles of Moses*, by Michael Drayton:

"His brows, like two steep *pent-houses*, hung down

"Over his eye-lids."

There was an edition of this poem in 1604, but I know not whether these lines are found in it. Drayton made additions and alterations in his pieces at every re-impression. MALONE.

Weary

Weary sev'n-nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine¹:

⁹ *He shall live a man* forbid.] i. e. as one under a *curse*, an *interdiction*. So, afterwards in this play:

"By his own *interdiction* stands *accurs'd*."

So among the Romans, an outlaw's sentence was, *aque & ignis interdicio*; i. e. he was forbid the use of water and fire, which imply'd the necessity of banishment. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald has very justly explained *forbid* by *accurs'd*, but without giving any reason of his interpretation. To *bid* is originally to *pray*, as in this Saxon fragment:

He is þu þæt bið ȝeete, &c.

He is wise that prays and makes amends.

As to *forbid* therefore implies to *prohibit*, in opposition to the word *bid* in its present sense, it signifies by the same kind of opposition to *curse*, when it is derived from the same word in its primitive meaning.

JOHNSON.

¹ *Shall he dwindle, &c.*] This mischief was supposed to be put in execution by means of a waxen figure, which represented the person who was to be consumed by slow degrees. So Holinshed, speaking of the witchcraft practis'd to destroy king *Duffe*:

"—found one of the witches roasting upon a wooden broch an image of wax at the fire, resembling in each feature the king's person," &c.

"—for as the image did waste afore the fire, so did the bodie of the king break forth in sweat. And as for the words of the enchantment, they served to keep him still waking *from slepe*," &c.

This may serve to explain the foregoing passage:

"Sleep shall neither night nor day

"Hang upon his penthouse lid." STEEVENS.

Stowe in his *Annals*, 1605, p. 1275, after giving a particular account of the causes of "the strange sickness and death" of Ferdinando Earl of Derby, on the 16th of April 1594, adds "A true report of such reasons and conjectures as caus'd many learned men to suppose him to be *bewitched*."

"—The 10th of April about midnight was found in the bedchamber by one Master Halsall, an image of wax and haire, like unto the haire of his honour's head, twisted through the belly thereof, from the navel to the secrets. This image was spotted, as the same master Halsall reported unto Master Smith, one of his Secretaries, a daie before any pain grew, and spots appeared upon his sides and belly. This image was hastily cast into the fire by Master Halsall, before it was viewed, because he thought, by burning thereof, as he said, he should relieve his lord from *witchcraft*, and burne the witch who so much tormented his lord; but it fell out contrary to his love and affection, for after the melting thereof he more and more declined.

"Sir Edward Felton, who *with other Justices* examined certaine witches, reporteth, that one of them being bidden to saie the Lord's prayer, said it well, but being conjured, in the name of Jesus, that, if she had bewitched his honour, she should not be able to saie the same, she could never repeat that petition, *Forgive us our trespasses*, no, although it was repeated unto her."

I have transcribed this passage not only as illustrative of the text, but as a specimen of the absurd notions entertained relative to witchcraft, a very few years before *Macbeth* was written. MALONE.

Though

Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-tost².
Look what I have.

2. *Witch*. Shew me, shew me.

1. *Witch*. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd, as homeward he did come.

Drum within.

3. *Witch*. A drum, a drum;
Macbeth doth come.

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand³,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about;
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again, to make up nine:
Peace!—the charm's wound up.

² *Though his bark cannot be lost,*

Yet it shall be tempest-tost.] So, in *News from Scotland*, &c. a pamphlet already quoted: "Again it is confessed, that the said christened earl was the cause of the *Kinges Majesties shippe*, at his coming forthe of Denmarke, had a contrarie winde to the rest of his shippes then being in his companie, which thing was most straunge and true, as the *Kinges Majestie* acknowledgeth, for when the rest of the shippes had a faire and good winde, then was the wind contrarie and altogether against his Majestie. And further the sayde witch declared, that his Majestie had never come safely from the sea, if his faith had not prevailed above their intentions." To this circumstance perhaps our author's allusion is sufficiently plain. STEEVENS.

³ *The weird sisters, hand in hand.*] The old copy has—*weyward*, probably in consequence of the transcriber's being deceived by his ear. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. The following passage in Bellenden's Translation of Hector Boethius, fully supports the emendation: "Be aventure Makbeth and Banquo were passand to Forres, quhair kyng Duncane hapnit to be for ye tyme, and met be ye gait thre wemen clothit in elrage and uncouth weid. Thay wer jugit be the pe-pill to be *weird sisters*." So also Holinshed.

"*Weird sisters*." (say the Glossarist to Gavin Douglas,) "*Parce*.—It comes certainly from the Anglo-Saxon *pýnd fatum, fortuna, eventus*. *pýnde* PATA, PARCA. *Francice* Urdis, &c.—And these again most probably from the B. and Teutonic *werden*, Anglo-Saxon *weorðen*, &c. *fieri, fore, esse*; because fate or destiny must necessarily come to pass." MALONE.

Weird comes from the Anglo-Saxon *pýnd*, and is used as a substantive signifying a prophecy by the translator of *Hector Boethius* in the year 1541, as well as for the *Distines* by Chaucer and Holinshed. "*Of the weirdis geuyn to Makbeth and Banquo*," is the argument of one of the chapters. Gavin Douglas, in his translation of *Virgil*, calls the *Parce* the *weird sisters*. The other method of spelling was merely a blunder of the transcriber or printer. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.

Mac. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is't call'd to Fores⁴?—What are these,
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire;
That look not like the inhabitants o'the earth,
And yet are on't?—Live you? or are you aught
That man may question⁵? You seem to understand me.
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips:—You should be women,
And yet your beards⁶ forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can;—What are you?

1. *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth⁷! hail to thee, thane of Glamis⁸!

2. *Witch.*

4 *How far is't call'd to Fores?*] The king at this time resided at *Fores*, a town in *Murray*, not far from *Inverness*. "It fortun'd, (says Holinshed) as Mackbeth and Banquo journeyed towards *Fores*, where the king then lay, they went sporting by the way, without other company, save only themselves, when suddenly in the midst of a laund, there met them three women in strange and wild apparell, resembling creatures of the elder world," &c. STEEVENS.

The old copy reads—*Sris*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

5 *That man may question?*] Are ye any beings with which man is permitted to hold converse, or of whom it is lawful to ask questions?

JOHNSON.

6 —your beards—] *Witches* were supposed always to have hair on their chins. So, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1635: "—Some women have beards, marry they are half-witches." STEEVENS.

7 *All hail, Macbeth!*] *All hail* is a corruption of *all-hail*, Sax. i. e. *ave, salve*. MALONE.

It hath lately been repeated from Mr. Guthrie's *Essay upon English Tragedy*, that the portrait of Macbeth's wife is copied from Buchanan, "whose spirit as well as words, is translated into the play of Shakspeare: and it had signified nothing to have pored only on Holinshed for facts."—"Animus etiam, per se ferox, prope quotidianis conviciis uxoris (quæ omnium consiliorum ei erat conscia) stimulabatur."—This is the whole, that Buchanan says of the lady, and truly I see no more spirit in the Scotch, than in the English chronicler. "The wordes of the three weird sisters also greatly encouraged him [to the murder of Duncan,] but specially his wife lay sore upon him to attempt the thing, as she that was very ambitious, brenning in unquenchable desire to beare the name of a queene." Edit. 1577, p. 244.

This part of Holinshed is an abridgment of John Bellenden's translation of the noble clerk, *Hector Boece*, imprinted at Edinburghe, in fol. 1541. I will give the passage as it is found there. "His wyfe impacient of lang tary (as all women ar) specially quhare they are desirous



2. *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!⁹

3. *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter.

Ban. Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear Things that do sound so fair?—I'the name of truth, Are ye fantastical, or that indeed Which outwardly ye shew? My noble partner You greet with present grace, and great prediction

firs of ony purpos, gaif hym gret artation to purslew the thrid weird, yat sche micht be ane quene, calland hym oft tymis febyl coward and nocht desyrus of honouris, sen he durst not assailze the thing with manheid and curage, quhilk is offerit to hym be beniuolence of fortoun. Howbeit sindry otheris hes assailzeit sic thinges afore with maist terribyl jeopardyis, quhen thay had not sic sickernes to succed in the end of thair laubouris as he had." p. 173.

But we can demonstrate, that Shakspeare had not the story from Buchanan. According to him, the weird sisters salute Macbeth: "Una Angustie Thanum, altera Moravie, tertia Regem:"—Thane of Angus, and of Murray. &c. but according to Holinshed, immediately from Bellenden, as it stands in Shakspeare "The first of them spake and sayde, All hayle Makbeth Thane of Glamis,—the second of them sayde, Hayle Makbeth Thane of Cawdor; but the thirde sayde, All hayle, Makbeth, that hereafter shall be king of Scotland." p. 243.

1. *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

2. *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

3. *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! that shall be king hereafter!

Here too our poet found the equivocal predictions, on which his hero so fatally depended: "He had learned of certaine wysards, how that he ought to take heede of Macduffe;—and surely hereupon had he put Macduffe to death, but a certain witch whom he had in great trust, had tolde, that he should neuer be slain with man borne of any woman, nor vanquished till the wood of Bernane came to the castell of Dunfinane." p. 244. And the scene between Malcolm and Macduff in the fourth act is almost literally taken from the *Chronicle*. FARMER.

8.—*thane of Glamis!*] The thaneship of Glamis was the ancient inheritance of Macbeth's family. The castle where they lived is still standing, and was lately the magnificent residence of the earl of Strathmore. See a particular description of it in Mr. Gray's letter to Dr. Wharton, dated from *Glamis Castle*. STEEVENS.

9.—*thane of Cawdor!*] Dr. Johnson observed in his *Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland*, that part of *Cawdor castle*, from which Macbeth drew his second title, is still remaining. STEEVENS.

1. *Are ye fantastical,*] By *fantastical*, he means creatures of *fantasy* or imagination: the question is, Are these real beings before us, or are we deceived by illusions of fancy? JOHNSON.

Shakspeare took the word from Holinshed, who in his account of the witches, says, "This was reputed at first but some vain *fantastical* illusion by Macbeth and Banquo." STEEVENS.

Of noble having¹, and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak not:
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say, which grain will grow, and which will not;
Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,
Your favours, nor your hate.

1. *Witch.* Hail!

2. *Witch.* Hail!

3. *Witch.* Hail!

1. *Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2. *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

3. *Witch.* Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:
So, all hail, Macbeth, and Banquo!

1. *Witch.* Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:
By Sinel's death², I know, I am thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and, to be king,
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetick greeting?—Speak, I charge you.

[Witches vanish.]

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them:—Whither are they vanish'd?

Macb. Into the air; and what seem'd corporal melted
As breath into the wind.—'Would they had staid!

Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten on the insane root³,
That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb.

¹ *Of noble having,*] *Having* is estate, possession, fortune. So, in *Twelfth Night*:

“—My *having* is not much;

“I'll make division of my present store:

“Hold; there is half my coffer.” STEVENS.

² *By Sinel's death,*] The father of Macbeth. POPE.

³ —*eaten on the insane root,*] The *insane-root* is the root which makes insane. THEOBALD.

The commentators have given themselves much trouble to ascertain the name of this root, but its name was, I believe, unknown to Shakespeare, as it is to his readers; Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch, having probably furnished him with the only knowledge he had of its qualities, without specifying its name. In the Life of Antony, (which our author must have diligently read,) the Roman soldiers, while employed in the Parthian war, are said to have suffered great distress

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Macb. And thane of Cawdor too; went it not so?

Ban. To the self-same tune, and words. Who's here?

Enter ROSSE, and ANGUS.

Rosse. The king hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,
The news of thy success: and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend,
Which should be thine, or his ⁴: Silenc'd with that ⁵,
In viewing o'er the rest o' the self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afraid of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as tale,
Came post with post ⁶; and every one did bear

Thy

strefs for want of provisions. "In the ende (says Plutarch) they were compelled to live of herbs and *rootes*, but they found few of them that men do commonly eat of, and were enforced to taste of them that were never eaten before; among the which there was *one* that killed them, and *made them out of their wits*; for he that had once eaten of it, his *memorye was gone from him, and he knew no manner of thing*, but only busied himself in digging and hurling of stones from one place to another, as though it had been a matter of great weight, and to be done with all possible speede." MALONE.

Shakespeare alludes to the qualities anciently ascribed to hemlock. So, in Greene's *Never too late*, 1616: "You gazed against the sun, and so blemished your sight; or else you have eaten of the *roots of hemlock*, that makes men's eyes conceit unseen objects." STEEVENS.

⁴ *His wonders and his praises do contend,*

Which should be thine, or his;] i. e. private admiration of your deeds, and a desire to do them publick justice by commendation, contend in his mind for pre-eminence.—Or,—There is a contest in his mind whether he should indulge his desire of publishing to the world the commendations due to your heroism, or whether he should remain in silent admiration of what no words could celebrate in proportion to its desert. STEEVENS.

⁵ *Silenc'd with that,*] i. e. rapt in silent wonder at the deeds performed by Macbeth, &c. MALONE.

⁶ — *As thick as tale,*

Came post with post;] That is, posts arrived as fast as they could be counted. JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III. A & II. sc. i:

"Tidings, *as swiftly as the posts could run,*

"Were brought," &c. STEEVENS.

The old copy reads—*Can post*. The emendation is Mr. Rowe's. Dr. Johnson's explanation would be less exceptionable, if the old copy had

Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

Aug. We are sent,
To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;
Only to herald thee into his fight,
Not pay thee.

Rosse. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true?

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives; Why do you dress
me

In borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the thane, lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life,
Which he deserves to lose. Whe'r he was combin'd
With those of Norway; or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage; or that with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treason's capital, confess'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. Glamis, and thane of Cawdor:
The greatest is behind.—I hanks for your pains.—
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no less to them?

Ban. That, trusted home⁸,

had—As *quick* as tale. *Thick* applies but ill to *tail*, and seems rather to favour Mr. Rowe's emendation, who reads—As thick as *hail*, &c.

"As thick as hail," as an anonymous correspondent observes to me, is an expression in the old play of *King John*, 1591:

"—— breathe out damned orisons,

"As thick as hail-stones" fore the spring's approach"

The emendation of the word *can* is supported by a passage in *King Henry IV.* P. II.

"And there are twenty weak and wearied *posts*

"Come from the north—" MALONE.

7 Whe'r he *was* combin'd—] *Whether* in our author's time was sometimes used and written as one syllable, *whe'r*: So, in *King John*:

"Now shame upon you *whe'r* she does or no."

The word *combin'd* is in the old copy placed in the subsequent line. The metre shews that it belongs to the present line. Many inaccuracies of the same kind are found in the only authentick ancient copy of this play. MALONE.

⁸ —trusted home] i. e. carried as far as it will go; suffered to prevail in its utmost extent of argument; confidently received or admitted home into your bosom. STEEVENS.

Might yet enkindle you⁹ unto the crown,
 Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange :
 And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
 The instruments of darkness tell us truths ;
 Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
 In deepest consequence.—Cousins, a word I pray you.

Macb. Two truths are told *,

As

The added word *home* shews clearly, in what apprehension, that our author wrote—That *thrusted home*. So, in a subsequent scene :

“ That every minute of his being *thrusts*

“ Against my nearest of life.”

Thrusted is the regular participle from the verb to *thrust*, and though now not often used. was, I believe, common in the time of Shakspeare. So, in *King Henry V* :

“ With *casted* slough and fresh legerity.”

Home means to the uttermost. See, in the *Winter's Tale* :

“ ——— all my sorrows

“ You have paid *home*.”

It may be observed, that “ *thrusted home*” is an expression used at this day ; but “ *trusted home*,” I believe, was never used at any period whatsoever. I have had frequent occasion to remark that many of the errors in the old copies of our author's plays arose from the transcriber's ear having deceived him. In Ireland, where much of the pronunciation of the age of Queen Elizabeth is yet retained, the vulgar constantly pronounce the word *thrust* as if it were written *trust* ; and hence probably the error in the text.

Mr Steevens's original explanation, “ *carried as far it will go*,” agrees with this reading, but cannot in my apprehension be drawn by any chemistry from that which is exhibited in the old copy : for who ever talked of confiding *home* in a prediction. The change is so very slight, and I am so thoroughly persuaded that the reading proposed is the true one, that had it been suggested by any former editor, I should without hesitation have given it a place in the text. MALONE.

9 *Might yet enkindle you*—] *Enkindle*, for to stimulate you to seek.

WARBURTON.

* Two truths are told, &c.] How the former of these truths has been fulfilled, we are yet to learn. Macbeth could not become Thane of Glamis, till after his father's decease, of which there is no mention throughout the play. If the Hag only foretold what Macbeth already understood to have happened, her words could scarcely claim rank as a prediction. STEEVENS.

From the Scottish translation of Boethius it should seem that Sinel, the father of Macbeth, died after Macbeth's having been met by the weird sisters. “ Macbeth (says the historian) revolvynge all thingis, as they wer said be the weird systeris, began to covat y^e crowne. And zit he concludit to alide, quhil he saw y^e tyme ganand thereto ; fermelie belevynge yt y^e third weird sould cum at the first tyme did afore.” This indeed is inconsistent with our author's words, “ By Sinel's death, I know, I am thane of Glamis ;”—but Holinshed, who was his guide, in his abridgment of the history of Boethius, has particularly mentioned that Sinel died *before* Macbeth met the weird sisters : we may therefore

be

As happy prologues to the swelling act¹
 Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—
 This supernatural soliciting²
 Cannot be ill; cannot be good:—If ill,
 Why hath it given me earnest of success,
 Commencing in a truth? I amthane of Cawdor:
 If good, why do I yield to that suggestion³
 Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
 And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
 Against the use of nature? Present fears
 Are less than horrible imaginings⁴:

be sure that Shakspeare meant it to be understood that Macbeth had already acceded to his paternal title, Belenden only says, "The first of them, said to Macbeth, Hail thane of Glamis. The second said," &c. But in Holinshed the relation runs thus, conformably to the Latin original: "The first of them spake and said, All hail Macbeth, thane of Glamis (*for he had lately entered into that dignitie and office by the death of his father Sinell*) The second of them said," &c.

Still however the objection made by Mr. Steevens remains in its full force; for since he knew that "by Sinel's death he was thane of Glamis," how can this salutation be considered as *prophetick*? Or why should he afterwards say, with *admiration*, "GLAMIS, and thane of Cawdor;" &c? Perhaps we may suppose that the father of Macbeth died so recently before his interview with the weirds, that the news of it had not yet got abroad; in which case, though Macbeth himself knew it, he might consider their giving him the title of Thane of Glamis as a proof of supernatural intelligence.

I suspect our author was led to use the expressions which have occasioned the present note, by the following words of Holinshed: "The same night after, at supper, Banquo jelled with him, and said, Now Macbeth, thou hast obtained *those things which the two former sisters PROPHESED*: there remaineth onelie for thee to purchase that which the third said should come to passe." MALONE.

¹ —[swelling act] Swelling is used in the same sense in the prologue to *K Henry V*:

"—prince- to act,

"And monarchs to behold the *swelling* scene." STEEVENS.

² This [supernatural soliciting] i. e. incitement. JOHNSON.

³ —[why do I yield to that suggestion] To yield is, to give way to.

JOHNSON.

Suggestion is, temptation. MALONE.

⁴ —[Present fears]

Are less than horrible imaginings:] Present fears are fears of things present, which Macbeth declares, and every man has found, to be less than the imagination presents them while the objects are yet distant.

JOHNSON.

So, in the *Tragedy of Cræsus*, 1604, by lord Sterline:

"For as the shadow seems more monstrous still,

"Than doth the substance whence it hath the being,

"So *th'* apprehension of approaching ill

"Seems greater than itself, whilst fears are lying." STEEVENS.

My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man⁵, that function
Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is,
But what is not⁶.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

Macb. If chance will have me king, why, chance may
crown me,

Without my stir.

Ban. New honours come upon him

Like our strange garments; cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of use.

Macb. Come what come may;

Time and the hour runs through the roughest day⁷.

⁵ — *single state of man*,] The *single state of man* seems to be used by Shakespeare for an *individual*, in opposition to a *commonwealth* or *community*. JOHNSON.

⁶ — *function*

Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is,

But what is not] All powers of action are oppressed and crushed by one overwhelming image in the mind, and nothing is present to me but that which is really future. Of things now about me I have not perception, being intent wholly on that which has yet no existence.

JOHNSON.

Surmise, is speculation, conjecture concerning the future. MALONE.

⁷ Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.] "By this, I confess I do not with his two last commentators imagine I meant either the tautology of time and the hour, or an allusion to time painted with an hour-glass, or an exhortation to time to hasten forward, but rather to lay *tempus & hora*, time and occasion, will carry the thing through, and bring it to some determined point and end, let its nature be what it will." This note is taken from an *Essay on the Writings and Genius of Shakespeare*, &c. by Mrs. Montagu.

Such tautology is common to Shakespeare.

"The very head and front of my offending,"

is little less reprehensible. *Time and the hour*, is Time with his hours.

STEEVENS.

The same expression is used by a writer nearly contemporary with Shakespeare: "Neither can there be any thing in the world more acceptable to me than death, whose *hour* and *time*, if they were as certain, &c." Fenton's *Tragical Discourses*, 1579. Again, in Davison's *Poems*, 1621:

"Time's young *beaques* attend her still—.

Again, in our author's 126th Sonnet:

"O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power

"Dost hold Time's sickle glass, his sickle, *hour*—".

Again, in his 5th Sonnet:

"Being your slave, what should I do but tend

"Upon the *hours* and times of your desire?"

Again, in *The Mirrour for Magistrates*, 1587, (Legend of the Duke of Buckingham):

"The unhappy *hour*, the *time*, and eke the day." MALONE.

Ban.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Mach. Give me your favour:—my dull brain was wrought⁸

With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd where every day I turn

The leaf to read them *.—Let us toward the king.—

Think upon what hath chanc'd; and, at more time,

The interim having weigh'd it⁹, let us speak

Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Mach. Till then, enough—Come, friends. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV.

Fores. *A Room in the Palace.*

Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN,
LENOX, and Attendants.

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not¹
Those in commission yet return'd?

Mal. My liege,

They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die²: who did report,

⁸ — *my dull brain was wrought*—] My head was *worked*, agitated, put into commotion. JOHNSON.

* — *where every day I turn*

The leaf to read them] He means, as Mr. Upton has observed, that they are registered in the table book of his heart. So Hamlet speaks of the *table* of his memory MALONE.

⁹ *The interim having weigh'd it.*] This *intervening portion of time* is almost personified: it is represented as a cool impartial judge; as the *pauser Reason* STEEVENS.

I believe, *the interim* is used adverbially: “you having weighed it in the interim.” MALONE

¹ — *Are not*—] The old copy reads—*Or not*. The emendation was made by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

² *With one that saw him die.*] The behaviour of the *thane of Cawdor* corresponds in almost every circumstance with that of the unfortunate earl of Essex, as related by Stowe, p. 793. His asking the queen's forgiveness, his confession, repentance, and concern about behaving with propriety on the scaffold, are minutely described by that historian. Such an allusion could not fail of having the desired effect on an audience, many of whom were eye witnesses to the severity of that justice which deprived the age of one of its greatest ornaments, and Southampton, Shakspeare's patron, of his dearest friend. STEEVENS.

That

That very frankly he confess'd his treasons ;
 Implor'd your highness' pardon ; and set forth
 A deep repentance : nothing in his life
 Became him, like the leaving it ; he dy'd
 As one that had been studied in his death ³,
 To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
 As 'twere a careless trifle.

Dun. There's no art,
 To find the mind's construction in the face ⁴ :
 He was a gentleman on whom I built
 An absolute trust.—O worthiest cousin !

Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSSE, and ANGUS.

The sin of my ingratitude even now
 Was heavy on me : Thou art so far before,
 That swiftest wing of recompence is slow
 To overtake thee. 'Would thou hadst less deserv'd ;
 That the proportion both of thanks and payment
 Might have been mine ! only I have left to say,
 More is thy due than more than all can pay ⁵.

Macb.

³ —*studied in his death,*] Instructed in the art of dying. It was usual to say *studied*, for *learned* in science. JOHNSON.

His own possession furnished our author with this phrase. To be *studied* in a part, or to have studied it, is yet the technical term of the theatre. MALONE.

⁴ *There's no art*

To find the mind's construction in the face:] Dr Johnson seems to have understood the word *construction* in this place, in the sense of *frame* or *structure* ; but the school-term was, I believe, intended by Shakespeare. The meaning, is,—*We cannot construe or discover the disposition of the mind by the lineaments of the face.* So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II.

“*Construe the times to their necessities.*”

In *Hamlet* we meet with a kindred phrase :

“*— These profound heavens*

“*You must translate; 'tis fit we understand them.*”

Our author again alludes to his grammar, in *Troilus and Cressida* :

“*I'll decline the whole question.*”

In his 93d Sonnet, however, we find a contrary sentiment asserted :

“*In many's looks the false heart's history*

“*Is writ.*” MALONE.

⁵ *More is thy due than more than all can pay*] More is due to thee, than, I will not say *all*, but, *more* than all, i. e. the greatest recompence, can pay. Thus, in *Plautus: Nihil minus.*

There is an obscurity in this passage, arising from the word *all*, which is not used here personally, (more than all persons can pay,) but for the whole wealth of the speaker. So, more clearly, in *King Henry VIII.*

“*More*

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties : and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children, and servants ;
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing ⁶
Safe toward your love and honour ⁷.

Dun.

"More than my *all* is nothing."

This line appeared obscure to Sir W. D'Avenant, for he altered it thus:

"I have only left to say,

"That thou deservest *more than I have to pay*." MALONE.

6 — *servants*;

Which do but what they should, by doing every thing—] From Scripture: "So when ye shall have done all those things which are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable servants: we have done that which was our duty to do." HENLEY.

7 *Which do but what they should, by doing every thing*

Safe toward your love and honour.] Mr. Upton gives the word *safe* as an instance of an adjective used adverbially. STEEVENS.

Read—"Safe (i. e. saved) toward *you* love and honour;" and then the sense will be,—“Our duties are your children, and servants or vassals to your throne and state; who do but what they should, by doing every thing with a saving of their love and honour toward you.” The whole is an allusion to the forms of doing homage in the feudal times. The oath of allegiance, or *liege homage*, to the king was absolute and without any exception; but *simple homage*, when done to a subject for lands holden of him, was always with a *saving* of the allegiance (the *love and honour*, due to the sovereign. “*Sauf la foy que j'es doy a nostre seigneur le roy*,” as it is in Lytleton. And though the expression be somewhat stiff and forced, it is not more so than many others in this play, and suits well with the situation of Macbeth, now beginning to waver in his allegiance. For, as our author elsewhere says,

“When love begins to sicken and decay,

“It useth an enforced ceremony.” BLACKSTONE.

A passage in *Cupid's Revenge*, a comedy by B. and Fletcher, adds some support to Sir William Blackstone's emendation:

“I'll speak it freely, always my *obedience*

“*And love preserved unto the prince.*”

So also the following words, spoken by Henry Duke of Lancaster to K. Richard II. at their interview in the Castle of Flint (a passage that Shakspeare had certainly read, and perhaps remembered): “My sovereign lord and kyng, the cause of my coming, at this present, is, (*your honour saved*,) to have againe restitution of my person, my landes, and heritage, through your favourable licence.” Holinshed's *Chron.* Vol. II. Our author himself also furnishes us with a passage that likewise may serve to confirm this emendation, in the *Winter's Tale*.

“Save him from danger; do *HIM love and honour*.”

Again, in *Twelfth Night*:

“What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,

“That *honour sav'd* may upon asking give?”

Ag. n.

Dun. Welcome hither :

I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing ⁸.—Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
No less to have done so, let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow ⁹. Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm ; whom we name hereafter,
The prince of Cumberland : which honour must
Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all deservers.—From hence to Inverness,
And bind us further to you ¹.

Macb.

Again, in *Cymbeline* :

“ I something fear my father's wrath, but nothing

“ {Always reserv'd my holy duty} what

“ His rage can do on me.”

Our poet has used the verb to *rust* in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ —best you *rust* the bringer

“ Out of the host.” MALONE.

⁸ —full of growing—] is, I believe, exuberant, perfect, complete
in thy growth. So, in *Othello* :

“ What a full fortune doth the thick lips owe ?” MALONE.

⁹ *My plenteous joys*

Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves

In drops of sorrow]

lachrymas non sponte cadentes

Effudit, gemitusque expressit pectore læto ;

Non aliter manifesta potens abscondere mentis

Gaudia, quam lachrymis. *Lucan.* lib. ix.

There was no English translation of *Lucan* before 1614.—We meet
with the same sentiment again in the *Winter's Tale* : “ It seem'd sor-
row wapt to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears.” It is like-
wise employed in the first scene of *Much ado about Nothing*. MALONE.

¹ *From hence to Inverness,*

And bind us further to you.] The circumstance of Duncan's visiting
Macbeth, is supported by history ; for, from the Scottish Chronicles it
appears, that it was customary for the king to make a progress through
his dominions every year. “ Inerat ei [Duncan] laudabilis consue-
tudo regni pertransire regiones semel in anno.” *Fordun. Scotichron.*
lib. iv. c. 44.

“ Singulis annis ad inopum querelas audiendas perlustrabat provin-
cias.” *Buchanan, lib. vii.* MALONE.

D:

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you :
I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach ;
So, humbly take my leave.

Dun. My worthy Cawdor !

Macb. The prince of Cumberland ²!—That is a step,
On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap, [*Aside.*
For

Dr. Johnson observes, in his *Journey to the Western Isles of Scotland*, that the walls of the castle of Macbeth at *Inverness* are yet standing.

STEEVENS

² *The prince of Cumberland*!] So, Holinshed, *Hist. of Scotland*, p. 171: "Duncan having two sonnes, &c he made the elder of them, called *Malcolme*, prince of *Cumberland*, as it were thereby to appoint him successor in his kingdome immediatlie after his decease. Mackbeth sorely troubled herewith, for that he saw by this means his hope sore hindered, (where, by the old laws of the realme the ordinance was, that if he that should succeed were not of able age to take the charge upon himself, he that was next of blood unto him should be admitted,) he began to take counsel how he might usurpe the kingdome by force, having a just quarrel so to doe, (as he tooke the matter,) for that Duncan did what in him lay to defraud him of all manner of title and claime, which he might, in time to come, pretend unto the crowne."

The crown of Scotland was originally not hereditary. When a successor was declared in the life-time of a king, (as was often the case, the title of *Prince of Cumberland* was immediately bestowed on him as the mark of his designation. *Cumberland* was at that time held by Scotland of the crown of England, as a fief. STEEVENS.

The former part of Mr. Steevens's remark is supported by Bellenden's Translation of *Hector Boethius*; "In the mene tyme Kyng Duncan maid his son Malcolme *Prince of Cumbir*, to signify that he suld regne *estir hym*, quhilk wes gret displeisur to Mackbeth; for it maid plane deogation to the thrid weird promittit afore to hym be this weird sisteris. Nochtles he thocht gif Duncan wer slane, he had maist rycht to the crown, because he wes nerest of blud yairto, be tenour of ye auld lavis maid efter the deith of King Fergus, quhen y ung children wer unabel to govern the crown, the nerest of yair blude fall regne." So also Buchanan, *Rerum Scoticarum Hist.* lib. vii.

"Duncanus e filia Sibardi reguli Northumbrorum, duos filios genuerat. Ex iis Milcolumbum, viduum puberem, Cumbrie prælecit. Id factum ejus Machethus molestius, quam credi poterat, tulit, eam videlicet moram sibi ratus injectam, ut, priores jam magistratus (juxta visum nocturnum) adeptis aut omnino a regno excluderetur, aut eo tardius potiretur, cum præfectura Cumbrie velut aditus ad supremum magistratum SEMPER esse habitus." It has been asserted by an anonymous writer that "the crown of Scotland was always hereditary, and that it should seem from the play that Malcolm was the first who had the title of *Prince of Cumberland*." An extract or two from *Hector Boethius* will be sufficient relative to these points. In the tenth chapter of the eleventh book of his History we are informed, that some of the friends of Kenneth III. the eightieth king of Scotland, came among the nobles, desiring them to choose Malcolm, the son of Kenneth, to be Lord of Cumbir, "that he mycht be that way the better cum to the crown after his faderis deid." Two of the nobles said it was in the power of

For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires !
 Let not light see my black and deep desires :
 'The eye wink at the hand ! yet let that be,
 Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [Exit.

Dun. True, worthy Banquo ; he is full so valiant ;
 And in his commendations I am fed ;
 It is a banquet to me Let us after him,
 Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome :
 It is a peerless kinsman. [Flourish. Exeunt.

S C E N E V.

Inverness *A Room in Macbeth's Castle.*

Enter Lady MACBETH, reading a letter.

Lady M.—*They met me in the day of success ; and I have learned by the perfectest report³, they have more in them than my old knowledge. When I burn'd in desire to question them further, they made themselves—air, into which they vanish'd. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came messengers⁴ from*

Kenneth to make whom he pleased Lord of Cumberland ; and Malcolm was accordingly appointed. " Sic thingis done, king Kenneth, be advise of his nobles, *abrogat the auld lawis* concerning the creation of yair king, and made new lawis in manner as follows : 1. The king beand decussit, his eldest son or his eldest nepot, (notwithstanding quhat sumevir age he be o', and youcht he was born efter his faderis death, sal succede ye crown," &c. Notwithstanding this precaution, Malcolm, the eldest son of Kenneth, did *not* succede to the throne after the death of his father ; for after Kenneth reigned Constantine, the son of king Culyne. To him succeeded Gryme, who was *not* the son of Constantine, but the grandson of king Duffe. Gryme, says Boethius, came to Scone, " quhare he was crownit by the tenour of the auld lawis." After the death of Gryme, Malcolm, the son of king Kenneth, whom Boethius frequently calls *Prince of Cumberland*, became king of Scotland ; and to him succeeded Duncan, the son of his eldest daughter.

These breaches, however, in the succession appear to have been occasioned by violence in turbulent times ; and though the eldest son could not succeed to the throne, if he happened to be a minor at the death of his father, yet, as by the ancient laws the *next of blood* was to reign, the Scottish monarchy may be said to have been hereditary, subject however to peculiar regulations. MALONE.

3 —by the perfectest report,] By the best intelligence. JOHNSON.

4 —messengers:—] Persons sent ; messengers. The word is frequently used by our old writers. MALONE.

the

the king, who all hail'd me, Thane of Cawdor; by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referr'd me to the coming on of time, with, Hail, king that shall be! This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness; that thou might'st not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promis'd:—Yet do I fear thy nature;
It is too full o'the milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way; Thou would'st be great;
Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it. What thou would'st highly,
That would'st thou holily: would'st not play false,
And yet would'st wrongly win: thou'd'st have, great
Glamis,

That which cries, *Thus thou must do, if thou have it*⁵;
And that which rather thou dost fear to do⁶,
Than wishest be undone. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear⁷;
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal⁸.—What is your tidings?

Enter

⁵ *That which cries, Thus thou must do, if thou have it;*] As the object of Macbeth's desire is here introduced speaking of itself, it is necessary to read—if thou have me. JOHNSON.

⁶ *And that which rather thou dost fear to do,*] The construction, perhaps, is, thou would'st have that, [i. e. the crown,] which cries unto thee, *thou must do thus, if thou wou'd'st have it, and thou must do that which rather,* &c. Sir T. Hanmer without necessity reads—And that's what rather—. The difficulty of this line and the succeeding hemestick seems to have arisen from their not being considered as part of the speech uttered by the object of Macbeth's ambition. As such they appear to me, and I have therefore distinguished them by Italicks.

MALONE.

⁷ *That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;*] I meet with the same expression in lord Sterling's *Julius Cæsar*, 1607:

“Thou in my bosom us'd to pour thy sprights.” MALONE.

⁸ *Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem*

To have thee crown'd withal.] I do not concur with D. Warburton, in thinking that Shakspeare meant to say, that fate and metaphysical aid seem to have crown'd Macbeth—Lady Macbeth means to animate her husband to the attainment of “the golden round,” with which fate and supernatural agency seem to intend to have him crown'd, on a future day. So, in *All's Well that ends Well*:

“—Our

Enter an Attendant.

Atten. The king comes here to-night.

Lady M. Thou'rt mad to say it :

Is not the master with him ? who, wer't so,
Would have inform'd for preparation.

Atten. So please you, it is true ; our thane is coming :
One of my fellows had the speed of him ;
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

Lady M. Give him tending,
He brings great news. The raven himself is hoarse ?

[*Exit Attendant.*

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts ¹, unsex me here ;

“ ——— Our dearest friend

“ Prejudicates the business, and would seem

“ *To have us make denial.*”

There is, in my opinion, a material difference between—“ To have thee crown'd,”—and “ To have crown'd thee ;” of which the learned commentator does not appear to have been aware.

Metaphysical, which Dr. Warburton has justly observed, means *supernatural*, seems in our author's time to have had no other meaning. In the *English Dictionary* by H. C. 1655, *Metaphysicks* are thus explained : “ Supernatural arts ” The *golden round*, as Dr. Johnson has observed, is the *diadem*. MALONE

9 —[*The raven himself is hoarse, &c.*] The messenger, says the servant, had hardly breath to *make up his message* ; to which the lady answers mentally, that he may well want breath, such a message would add hoarseness to the raven. That even the bird, whose harsh voice is accustomed to predict calamities, could not *croak the entrance of Duncan* but in a note of unwonted harshness. JOHNSON.

¹ —*Come, you spirits*

[*That tend on mortal thoughts.*] This expression signifies not *the thoughts of mortals*, but *murderous, deadly, or destructive designs*. So, in A & V :

“ Hold fast the mortal sword ”

and in another place :

“ With twenty mortal murders.” JOHNSON.

In *Pierce Penniless his Supplication to the Devil*, by T. Nashe, 1592, (a very popular pamphlet of that time,) our author might have found a particular description of these spirits, and of their office :

“ The second kind of devils, which he most employeth, are those northern Maits, called the *Spirits of revenge*, and the authors of massacres, and seedmen of mischief ; for they have commission to incense men to rapines, sacrilege, theft, murder, wrath, fury, and all manner of cruelties : and they command certain of the southern spirits to wait upon them, as also great Arioch, that is termed *the spirit of revenge*.”

MALONE.

And

And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top full
 Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood,
 Stop up the access and passage to remorse²;
 That no compunctious visitings of nature
 Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
 The effect, and it³! Come to my woman's breasts,
 And take my milk for gall⁴, you murd'ring ministers,
 Wherever

² — *to remorse*;] In all our ancient English books *remorse* generally signifies *pity*. So, in Braithwaite's *Survey of Histories*, 1614: "Their relations might move a kind of sensible pity and *remorse* in the peruser." MALONE.

³ — *nor keep peace between*
The effect, and it!] Lady Macbeth's purpose was to be effected by action. To *keep peace between the effect and purpose*, means, to delay the execution of her purpose; to prevent its proceeding to *effect*. For as long as there should be a peace between the effect and purpose, or in other words, till hostilities were commenced, till some bloody action should be performed, her purpose [i. e. the murder of Duncan] could not be carried into execution. So, in the following passage in *King John*, in which a corresponding imagery may be traced:

"Nay, in the body of the fleshly land,
 "This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
 "Hostility and civil tumult reigns
 "Between my conscience and my cousin's death."

A similar expression is found in a book which our author is known to have read, the *Tragicall Historie of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562: t

"In absence of her knight, the lady no way could
 "Keep truce between her griefs and her, though ne'er so fayne
 she would."

Sir W. D'Avenant's strange alteration of this play sometimes affords a reasonable good comment upon it. Thus, in the present instance:

"—— make thick
 "My blood, stop all passage to remorse;
 "That no relapses into mercy may
 "Shake my design, nor make it fall before
 "'Tis ripen'd to effect."

The old copy reads—between the effect and *hit*. The correction was made by the editor of the third folio. MALONE.

⁴ — *take my milk for gall*,] *Take away my milk*, and put *gall* into the place. JOHNSON.

Her meaning is this: Come to my breasts, you murdering ministers, and suck my milk, which will have the effect of gall to stimulate and fit you for bloody purposes. MASON.

I think Mr. Mason's is the true interpretation; perhaps however it is a little too much dilated. I believe, Lady Macbeth only means to say, take my milk, which is of such a quality that it will serve instead of gall, your ordinary nutriment. *For* here signifies *instead of*. So, in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

"And, for the raven, wake the morning lark." MALONE.

On a revision of this passage I cannot but wonder how I could have subscribed to Mr. Mason's interpretation of it; which, as it now appears

Wherever in your sightless substances
 You wait on nature's mischief⁵ ! Come, thick night⁶,
 And pall thee⁷ in the dunneſt ſmoke of hell !
 That my keen knife ſee not the wound it makes ;
 Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark⁸,

To

pears to me, is directly contrary to the whole tenour of Lady Macbeth's ſpeech. She is not yet full of direſt cruelty (which ſhe muſt be ſuppoſed to be, if her milk is already of ſuch a nature as to ſerve inſtead of gall, the nutriment of fiends) but calls on the " ſpirits that tend on mortal thoughts, to unsex her, and to make thick her blood." If her milk was now of the nature of gall, her woman's breasts were already properly furniſhed, and ſhe would not need the aid of the murdering miniſters whom ſhe invokes. But not yet being become quite a fiend, ſhe very properly calls upon them (that no compunctious viſitings may ſhake her purpoſe) to fill her breaſt with gall *inſtead of milk*. MALONE.

⁵ *You wait on nature's mischief*] *Nature's mischief*, is miſchief done to nature, violation of nature's order committed by wickedneſs.

JOHNSON.
⁶ — *Come, thick night, &c.*] A ſimilar invocation is found in *A Warning for fair Women*, 1599, a tragedy which was certainly prior to *Macbeth*:

" O ſable night, ſit on the eye of heaven,
 " That it diſcern not this black deed of darkneſs !
 " My guilty ſoul, burnt with hell's hateful fire,
 " Muſt wade through blood to obtain my vile deſire :
 " Be then my *coverture*, thick ugly night !
 " The light hates me, and I do hate the light." MALONE.

⁷ *And pall thee*—] i. e. wrap thyſelf in a *pall*. WARBURTON.

A *pall* is a robe of ſtate. So, in Milton's *Penſeroſo*:

" Sometime let gorgeous tragedy
 " In ſcepter'd *pall* come ſweeping by."

Dr. Warburton ſeems to mean the covering which is thrown over the dead. STEEVENS.

⁸ *That my keen knife ſee not the wound it makes ;*

Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,] The word *knife* has been objected to, as being connected with the moſt ſordid offices, and therefore unſuitable to the great occaſion on which it is employed. But, however mean it may ſound to our ears, it was formerly a word of ſufficient dignity, and is conſtantly uſed by Shakspeare and his contemporaries as ſynonymous to *dagger*. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" — He is dead, Cæſar,
 " Not by a hired *knife*—"

Again, in *King Henry VI.* P. II.

" — to keep your royal perſon
 " From treaſon's ſecret *knife*."

Again, in this play of *Macbeth*:

" — That ſhould againſt his murderer ſhut the door,
 " Not bear the *knife* myſelf."

Here it certainly was uſed for *dagger*, for it appears t'at Duncan was murdered with that inſtrument.—Again, in Seneca's *Hercules Oetaeus*, tranſlated by John Studley, 1581 :

" But

To cry, *Hold, hold!*—Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!

Enter MACBETH.

Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
 'Thy letters have transported me beyond

This

"But treason black, pale envy, deep deceit,
 "With privie *knive* of murder, step in streight."

In *A Warning for fair Women*, 1549, TRAGEDY enters with a whip in one hand, "in the other hand a *knife*."

This term, however, appears to have lost its ancient signification, and to have been debased in the time of Sir W. Davenant, for he has substituted another in his place:

"That my keen *steel* see not the wound it makes,
 "Nor heaven peep through the *curtains* of the dark," &c.

I do not see that much is obtained by this last alteration. Sir W. Davenant seemed not willing to quit the bed. If we were at liberty to make any change, I should prefer *mantle*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"—Come civil *night*,
 "With thy black *mantle*."

But *blanket* was without doubt the poet's word, and perhaps was suggested to him by the coarse *woollen* curtain of his own theatre, through which probably, while the house was yet but half-lighted, he had himself often *peeped*—In *K. Hen VI.* P. III we have—"night's *coverture*."

A kindred thought is found in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1594:

"Were Tarquin night, (as he is but night's child),
 "The silver-shining queen he would disdain;
 "Her twinkling hand-maids too, [the stars] by him defil'd,
 "Through *night's black bosom* should not *peep* again"

MALONE.

—the blanket of the dark,] Drayton in the 26th song of his *Polyolbion*, has an expression resembling this:

"Thick vapours, that, like *rugs*, still hang the troubled air."

STEEVENS.

Polyolbion was not published till 1612, after this play had certainly been exhibited; but in an earlier piece Drayton has the same expression:

"The sullen *night* in mistie *rugge* is wrapp'd;
 "The glimm'ring stars, like sentinels in warre,
 "Behind the cloudes, as thieves, do stand for prey"

Mortimeriados, 4to. 1596.

9 To cry, *Hold, hold!*] On this passage there is a long criticism in the *Rambler*. JOHNSON.

In this criticism the epithet *dun* is objected to as a mean one. Milton, however, appears to have been of a different opinion, and has represented Satan as flying—"in the *dun* air sublime." STEEVENS.

To cry, *Hold, hold!*] The thought is taken from the old military laws, which inflicted capital punishment upon "whosoever shall strike stroke at his adversary, either in the heat or otherwise, if a third do cry *bold*, to the intent to part them; except that they did fight a combat

bat

This ignorant present¹, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest love,

Duncan comes here to night.

Lady M. And when goes hence?

Macb. To morrow, as he purposes.

Lady M. O, never

Shall sun that morrow see!

Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men

May read strange matters³:—To beguile the time,

Look

bat in a place inclosed: and then no man shall be so hardy as to bid
bold, but the general." P. 264 of Mr Bellay's *Instructions for the Wars*,
translated in 1589. TOLLET.

Mr. Tollet's note will likewise illustrate the last line in *Macbeth's*
concluding speech:

"And damn'd be him who first cries, *bold, enough!*"

STEEVENS.

¹ —*Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!*] Shakspeare has supported the
character of lady Macbeth, by repeated efforts, that never omits any
opportunity of adding a trait of ferocity, or a mark of the want of hu-
man feelings, to this monster of his own creation. The softer passions
are more obliterated in her than in her husband, in proportion as her am-
bition is greater. She meets him here on his arrival from an expedition
of danger, with such a salutation as would have become one of his
friends or vassals; a salutation apparently fitted rather to raise his
thoughts to a level with her own purposes, than to testify her joy at his
return, or manifest an attachment to his person: nor does any sentiment
expressive of love or softness fall from her throughout the play. While
Macbeth himself, in the midst of the horrors of his guilt, still retains a
character less fiend like than that of his queen, talks to her with a de-
gree of tenderness, and pours his complaints and fears into her bosom,
accompanied with terms of endearment. STEEVENS.

² *This ignorant present.*] i. e. this ignorant present time. The same
phraseology is found in many of our author's plays, and in the writings
of his contemporaries. See p. 31, n. 7, l. 10, from the bottom. So, in
the *Winter's Tale*:

"—and make stale

"The glitt'ring of *this present*."

Again, in *Coriolanus*:

"Shall I be charg'd no further than *this present*?" MALONE.

Again, in *Corinthians I.* ch. xv. v. 6: "—of whom the greater part
remain unto *this present*." STEEVENS.

Ignorant has here the signification of *unknowing*; that is, I feel by
anticipation those future hours, of which, according to the process of
nature, the present time would be *ignorant*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Cymbeline*:

"—his shipping,

"Poor ignorant baubles," &c. STEEVENS.

³ *Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men*

May read strange matters:] That is, thy looks are such as will
awaken

Look like the time⁴ ; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue : look like the innocent flower.
But be the serpent under it. He that's coming
Must be provided for : and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch ;
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady M. Only look up clear ;
To alter favour ever is to fear :
Leave all the rest to me.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

The same. Before the Castle.

Hautboys. Servants of Macbeth attending with torches.

Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENOX, MACDUFF, ROSSE, ANGUS, and Attendants.

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat⁵ ; the air
Nimble and sweetly recommends itself

Unto

awaken men's curiosity, excite their attention, and make room for suspicion. *HEATH.*

So, in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609 :

" *Her face the book of praises, where is read*

" Nothing but curious pleasures." *STEEVENS.*

Again, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece* :

" Poor women's faces are their own faults' books." *MALONE.*

4 — *To beguile the time,*

Look like the time ;] The same expression occurs in the 8th book of Daniel's *Civil Wars* :

" He draws a traverse 'twixt his grievances ;

" *Looks like the time* : his eye made not report

" Of what he felt within ; nor was he less

" Than usually he was in every part ;

" Wore a clear face upon a cloudy heart." *STEEVENS.*

The seventh and eighth books of Daniel's *Civil Wars* were not published till the year 1609 : [see the Epistle Dedicatorie to that edition :] so that, if either poet copied the other, Daniel must have been indebted to Shakspeare ; for there can be little doubt that *Macbeth* had been exhibited before that year. *MALONE.*

5 *This castle hath a pleasant seat :*] This short dialogue between Duncan and Banquo, whilst they are approaching the gates of Macbeth's castle,

Unto our gentle senses⁶.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet⁷, does approve,
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze*,
Buttress, nor coigne of vantage⁸, but this bird
Hath made his pendant bed, and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed⁹, and haunt, I have observ'd,
The air is delicate.

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Dun. See, see! our honour'd hostess!—
The love that follows us, sometime is our trouble,

castle, has always appeared to me a striking instance of what in painting is termed *repose*. Their conversation very naturally turns upon the beauty of its situation, and the pleasantness of the air; and Banquo observing the martlet's nests in every recess of the cornice, remarks, that where those birds most breed and haunt, the air is delicate. The subject of this quiet and easy conversation gives that repose so necessary to the mind after the tumultuous bustle of the preceding scenes, and perfectly contrasts the scene of horror that immediately succeeds. It seems as if Shakspeare asked himself, What is a prince likely to say to his attendants on such an occasion. Whereas the modern writers seem, on the contrary, to be always searching for new thoughts, such as would never occur to men in the situation which is represented.—This also is frequently the practice of Homer, who, from the midst of battle and horrors, relieves and refreshes the mind of the reader, by introducing some quiet rural image, or picture of familiar domestick life.

Sir J. REYNOLDS.

6 *Unto our gentle senses.*] *Senses* are nothing more than each man's *sense*. *Gentle senses* is very elegant, as it means *placid, calm, composed*, and imitates the peaceable delight of a fine day. JOHN-ON.

7 — *martlet*,] This bird is in the old edition called *barlet*. JOHNSON.
The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

It is supported by the following passage in the *Merchant of Venice*:

" — like the *martlet*,

" Builds in the weather on the outward wall." STEEVENS.

* *no jutty, frieze*,] In this regulation I have followed former editors, but have placed, as there ought to be, a comma, after *jutty*. A *jutty*, or *jetty*, (for so it should be written) is not here, as has been supposed, an epithet to *frieze*, but a substantive; signifying that part of a building which shoots forward beyond the rest. See Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598: "*Barbacane*. An out-nooke or corner standing out of a house; a *jettie*."—" *Sports*. A porch, a portal, a bay window, or out butting, or *jettie*, of a house, that jetties out farther than any other part of the house"—See also *Surpendue* in Corgrave's French Dict. 1611: "A *jettie*; an out-jetting room. MALONE.

8 — *coigne of vantage*,] Convenient corner. JOHNSON.

9 — *most breed*—] The folio,—*must* breed. STEEVENS.

Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Which

Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
How you shall bid God yield us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble¹.

Lady M. All our service

In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business, to contend
Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your majesty loads our house: For those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits².

Dun. Where's the thane of Cawdor?

We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor: but he rides well;

¹ *The love that follows us, sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
How you shall bid God yield us for your pains,*

And thank us for your trouble.] The attention that is paid us (says Duncan on seeing Lady Macbeth come to meet him,) sometimes gives us pain, when we reflect that we give trouble to others; yet still we cannot but be pleased with such attentions, because they are a proof of affection. So far is clear;—but of the following words, I confess, I have no very distinct conception, and suspect them to be corrupt. Perhaps the meaning is,—By being the occasion of so much trouble I furnish you with a motive to pray to heaven to reward me for the pain I give you, inasmuch as the having such an opportunity of shewing your loyalty may hereafter prove beneficial to you; and herein also I afford you a motive to thank me for the trouble I give you, because by shewing me so much attention, (however painful it may be to me to be the cause of it,) you have an opportunity of displaying an amiable character, and of ingratiating yourself with your sovereign: which finally may bring you both profit and honour. MALONE.

To bid any one *God-yield him*, i. e. *God-yield him*, was the same as God reward him. WARBURTON.

I believe *yield*, or, as it is in the folio of 1623, *eyld*, is a corrupted contraction of *shield*. The wish implores not reward but protection.

JOHNSON.

I rather believe it to be a corruption of *God-yield*, i. e. reward. In *Antony and Cleopatra*, we meet with it at length:

“And the gods yield you for't”

Again, in the interlude of *Jacob and Esau*, 1568:

“God yelde you, Esau, with all my stomach.”

God shield means *God forbid*, and could never be used as a form of returning thanks. So, in Chaucer's *Miller's Tale*:

“God shilde that he did sodenly.” v. 3427; late edit.

STEEVENS.

² *We rest your hermits.] Hermits, for beadsmen. WARBURTON.*

That is, we as *hermits* shall always pray for you. So, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592:

“I am your *beadsmen*, bound to pray for you.” STEEVENS.

And

And his great love, sharp as his spur³, hath hold him
To his home before us: Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

Lady M. Your servants ever⁴
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure
Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand:
Conduct me to mine host; we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.
By your leave, hostess.

S C E N E VII.

The same. A Room in the Castle.

*Hautboys and torches. Enter, and pass over the stage, a
sewer⁵, and divers servants with caskets and service. Then
enter MACBETH.*

Macb. If it were done⁶, when 'tis done, then 'twere
well
It were done quickly: If the assassination⁷
Could

¹ — his great love, sharp as his spur,] So, in *Twelfth Night*,
Act III sc. iii:

“ — my desire,

“ More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth.” STEEVENS.

⁴ Your servants ever, &c.] The metaphor in this speech is taken from the Steward's compting-house or audit room. *In compt* means, *subject to account*. The sense of the whole is:—*We, and all who belong to us, look upon our lives and fortunes not as our own properties, but as things we have received merely for your use, and for which we must be accountable whenever you please to call us to our audit; when, like faithful stewards, we shall be ready to answer your summons, by returning you what is your own.* STEEVENS.

⁵ Enter—a sewer,] The office of a sewer was to place the dishes in order at a feast. His chief mark of distinction was a towel round his arm. So, in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*:

“—clap me a clean towel about you, like a sewer.” STEEVENS.

⁶ If it were done, &c.] A sentiment parallel to this occurs in *The Proceedings against Garnet* in the Powder Plot: “It would have been commendable, when it had been done, though not before.” FARMER.

⁷ If the assassination, &c.] Of this soliloquy the meaning is not very clear; I have never found the readers of Shakspeare agreeing about it. I understand it thus:

Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
With his surcease, success⁸; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end all here,

"If that which I am about to do, when it is once *done* and executed, were *done* and ended without any following effects, it would then be best to do it quickly: if the murder could terminate in itself, and restrain the regular course of consequences, if *its success* could secure *its surcease*, if, being once done *successfully*, without detection, it could fix a period to all vengeance and enquiry, so that *this blow* might be all that I have to do, and this anxiety all that I have to suffer; if this could be my condition, even *here* in *this world*, in this contracted period of temporal existence, on this narrow bank in the ocean of eternity, I would jump the life to come, I would venture to upon the deed without care of any future state. But this is one of *those cases* in which judgment is pronounced and vengeance inflicted upon us *here* in our present life. We teach others to do as we have done, and are punished by our own example. JOHNSON.

We are told by Dryden, that "Ben Jonson on reading some bombast speeches in *Macbeth*, which *are not to be understood*, used to say that it was *horror*."—Perhaps the present passage was one of those thus depreciated. Any person but this envious detractor would have dwelt with pleasure on the transcendent beauties of this sublime tragedy, which, after *Othello*, is perhaps our author's greatest work; and would have been more apt to have been thrown "into strong shudders," and blood-freezing "agues," by its interesting and high wrought scenes, than to have been offended by any imaginary hardness of its language; for such it appears from the context, is what he meant by *horror*. That there are difficult passages in this tragedy, cannot be denied; but that there are "some bombast speeches in it, *which are not to be understood*," as Dryden asserts, will not be very readily granted to him. From this assertion however, and the verbal alterations made by him and Sir W. D'Avenant in some of our author's plays, I think it clearly appears, that Dryden and the other poets of the time of Charles H. were not very deeply skilled in the language of their predecessors, and that Shakespeare was not so well understood fifty years after his death, as he is at this day. MALONE.

⁸ Could trammel up the consequence, and catch.

With his surcease, success;] I think the reasoning requires that we should read:

With its success, surcease—, JOHNSON.

A trammel is a net in which either birds or fishes are caught. *Surcease* is cessation, stop. *His* is used instead of *its*, in many places.

STEEVENS.

His certainly may refer to *assassination*, (as Dr. Johnson by his proposed alteration seems to have thought it did,) for Shakespeare very frequently uses *his* for *its*. But in this place perhaps *his* refers to Duncan; and the meaning may be, If the assassination, at the same time that it puts an end to the life of Duncan, could procure me unalloyed happiness, promotion to the crown unmolested by the compunctious visitings of conscience, &c. To *cease* often signifies in these plays, to *die*. So, in *all's Well that ends Well*:

"Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, *cease*!"

I think, however, it is more probable that *his* is used for *its*, as it relates to *assassination*. MALONE.

But

But here, upon this bank and shoal of time ¹,—
 We'd jump the life to come ².—But, in these cases,
 We still have judgment here; that we but teach
 Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
 To plague the inventor ³: This even-handed justice
 Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
 To our own lips ⁴. He's here in double trust:
 First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,

¹ —[*shoal of time*.] This is Theobald's emendation, and undoubtedly right. The old edition has *school*, and Dr. Warburton *shelve*.

JOHNSON.

² *We'd jump the life to come*] So, in *Cymbeline*, Act V. sc. iv:

"—or jump the after enquiry on your peril." STEEVENS.

Again in our author's 44th Sonnet:

"For nimble thought can jump both sea and land"

I suppose the meaning to be—We would over-leap, we would make no account of the life to come. So Autolycus in *The Winter's Tale*: "For the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it." MALONE.

My interpretation of this passage is undoubtedly erroneous. "We'd jump the life to come," certainly means, We'd hazard or run the risk of what might happen in a future state of being. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"—Our fortune lies

"Upon this jump."

Again, in *Coriolanus*:

"—and with

"To jump a body with a dangerous physick,

"That's sure of death without it."

See the note in that play. MALONE.

³ —*we but teach*

Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return

To plague the inventor:] So, in Belvidere's translation of Hector Boethius: "He [Macbeth] was led be wode luryis, as ye nature of all tyrannis is, quikilks conquestis landis or kingdomes be wrangus titil, ay full of hevvy thocht and diledour, and trustling i.k man to do justik crueltes to hym, as he did afore to othir". MALONE.

⁴ —*This even-handed justice*

Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice

To our own lips.] We might more advantageously read—

Thus, even hand d justice, &c.

Our poet, *apis Matine* more *modoque*, would stoop to borrow a sweet from any flower, however humble in its situation. "The pricke of conscience (says Holinshed) caus'd him ever to feare, lest he should be served of the same cup as he had minister'd to his predecessor."

STEEVENS.

The old reading I believe to be the true one, because Shakspeare has very frequently used this mode of expression. So, a little lower:—

"Besides, *this* Duncan, &c." Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.

"That *this* same child of honour and renown,"

"*This* gallant Hotspur, *this* all-praised knight—."

Commends, here as in many other places, means, *commits*. MALONE.

Strong

Strong both against the deed ; then, as his host,
 Who should against his murderer shut the door,
 Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
 Hath borne his faculties so meek ⁵, hath been
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues
 Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongu'd, against
 The deep damnation of his taking-off :
 And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
 Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd
 Upon the sightless couriers of the air ⁶,
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
 That tears shall drown the wind ⁷.—I have no spur

⁵ *Hath borne his faculties so meek,*] *Faculties*, for office, exercise of power, &c. WARBURTON.

"Duncan (says Holinshed) was soft and gentle of nature."—And again: "Macbeth spoke much against the king's softness, and overmuch slackness in punishing offenders." STEEVENS.

⁶ —*like a naked new-born babe,*

Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, hors'd

Upon the sightless couriers of the air,] So, in *K. Henry V.*:

"Borne with the invisible and creeping wind." MALONE.

Also, in our author's 51st Sonnet:

"Then should I pur, though mounted on the wind."

Again, in the Prologue to *K. Henry IV.* P. II.

"I, from the orient to the drooping west,

"Making the wind my post-boy—"

The thought of the *cherubin* (as has been somewhere observed) seems to have been borrowed from the eighteenth Psalm: "He rode upon the *cherubims* and did fly; he came flying upon the wings of the wind." Again, in the *Book of Job*, ch. xxx. v. 22: "Thou causell me to ride upon the wind." MALONE.

Courier is only runner. *Couriers of air* are winds, air in motion, *Sightless* is *invisible*. JOHNSON.

Again, in this play:

"Wherever in your *sightless* substances," &c.

Again, in Warner's *Albions England*, 1602, b. ii. c. 11:

"The scouring winds that *sightless* in the sounding air do fly."

STEEVENS.

⁷ *That tears should drown the wind.*] Alluding to the remission of the wind in a shower. JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III.

"For raging wind blows up incessant showers;

"And when the rage allays, the rain begins." STEEVENS.

Again, in the *Rape of Lucrece*:

"This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,

"Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more;

"At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er."

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"Where are my tears?—rain, rain to lay this wind."

MALONE.

To

To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition⁸, which o'er-leaps itself,
And falls on the other—⁹. How now! what news?

Enter Lady MACBETH ¹.

Lady M. He has almost supp'd: Why have you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady M. Know you not, he has?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,

⁸ —*I have no pur*

To prick the sides of my intent, but only

Vaulting ambition,] So, in *The Tragedy of Cæsar and Pompey*, 1607:

“Why think you, lords, that 'tis ambition's spur

“That pricketh Cæsar to these high attempts?” MALONE.

The *spur of the occasion* is a phrase used by Lord Bacon.” STEEVENS.

⁹ *And falls on the other—*] Hammer has on this occasion added a word which every reader cannot fail to add for himself. He would give:
And falls on the other side.

But the state of Macbeth's mind is more strongly marked by this break in the speech, than by any continuation of it which the most successful critic can supply. STEEVENS.

¹ *Enter Lady M.*] The arguments by which lady Macbeth persuades her husband to commit the murder, afford a proof of Shakspeare's knowledge of human nature. She urges the excellence and dignity of courage, a glittering idea which has dazzled mankind from age to age, and animated sometimes the house-breaker, and sometimes the conqueror; but this sophism Macbeth has for ever destroyed, by distinguishing true from false fortitude, in a line and a half; of which it may almost be said, that they ought to bestow immortality on the author, though all his other productions had been lost:

I dare do all that may become a man,

Who dares do more, is none.

This topic, which has been always employed with too much success, is used in this scene with peculiar propriety, to a soldier by a woman. Courage is the distinguishing virtue of the soldier, and the reproach of cowardice cannot be borne by any man from a woman, without great impatience.

She then urges the oaths by which he had bound himself to murder Duncan, another art of sophistry by which men have sometimes deluded their consciences, and persuaded themselves that what would be criminal in others is virtuous in them: this argument Shakspeare, whose plan obliged him to make Macbeth yield, has not confused, though he might easily have shewn that a former obligation could not be vacated by a latter; that obligation laid on us by a high power, could not be overruled by obligation which we lay upon ourselves. JOHNSON.

Part of Lady Macbeth's argument is derived from the translation of Hector Boethius. See Dr. Farmer's note, p. 22. MALONE.

Which

Which would be worn now in their newest gowns,
Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dressed yourself? hath it slept since?²
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely? From this time,
Such I account thy love. 'Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem;
Letting I dare not wait upon I would³,
Like the poor cat i' the adage⁴?

Macb. Pr'ythee, peace⁵:
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.

Lady M. What beast was it then,
That made you break this enterprize to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a man;
And, to be more than what you were, you would
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place,
Did then adhere⁶, and yet you would make both:

They

² *Was the hope drunk, &c.*] The same expression is found in *King John*:

"O, where hath our intelligence been drunk,
"Where hath it slept?" MALONE.

³ *Would'st thou have that,
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem;*

Letting I dare not wait upon I would, &c.] Do you wish to obtain the crown, and yet would you remain such a coward in your own eyes all your life, as to suffer your paltry fears, which whisper, "*I dare not*?" to controul your noble ambition, which cries out, "*I would*?"

STEEVENS.

⁴ *Like the poor cat i' the adage:*] The adage alluded to is, *The cat loves fish, but dares not wet her feet*:

"*Catus amat pisces, sed non vult tingere plantas.*" JOHNSON.

⁵ *Pr'ythee, peace:* &c.] A passage similar to this occurs in *Measure for Measure*, Act II. sc. ii:

"——— be that you are,

"That is, a woman: i' you're more, you're none"

The folio, instead of *do more*, reads *no more*, but the present reading is undoubtedly right." STEEVENS.

The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

⁶ — *Nor time, nor place*

Did then adhere,—] Dr. Warburton would read *adhere*, not improperly, but without necessity. In the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Vol. VII.

D

Mrs.

They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you. I have given suck; and know
How tender 'tis, to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn
As you have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail,—

Lady M. We fail!⁹

But screw your courage to the sticking place,¹

And

Mrs Ford says of Falstaff, that his words and actions "no more *adhere* and keep pace together than," &c. STEEVENS.

So, in a *Warning for fair Women*, 1599:

"———Neither time

"Nor place conformed to my mind" MALONE.

7 *I would, while it was smiling in my face,*] Polyxo, in the fifth book of Statius's *Thebais*, has a similar sentiment of *serenity*:

"In gremio (licet amplexu) lacrymisque morietur)

"Transadigam ferro." STEEVENS.

8 —*had I so sworn*] The latter word is here used as a dissyllable. The editor of the second folio, from his ignorance of our author's phraseology and metre, supposed the line defective, and reads—*had I but so sworn*; which has been followed by all the subsequent editors.

MALONE.

9 *We fail!*] I am by no means sure that this punctuation is the true one.—"If we fail, we fail."—is a colloquial phrase still in frequent use. Macbeth having casually employed the former part of this sentence, his wife designedly completes it. *We fail*, and thereby know the extent of our misfortunes. Yet our success is certain, if you are resolute.

Lady Macbeth is unwilling to afford her husband time to flatter any reasons for his doubt, or to expatiate on the obvious consequences of miscarriage in his undertaking. Such an interval for reflection to act in, might have proved unfavourable to her purposes. She therefore cuts him short with the remaining part of a common saying, to which his own words had afforded an apt though accidental introduction.

This reply, at once cool and determined, is sufficiently characteristic of the speaker:—according to the old punctuation, she is represented as rejecting with contempt (of which she had already manifested enough) the very idea of failure. According to the mode of pointing now suggested, she admits a possibility of miscarriage, but at the same instant shows herself not afraid of its result. Her answer therefore communicates no discouragement to her husband—*We fail!* is the hasty interruption of scornful impatience. *We fail*—is the calm deduction of a mind which, having weighed all circumstances, is prepared without loss of confidence in itself, for the worst that can happen. So Homer:

"If we fall in, good night:—or sink, or swim." STEEVENS.

1 *But screw your courage to the sticking place,*] This is a metaphor from an engine formed by mechanical complication. The *sticking place* is the *stop* which suspends its powers, till they are discharged on their proper object; as in driving piles, &c. So, in Sir W. Davenant's *Cruel Brother*, 1639:

—There

And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him,) his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassel so convince²,
That memory, the warder of the brain³,

" — There is an engine made,
" Which spends its strength by force of nimble wheels;
" For thy, once *screw'd up*, in their return
" Will rive an oak "

Again, in *Coriolanus*, Act. I. sc. viii:

" *Wrench up* thy power to the highest."

Perhaps indeed Shakespeare had a more familiar image in view, and took his meta-hor from the *screwing up* the chords of string instrument to their proper degree of tension, when the peg remains fast in its *sticking place*, i. e. in the place from which it is not to move. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's last interpretation is, in my apprehension, the true one. Sir W. D'Avenant misunderstood this passage. By *the sticking place*, he seems to have thought the poet meant *the stabbing place*, the place where Duncan was to be wounded; for he reads,

" Bring but your courage to the *fatal place*,

" And we'll not fail." MALONE.

² *Will I with wine and wassel so convince,*] To *convince*, is in Shakespeare, to *overpower* or *subdue*, as in this play:

" — Their melody *convinces*

" The great assay of art " JOHNSON.

So, in *Holinshed*: " — thus mortally fought, intending to vanquish and *convince* the other." STEEVENS.

— and *wassel*—] What was anciently called *was-haile* (as appears from Selden's notes on the ninth song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*) was an annual custom observed in the country on the vigil of the new year; and had its beginning, as some say, from the words which Ronix daughter of Hengist used, when she drank to Vortigern, *leverd kyng was-hail*; he answering her, by direction of an interpreter, *drinc-beile*. Afterwards it appears that *was-haile*, and *drinc beile*, were the usual phrases of quaffing among the English, as we may see from *Thomas de la Moore* in the *Life of Edward II* and in the lines of *Hanvil the monk*, who preceded him:

" Ecce vagante ciso discento gutture *was-beil*

" Ingeminant *was-beil*—:

But Selden rather conjectures it to have been a usual ceremony among the Saxons before Hengist, as a note of *health-wishing*, supposing the expression to be corrupted from *wasb-beil*.

Wassel or *Wassail* is a word still in use in the midland counties, and signifies at present what is called *Lamb's Wool*, i. e. roasted apples in strong beer, with sugar and spice. *Wassel* is, however, sometimes used for general riot, intemperance, or festivity. On this occasion, I believe, it means *intemperance*. STEEVENS:

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" — Antony,

" Leave thy lascivious *wassels* " MALONE.

³ — *the warder of the brain,*] A *warder* is a guard, a sentinel.

STEEVENS.

Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason ⁴.
 A limbeck only ⁵: When in swinish sleep
 Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
 What cannot you and I perform upon
 The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
 His spongy officers; who shall bear the guilt
 Of our great quell ⁶?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only!
 For thy undaunted mettle should compose
 Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
 When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two
 Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
 That they have don't?

Lady M.

4 —the receipt of reason] i. e. the receptacle. MALONE.

5 *A limbeck only*:] That is, shall be only a vessel to emit fumes or vapours. JOHNSON.

The *limbeck* is the vessel, through which the distilled liquors pass into the recipient. So shall it be with memory; through which every thing shall pass, and nothing remain. A. C.

6 *Of our great quell*?] *Quell* is murder, *manquellers* being in the old language the term for which *murderers* is now used. JOHNSON.

The word is used in this sense by Holinshed, p. 567: "—the poor people ran about the streets, calling the capieins and governors *murthers* and *manquellers*." STEEVENS.

7 —*His two chamberlains*

Will I with wine and wassel so convince, &c.

———*Will I not be receiv'd,*

When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two

Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,

That they have don't?]

In the original Scottish History by Boethius, and in Holinshed's Chronicle, we are merely told that Macbeth slew Duncan at Inverness. No particulars whatsoever are mentioned. The circumstance of making Duncan's chamberlains drunk, and laying the guilt of his murder upon them, as well as some other circumstances, our author has taken from the history of Duffe, king of Scotland, who was murdered by Donwald, Captain of the castle of Fores, about eighty years before Duncan ascended the throne. The fact is thus told by Holinshed, in p. 120 of his Scottish History (the history of the reign of Duncan commences in p. 168): "Donwald, not forgetting the reproach which his lineage had sustained by the execution of these his kinsmen, whom the king for a spectacle to the people had caused to be hanged, could not but shew manifest tokens of great griefe at home amongst his familie: which his wife perceiving, ceased not to travell with him till she understood what the cause was of his displeasure. Which at length when she had learned by his owne relation, she, as one that bare no lesse dislike in hir heart, for the like cause on his behalfe, than hir husband did for his friends, counselled him, (sith the king used oftentimes to lodge in his house without anie gard about him other than the garrison of the castle, [of Fores,] which was wholie at his commandment) to make him awaile, and shewed him the means whereby he might best accomplish it.

Donwald,

Lady M. Who dares receive it other, *
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar

Upon

Donwald, thus being the more kindled in wrath by the words of his wife, determined to follow his advice in the execution of so heinous an act. Whereupon devising with himselfe for a while, which way he might best accomplish his cursed intent, at length gat opportunitie, and sped his purpose as followeth. It chanced that the king upon *the date before he purposed to depart forth of the castell*, was long in his oratorie at his praiers, and there continued till it was late in the night. At the last, comming toorth, he called such afore him as had faithfullie served him *in pursute and apprehension of the rebels*, and giving them heartie thanks *he bestowed sundrie honourable gifts amongst them, of the which number Donwald was one, as he that had been ever accounted a most faithful servant to the king.*

At length, having talked with them a long time he got him into his privie chamber, *onlie with two of his chamberlains*, who having brought him to bed, came forth againe, and then fell to banquetting with Donwald and his wife, who had prepared diverse delicate dishes, and sundrie sorts of *drinks* for their reare supper or colation, whereat *they sate up so long, till they had charged their stomachs with such full gorges*, that their heads were no sooner got to the pillow, but asleepe they were so fast, that a man might have removed the chamber over them, sooner than to have awaked them out of their drunken sleepe.

Then Donwald, though he abhorred the act greatlie in heart, yet through instigation of his wife, he called foure of his servants unto him, (whom he had made privie to his wicked intent before, and framed to his purpose with large gifts,) and now declaring unto them, after what sort they should worke the feat, they gladlie obeyed his instructions, and speedilie going about the murder, they enter the chamber in which the king laie, a little before cockes crow, where they secretly cut his throte as he lay sleeping, without anie busking at all: and immediately by a poisterne gate they carried forth the dead bodie into the fields, and throwing it upon a horse there provided for that purpose, they convey it unto a place about two miles distant from the castell.—

Donwald, about the time that the murder was in dooing, got him amongst them that kept the watch, and so continued to companie with them all the residue of the night. But in the morning when the noise was raised in the kings chamber, how the king was slaine, his bodie conveyed awaie, and the bed all bewraied with bloud, *he with the watch ran thither, as though he had known nothing of the matter*; and breaking into the chamber, and finding cakes of bloud in the bed, and on the floore about the sides of it, *he forthwith slew the chamberlains*, as guiltie of that heinous murder, and then like a madman running to and fro, he ransacked everie corner within the castell, as though it had beene to have seene if he might have found either the bodie, or any of the murderers hid in anie privie place: but at length comming to the poisterne gate, and finding it open, he burdened the chamberleins, whom he had slaine, with all the fault, they having the keys of the gates committed to their keeping all the night, and therefore it could not be otherwise (said he) but that they were of counsell in the committing of that most detestable murder.

Finallie,

Upon his death ?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up ?

Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.

Away, and mock the time with fairest show :

False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

[*Exeunt.*

Finallie, such was his over-earnest diligence in the severe inquisition and trial of the offenders herein, that some of the lords began to dislike the matter, and to smell forth shrewd tokens that he should not be altogether cleare himselfe. But for so much as they were in that countrie where he had the whole rule, what by reason of his friends and authoritie together, they doubted to utter what they thought, till time and place should better serve thereunto, and hereupon got them awaie everie man to his home." MALONE.

" — *who dares receive it other,*] So, in Holinshed: " — he burthen'd the chamberleins, whom he had slaine, with all the fault, they having the keyes of the gates committed to their keeping all the night, and therefore *it could not be otherwise* (said he) but that they were of counsil in the committing of that most detestable mu ther." MALONE.

7 — *and bend up* — A metaphor from the bow. So, in *K. Henry V.*

" — *bend up every spirit*

" *To his full height.*"

Till this instant, the mind of Macbeth has been in a state of uncertainty and fluctuation. He has hitherto proved neither resolutely good, nor ultimately wicked. Though a bloody idea had arisen in his mind, after he had heard the prophecy in his favour, yet he contentedly leaves the completion of his hopes to chance. — At the conclusion, however, of his interview with Duncan, he inclines to hasten the decree of fate, and quits the stage with an apparent resolution to murder his sovereign. But no sooner is the king under his roof, than, reflecting on the peculiarities of his own relative situation, he determines not to offend against the laws of hospitality, or the ties of subjection, kindred, and gratitude. His wife then assails his constancy afresh. He yields to her suggestions, and, with his integrity, his happiness is destroyed.

I have enumerated these particulars, because the waverings of Macbeth have, by some critics, been regarded as unnatural and contradictory circumstances in his character; not remembering that *nemo repente fuit turpissimus*, or that (as Angelo observes)

" — *when once our grace we have forgot,*

" *Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not — :*"

a passage which contains no unapt justification of the changes that happen in the conduct of Macbeth. STEVENS.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

The same. Court within the Castle.

Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE; and a Servant, with a torch before them.

Ban 7. How goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take't, 'tis later, sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword:—There's husbandry in heaven 8,

Their candles are all out 9.—Take thee that too.

A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,

And yet I would not sleep: Merciful powers!

Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature

Gives way to in repose 1!—Give me my sword;—

Enter

7 *Banquo.*] The place is not mark'd in the old edition, nor is it easy to say where this encounter can be. It is not in the *hall*, as the editors have all supposed it, for Banquo sees the sky; it is not far from the bed-chamber, as the conversation shews: it must be in the inner court of the castle, which Banquo might properly cross in his way to bed.

JOHNSON.

8 *There's husbandry in heaven,*] *Husbandry* here means *thrif*, *frugality*. So, in *Hamlet*:

"And borrowing dulls the edge of *husbandry*." MALONE.

9 *Their candles are all out.*] The same expression occurs in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"Night's candles are burnt out."

Again, in our author's 21st Sonnet:

"As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air." MALONE.

1 — *Merciful powers!*

Restrain in me the cursed thoughts, that nature

Gives way to in repose!—] It is apparent from what Banquo

says afterwards, that he had been solicited in a dream to attempt something in consequence of the prophecy of the witches, that his waking senses were shock'd at; and Shakspeare has here finely contrasted his character with that of Macbeth. Banquo is praying against being tempted to encourage thoughts of guilt even in his sleep; while Macbeth is hurrying

Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a torch.

Who's there ?

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest ? The king's a-bed :
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largesse to your officers :
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By the name of most kind hostess ; and shut up
In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the servant to defect ;
Which else should free have wrought ³.

Ban. All's well.

I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters :
To you they have shew'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them :

Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.

Macb.

ing into temptation, and revolving in his mind every scheme, however flagitious, that may assist him to complete his purpose. The one is unwilling to sleep, lest the same phantasms should assail his resolution again, while the other is depriving himself of rest through impatience to commit the murder. The same kind of invocation occurs in *Cymbeline* :

" From fairies, and the tempters of the night,

" Guard me !" STEEVENS.

² — *shut up*] To *shut up*, is to conclude. So, in the *Spanish Tragedy* :

" And heavens have *shut up* day to pleasure us."

Again, in Stowe's account of the earl of Essex's speech on the scaffold :

" — he *shut up* all with the Lord's prayer" STEEVENS.

Again, in Stowe's *Annals*, p. 833 : " — the king's majesty [K. James] *shut up* all with a pithy exhortation on both sides." MALONE.

³ *Being unprepar'd*,

Our will became the servant to defect ;

Which else should free have wrought.] This is obscurely expressed.

The meaning seems to be:—Being unprepared, our entertainment was necessarily *defective*, and we only had it in our power to shew the king our *willingness* to serve him. Had we received sufficient notice of his coming, our zeal should have been more clearly manifested by our *acts*. *Which* refers, not to the last antecedent, *defect*, but to *will*.

MALONE.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent,—when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you ⁴.

D 5

Ban.

⁴ If you shall cleave to my consent, *when 'tis*.

It shall make honour for you.] Macbeth expresses his thought with affected obscurity; he does not mention the royalty, though he apparently had it in his mind. *If you shall cleave to my consent*, if you shall concur with me when I determine to accept the crown, *when 'tis*, when that happens which the prediction promises, *it shall make honour for you*.

JOHNSON.

Such another expression occurs in lord Surrey's translation of the second book of *Virgil's Æneid*:

"And if thy will *slick* unto mine, I shall

"In wedlocke sure knit, and make her his own."

When 'tis, means, *'when 'tis my leisure to talk with you on this business*; referring to what Banquo had just said, *at your kindest leisure*.

But yet another explanation may be offered.—*Consent* has sometimes the power of the Latin *concentus*. Both the verb and substantive, decidedly bearing this signification, occur in other plays of our author. Thus in *K. Henry VI.* P. I. sc. i:

"—— scourge the bad revolting stirrs

"That have *consented* to king Henry's death;"—

i. e. *acted in concert* so as to occasion it.—Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II. Act V. sc. i: "—they (Justice Shallow's servants) *slock together in consent*, (i. e. in a party,) like so many wild geese."—In both these instances the words are spelt erroneously, and should be written—*concent* and *concented*. See Spenser, &c. as quoted in a note on the passage already adduced from *K. Henry VI.*

The meaning of Macbeth may then be as follows:—*If you shall cleave to my consent*—i. e. if you shall *slick*, or adhere, to my party,—*when 'tis*, i. e. at the time when such a party is formed, your conduct shall produce honour for you.

Macbeth mentally refers to the crown he expected to obtain in consequence of the murder he was about to commit. The commentator, indeed, (who is acquainted with what precedes and follows) comprehends all that passes in the mind of the speaker; but Banquo is still in ignorance of it. His reply is only that of a man who determines to combat every possible temptation to do ill; and therefore expresses a resolve that in spite of future combinations of interest, or struggles for power, he will attempt nothing that may obscure his present honour, alarm his conscience, or corrupt his loyalty.

Macbeth could never mean, while yet the success of his attack on the life of Duncan was uncertain, to afford Banquo the most dark or distant hint of his designs on the crown. Had he acted thus incautiously, Banquo would naturally have become his accuser, as soon as the murder had been discovered. STEEVENS.

I have too much respect for both the learned commentators, to omit their notes on this very difficult passage, though I do not agree with either of them. The word *consent* has always appeared to me unintelligible in the first of these lines, and was, I am persuaded, a mere error of the press. A passage in *the Tempest* leads me to think that our author wrote—*content*. Antonio is counselling Sebastian to murder Gonzalo:

" O

Ban. So I lose none,
In seeking to augment it, but still keep.

My

"O, that you bore
"The mind that I do; what, a sleep were there
"For your advancement! Do you understand me?
"Seb. I think I do.
"Ant. And how does your content
"Tender your own good fortune?"

In the same play we have—"Thy thoughts I cleave to," which differs but little from "I cleave to thy content."

In the *Comedy of Errors* our author has again used this word in the same sense:

"Sir, I commend you to your own content."
Again, in *All's well that ends well*:

"Madam, the care I have taken to even your content,"—
i. e. says Dr. Johnson, to set up to your desires. Again, in *King Richard III*:

"God hold it to your honour's good content!"
Again, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*: "You shall hear how thi go, and, I warrant, to your own content."

The meaning then of the present difficult passage, thus corrected, will be,—if you will closely adhere to my cause, if you will promote, as far as you can, what is likely to contribute to my satisfaction and content,—when 'tis, when the prophecy of the weird sisters is fulfilled, when I am seated on the throne, the event shall make honour for you.

If Macbeth does not mean to allude darkly to his attainment of the crown, (I do not say to his forcible or unjust acquisition of it, but to his attainment of it,) what meaning can be drawn from the words, "If you shall cleave," &c. whether we read *consent*, or the word now proposed? In the preceding speech, though he affects not to think of it, he yet clearly marks out to Banquo what it is that is the object of the mysterious words which we are now considering:

"Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
"We would spend it in some words upon that business;"

i. e. "upon the prophecy of the weird sisters, [that I should be thane of Cawdor, and afterwards king.] which, as you observe, has been in part fulfilled, and which by the kindness of fortune may at some future time be in the whole accomplished."

I do not suppose that Macbeth means to give Banquo the most distant hint of his having any intention to murder Duncan; but merely to state to him, that if he will strenuously endeavour to promote his satisfaction or content, if he will espouse his cause, and support him against all adversaries, whenever he shall be seated on the throne of Scotland, by whatever mysterious operation of fate that event may be brought about, such a conduct shall be rewarded, shall make honour for Banquo. The word *content* admits of this interpretation, and is supported by several other passages in our author's plays; the word *consent*, in my apprehension, affords here no meaning whatever.

Consent or *concent* may certainly signify *harmony*, and in a metaphorical sense that *union* which binds to each other a party or number of men, leagued together for a particular purpose; but it can no more signify, as I conceive, the party, or body of men so combined together, or the cause

My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsel'd.

Macb. Good repose, the while!

Ban. Thanks, sir; The like to you! [*Exit BANQUO.*]

Macb. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [*Exit SERV.*]
Is this a dagger, which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch
thee:—

I have thee not; and yet I see thee still.

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible

To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind; a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?

I see thee yet, in form as palpable

As this which now I draw.

Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;

And such an instrument I was to use.

Mine eyes are made the fools o'the other senses,

cause for which they are united, than the harmony produced by a number of musical instruments can signify the instruments themselves or the musicians that play upon them. When Fairfax, in his translation of Tasso, says—

Birds, winds and waters sing with sweet *concent*,
we must surely understand by the word *concent*, not a *party*, or a *cause*, but *harmony*, or *union*; and in the latter sense, I apprehend, Justice Shallow's servants are said to flock together in *concent*, in the second part of *K. Henry IV.*

If this correction be just, "In seeking to augment it," in Banquo's reply, may *perhaps* relate not to his own honour, but to Macbeth's *content*. "On condition that I lose no honour, in seeking to increase your satisfaction, or content,—to gratify your wishes," &c. The words however may be equally commodiously interpreted,—“Provided that in seeking an increase of honour, I lose none,” &c.

Sir William D'Avenant's paraphrase on this obscure passage is as follows:

“If when the prophecy begins to look like, you will

“Adhere to me, it shall make honour for you.” MALONE.

Macbeth certainly did not mean to divulge to Banquo the wicked means by which he intended to secure the crown, but his prospect of obtaining the crown was evidently to be the subject of their conference; and it was only on the supposition of Macbeth's obtaining it, that he could promise any addition of honour to Banquo, who was his equal, while he remained a subject. MASON.

5 — *when my drink is ready,*] MALONE.

6 — *clutch*—] This word, though reprobated by Ben Jonson, who saunders at Decker for using it, was used by other writers besides Decker and our author. So, in *Antonio's Revenge*, by Marston, 1602:

“—all the world is *clutch'd*”

“In the dull leaden hand of snoring sleep.” MALONE.

Or

Or else worth all the rest : I see thee still ;
 And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood ?
 Which was not so before.— I here's no such thing :
 It is the bloody business, which informs
 Thus to mine eyes —Now o'er the one half world
 Nature seems dead ⁷, and wicked dreams abuse

The

⁷ *And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood.*] Though *dudgeon* does sometimes signify a *dagger*, it more properly means *the hilt or handle of a dagger*, and is used for that particular sort of handle which has some ornament carved on the top of it. Junius explains the *dudgeon*, i. e. *hilt*, by the Latin expression, *manubrium apiatum*, which means *a handle of wood, with a grain rough as if the seeds of parsley were frozen over it*.

So, in Lyllie's comedy of *Mother Bombie*, 1594 : — then have at the bag with the *dudgeon hilt*, that is, at the *dudgeon dagger* that hangs by his tantony pouch. STEEVENS.

Gascoigne confirms this : " The most knottie piece of box may be brought to a *payre doogen hilt*." *Gouts for drops* is frequent in old English. FARMER.

— *gouts of blood*,] Or drops, French. POPE.

Gouts is the technical term for the *spots* on some part of the plumage of a hawk : or perhaps Shakspeare used the word in allusion to a phrase in heraldry. When a field is charged or sprinkled with red drops, it is said to be *guty of gules*, or *guty de sang*. STEEVENS.

⁸ — *Now o'er the one half world*

Nature seems dead,] That is, *over our hemisphere all action and motion seem to have ceased*. This image, which is perhaps the most striking that poetry can produce, has been adopted by Dryden in his *Conquest of Mexico* :

" All things are hush'd as Nature's self lay dead,
 " The mountains seem to nod their drowsy head ;
 " The little birds in dreams their songs repeat,
 " And sleeping flow'rs beneath the night-dews sweat.
 " Even lust and envy sleep !"

These lines, though so well known, I have transcribed, that the contrast between them and this passage of Shakspeare may be more accurately observed.

Night is described by two great poets, but one describes a night of quiet, the other of perturbation. In the night of Dryden, all the disturbers of the world are laid asleep ; in that of Shakspeare, nothing but sorcery, lust, and murder, is awake. He that reads Dryden, finds himself lulld with serenity, and disposed to solitude and contemplation. He that peruses Shakspeare, looks round alarmed, and starts to find himself alone. One is the night of a lover ; the other, of a murderer.

JOHNSON.

Now o'er the one half world, &c.] So, in the second part of Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, 1602 :

" 'Tis yet dead night ; yet all the earth is clutch'd
 " In the dull leaden hand of snoring sleep ;
 " No breath disturbs the quiet of the air,
 " No spirit moves upon the breast of earth,

" Save

The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
 Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
 Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
 With Tarquin's ravishing sides, towards his design
 Moves like a ghost'.—I hou sure and firm-set earth 2,

Hear

"Save howling dogs, night-crows, and screeching owls,
 "Save meagre ghosts, Piero, and black thoughts.

"—— I am great in blood,

"Unequal'd in revenge:—you horrid scouts

"That *sentinel* swart night, give loud applause

"From your large palms." MALONE.

9 *The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates*—] The word *now* has been added by the editors for the sake of metre. Probably Shakespeare wrote—*The curtain'd sleeper*. The folio spells the word *sleeps*, and an addition of the letter *r* only, affords the proposed emendation.

STEEVENS.

So afterwards:

"—a hideous trumpet calls to parley

"The *sleepers* of the house."

Now was added by Sir William D'Avenant in his alteration of this play, published in 1674. MALONE.

'—— *thus with his stealthy pace,*

With Tarquin's ravishing sides, towards his design

Moves like a ghost] Thus the old copy. Mr. Pope changed *sides* to *strides*. A ravishing *stride* being, in Dr. Johnson's opinion, "an action of violence, impetuosity and tumult," he would read—*With Tarquin ravishing, strides, &c.* MALONE.

I cannot agree with Dr. Johnson that a *stride* is always an *action of violence, impetuosity, or tumult*. Spenser uses the word in his *Faery Queen*; b. iv. c. 8. and with no idea of violence annexed to it: .

"With easy steps so soft as foot could *stride*."

And as an additional proof that a *stride* is not always a *tumultuous effort*, the following instance from Harrington's *Translation of Aristotle*, [1591,] may be brought:

"He takes a long and leisurable *stride*,

"And longest on the hinder foot he staid;

"So soft he treads, alth' his steps were wide,

"As though to tread on eggs he was afraid.

"And as he goes, he gropes on either side

"To find the bed," &c. *Orlando Furioso*, B. 28, Stanza 63;

Whoever has been reduced to the necessity of finding his way about a house in the dark, must know that it is natural to take large *strides*, in order to feel before us whether we have a safe footing or not. The ravisher and murderer would naturally take such *strides*, not only on the same account, but that their steps might be fewer in number, and the sound of their feet be repeated as seldom as possible. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's observation is confirmed by many instances that occur in our ancient poets. So, in a passage by J. Sylvester, cited in *England's Parnassus*, 1600:

"Anon

Hear not my steps, which way they walk ³, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my where-about ⁴,

And

"Anon he stalketh with an *easy stride*,
"By some clear river's lillie-paved side."

Again, in our author's *King Richard II*:

"Nay rather every *tedious stride* I make—."

Thus also the Roman poets:

"——— *vestigia furtim*

"*Suspensio digiti fert taciturna gradu.*" Ovid. *Fasti*.

"*Eunt taciti per mæsta silentia magnis*

"*Paffibus.*" Statius, lib. x.

It is observable, that Shakspeare, when he has occasion, in his *Rape of Lucrece*, to describe the action here alluded to, uses a similar expression; and perhaps would have used the word *stride*, if he had not been fettered by the rhyme:

"Into the chamber wickedly he *stalks*."

Plausible, however, as this emendation may appear, the old reading, *ides*, is, I believe, the true one; I have therefore adhered to it on the same principle on which I have uniformly proceeded throughout the present edition, that of leaving the original text undisturbed, whenever it could be justified either by comparing our author with himself or with contemporary writers. The following passage in Marlowe's translation of Ovid's *ELEGIES*, 8vo. no date, but printed about 1598, adds support to the reading of the old copy:

"I saw when forth a tired *lover* went,

"His *side* past service, and his courage spent."

Vidi, cum toribus lassus prodiret amator,

Invalidum referens emeritumque *latus*.

Again, in Martial:

Tu tenebris gaudes; me ludere, teste lucerna,

Et juvat admitta rumpere luce *latus*.

Our poet may himself also furnish us with a confirmation of the old reading; for in *Troilus and Cressida*, we find—

"You, like a lecher, out of *cobwebs* bins,

"Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors."

It may likewise be observed that Falstaff in the fifth act of *the Merry Wives of Windsor* says to Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page, "Divide me like a bribe buck, each a haunch: I will keep my *sides* to myself," &c. Falstaff certainly did not think them, like those of Ovid's lover, past service; having met one of the ladies by assignation.

I believe, however, a line has been lost after the words "stealthy pace." Our author did not, I imagine, mean to make the murderer a ravisher likewise. In the parallel passage in *The Rape of Lucrece*, they are distinct persons:

"While *LUST* and *MURDER* wake, to *slain* and *kill*."

Perhaps the line which I suppose to have been lost, was of this import:

——— and wither'd *MURDER*,

Alarm'd by his sentinel, the wolf,

Whose howl's his watch, thus with his *stealthy pace*

Enters the portal; while *night-waking LUST*,

With Tarquin's ravishing *sides*, towards his design

Moves like a ghost.

So,

And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat, he lives ;
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

[*A bell rings.*

I go, and it is done ; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan ; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E

So, in *The Spanish Tragedy* :

“ At midnight—

“ When man, and bird, and beast, are all at rest,

“ Save those that watch for *rape* and bloodie murder.”

There is reason to believe that many of the difficulties in Shakspeare's plays arise from lines and half-lines having been omitted, by the compositor's eye passing hastily over them. Of this kind of negligence there is a remarkable instance in the present play, as printed in the folio, 1632, where the following passage is thus exhibited :

“ ——— that we but teach

“ Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return

“ To plague the *ingredience* of our poison'd chalice

“ To our own lips.”

If this mistake had happened in the first copy, and had been continued in the subsequent impressions, what diligence or sagacity could have restored the passage to sense ?

In the folio, 1623, it is right, except that the word *ingredients* is there also mis-spelt :

“ ——— which, being taught, return

“ To plague the *inventor*. *This even-banded justice*

“ Commends the ingredience of our poison'd chalice

“ To our own lips.”

So, the following passage in *Much ado about nothing*,

“ And I will break with her *and with her father*,

“ *And thou shalt have her*. Was't not to this end,” &c.

is printed thus in the folio, by the compositor's eye glancing from one line to the other :

“ And I will break with her. Was't not to this end,” &c.

Again, we find in the play before us, edit. 1632 :

“ ——— for their dear causes

“ Excite the mortified man.

instead of

“ ——— for their dear causes

“ *Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm*

“ Excite the mortified man.”

Again, in the *Winter's Tale*, 1632 :

“ ——— in himself too mighty,

“ Untill a time may serve.”

instead of

“ ——— in himself too mighty,

“ *And in his parties, his alliance. Let him be,*

“ Untill a time may serve.”

MALONE.

With

S C E N E II.

*The same.**Enter Lady MACBETH.*

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold :

What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire :—Hark !
—Peace !

It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bell-man ⁶,
Which gives the stern'st good-night. He is about it :
The doors are open ; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores ⁷ : I have drugg'd their
possets ⁸,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live, or die ⁹.

[With Tarquin's ravishing &c.] The justness of this similitude is not very obvious. But a stanza, in his poem of *Tarquin and Lucrece*, will explain it :

“ Now stole upon the time the dead of night,
“ When heavy sleep had clos'd up mortal eyes ;
“ No comfortable star did lend his light,
“ No noise but owls' and ravens' dead-boding cries ;
“ Now serves the season that they may surprise
“ The silly lambs. Pure thoughts are dead and still,
“ While lust and murder wake, to stain and kill.” WARB.

² *Thou sure and firm-set earth,*] The old copy reads—*Thou fawre*. The emendation now adopted was made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.
So, in Act IV. sc. iii :

“ Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure.” STEEVENS.

³ — *which way they walk.*] The folio reads—*which they may walk*— STEEVENS.

Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

⁴ *Thy very stones prate of my where about,*] The following passage in a play which has been already mentioned, and which Langbaine says was very popular in the time of queen Elizabeth, *A Warning for faire Women*, 1599, perhaps suggested this thought :

“ Mountains will not suffice to cover it,
“ Cimmerian darknesse cannot shadow it,
“ Nor any policy wit hath in store,
“ Can keepe it so cunningly, but at the last,
“ If nothing else, yet will the very stones
“ That lie within the streets, cry out for vengeance,
“ And point at us to be the murderers.” MALONE.

Macb.

Macb. [within.] Who's there?—what, ho!

Lady M. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,
And 'tis not done:—the attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us!—Hark!—I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miss them!—Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done't!—My husband?

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. I have done the deed:—Didst thou not hear a
noise?

Lady M. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady M. Now.

5 And take the present horror from the time,

Which now suits with it.] i. e. lest the noise from the stones take away from this midnight season that present horror which suits so well with what is going to be acted in it. What was the horror he means? *Silence*; than which nothing can be more horrid to the perpetrator of an atrocious design. This shews a great knowledge of human nature.

WARBURTON.

Whether to *take horror from the time* means not rather to *catch it* as communicated, than to *deprive the time of horror*, deserves to be considered. JOHNSON.

The latter is surely the true meaning. Macbeth would have nothing break through the universal silence that added such a horror to the night, as suited well with the bloody deed he was about to perform. Mr. Burke, in his *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful*, observes, that "all general privations are great, because they are all terrible;" and, with other things, he gives *silence* as an instance, illustrating the whole by that remarkable passage in *Virgil*, where amidst all the images of terror that could be united, the circumstance of *silence* is particularly dwelt upon:

"Dii quibus imperium est animarum, unbræque *silentis*,

"Et chaos et Phlegethon, loca nocte *silentia* late."

When Statius in the fifth book of the *Thebaid* describes the Lemnian Massacre, his frequent notice of the silence and solitude after the deed is striking in a wonderful degree:

"Conticuere domus," &c. STEVENS.

So also in the second *Æneid*:

"——— vestigia retro

"Observata sequar, per noctem et lumine lustrò.

"*Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa silentia terrent.*"

Dryden's well-known lines, which exposed him to so much ridicule,

"An horrid stillness first invades the ear,

"And in that *silence* we the tempest hear—"

show, that he had the same idea of the awfulness of silence as our poet.

MALONE.

Macb.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark!—Who lies i'the second chamber?

Lady M. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry sight 3. [Looking on his hands.

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in his sleep, and one cry'd,
murder!

That they did wake each other; I stood and heard them:
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cry'd, *God blefs us!* and, *Amen*, the other;
As they had seen me *, with these hangman's hands,
Listening their fear 4. I could not say, amen,
When they did say, God blefs us.

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce, amen?
I had most need of blessing, and amen
Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no more!*

*Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep;
Sleep, that knits up the ravel'd shawe of care,*

The

6 *It was the owl that shriek'd; the fatal bell-man,]* So, in *King Richard III*:

"Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs of death!" MALONE.

7 — *the surfeited groans*

Do mock their charge with snores:] i. e. By going to sleep, they trifle and make light of the trust reposed in them, that of watching by their king: So, in *Othello*: "O mistress, villainy hath made mocks with love." MALONE.

8 — *their possets,]* It appears from this passage, as well as from many others in our old dramatick performances, that it was the general custom to eat *possets* just before bed-time. Macbeth himself has already said:

"Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,

"She strike upon the bell."

And in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Mrs. Quickly promises Jack Rugby "a *posset* at night." STEEVENS.

9 — *death and nature do contend about them,*

Whether they live, or die,] So, in *All's Well that ends well*:

"—— Nature and sickness

"Debate it at their leisure." MALONE.

1 — *Hark!—I laid their daggers ready,*

He could not miss them,] Compare Euripides,—*Orestes*, v. 1291,
where

*The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds⁶, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast⁷ ;—*

Lady M.

where Electra stands sentinel at the door of the palace whilst Orestes is within for the purpose of murdering Helen. The dread of a surprise, and eagerness for the business, make Electra conclude that the deed must be done ere time enough had elapsed for attempting it. She listens with anxious impatience; and hearing nothing, expresses strong fears lest the daggers should have failed. Read the whole passage. S. W.

² — *Had he not resembled*

My father as he slept, I had done't.] This is very artful. For, as the poet has drawn the lady and her husband, it would be thought the act should have been done by her. It is likewise highly just; for though ambition had subdued in her all the sentiments of nature towards *present* objects, yet the likeness of one *past*, which she had been accustomed to regard with reverence, made her unnatural passions, for a moment, give way to the sentiments of instinct and humanity. WARBURTON.

The same circumstance on a similar occasion is introduced by Statius in the fifth book of his *Thebaid*, v. 236 :

" Ut vero Alcimeden etiamnum in murmure trunco
Ferre patris vultus, et egentem sanguinis ensen
Conspexi, riguerunt cornæ, atque in viscera sævus
Horror iit. Meus ille Thoas, mea dira videri
Dextra mihi. Extemplo thalamis turbata paternis
Inferor.

Thoas was the father of Hypsipyle, the speaker. STEEVENS.

³ *This is a sorry fight.*] This expression might have been borrowed from Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. V. c. 1. st. 14 :

" To whom as they approached, they espide

" A *forie fight* as ever scene with eye;

" A headlesse ladie lying him beside,

" In her own *bloud* all wallow'd wofully." WHALLEY.

* *As they had seen me,*] *As for As if.* MALONE.

⁴ *Listening their fear.*] i. e. *Listening to their fear*, the particle omitted. This is common in our author. *Jul Caesar*, Act IV. sc. ii :

" — and now Octavius,

" *Listen* great things."

Contemporary writers took the same liberty. So, in the *World to's'd at Tennis*, by Middleton and Rowley, 1620 :

" *Listen* the plaints of thy poor votaries." STEEVENS.

⁵ — *the ravell'd sleeve of care,*] *Sleeve* signifies the ravell'd knotty part of the silk, which gives great trouble and embarrassment to the knitter or weaver. HEATH.

A poet of Shakspeare's age, Drayton, has likewise alluded to *sleeved* or *ravelled silk*, in his *Quest of Cyntbia* :

" At length I on a fountain light,

" Whose brim with pinks was platted,

" The bank with daffadillies dight,

" With grafs, like *sleeve*, was *matted*." LANGTON.

Sleeve appears to have signified *coarse, soft*, unwrought silk. *Seta grossolana*, Ital. Cotgrave in his Dict. 1660, renders *soye flosche*, " *sleeve*

Lady M. What do you mean?

Macb. Still it cry'd, *Sleep no more!* to all the house:
Glamis bath murder'd sleep; and therefore Cawdor
shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more!

Lady M. Who was it, that thus cry'd? Why, worthy
thane,

You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brain-sickly of things:—Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: Go, carry them; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more:

I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again, I dare not.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose!

"*flave silk.*" See also *ibide* "*Caduce, pour faire capiton.* The tow,
or coarsest part of silke, whereof *flave* is made."—In *Troilus and
Cressida* we have—"Thou idle immaterial skein of *flave silk.*" Again,
(as Mr. Steevens has observed,) in Holinshed, p. 835: "Eight wild men,
all apparallel'd in green moss made of *flaved silk.*" MALONE.

6 Sleep, *that knits up the ravel'd flave of care,*

The death of each day's life, fore labour's bath,

Balm of hurt minds,] Is it not probable that Shakspeare remem-
bered the following verses in Sir Philip Sydney's *Astrophel and Stella*, a
poem, from which he has quoted a line in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*:

"Come sleepe, O sleepe, the certain knot of peace,

"The bathing place of witt, the balm of woe,

"The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,

"The indifferent judge between the high and low."

So also, in the *Famous Historie of George Lord Fauconbridge*, &c bl. let:

"—Yet sleep, *the comforter of distressed minds*, could not lock up her
eyes." Again, in Golding's Translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, B.
VIII. 1587:

"—At such a time as folkes are wont to find *release*

"Of *cares* that all the day before were working in their heds,

"By *sleep*, &c.

Again, *ibide*, B. XI.

"O *sleepe*, quoth she, the rest of things, O gentlest of the
goddess,

"Sweete *sleepe*, the peace of mind, with whom crookt *care* is
aye at odds;

"Which cherishest men's weary limbs appall'd with *teyling sore*,

"And makest them as fresh to worke, and lustie as before."

The late Mr. Gray had perhaps our author's "*death of each day's
life*" in his thoughts, when he wrote—

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day." MALONE.

The death of each day's life, means the end of each day's labour, the
conclusion of all that bustle and fatigue that each day's life brings with it.

STEEVENS.

Give

Give me the daggers : The sleeping, and the dead,
Are but as pictures : 'tis the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil ⁸. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt ⁹. [Exit. Knocking within.]

Macb. Whence is that knocking !

How is't with me, when every noise appals me ?
What hands are here ? Ha ! they pluck out mine eyes !
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood :
Clean from my hand ? No ; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnardine ²,

Making

7 *Chief nourisher in life's feast* ;] So, in Chaucer's *Squire's Tale*, v. 10661 ; late edit.

" The notice of digestion, the *stope*." STEEVENS.

8 — 'tis the eye of childhood,

That fears a painted devil] So, in *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612 :

" Terrify babes, my lord, with painted devils." STEEVENS.

9 I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,

For it must seem their guilt] Could Shakspeare possibly mean to play upon the similitude of *gild* and *guilt* ? JOHNSON.

This quibble very frequently occurs in the old plays. A few instances (for I could produce a dozen at least) may suffice :

" *Cand.* You have a silver beaker of my wife's ?

" *Flu.* You say not true, 'tis *gilt*."

" *Cand.* Then you say true : —

" And being *gilt*, the *guilt* lies more on you."

Again, in Middleton's comedy of *A mad World my Masters*, 1608 :

" Though *guilt* condemns, 'tis *gilt* must make us glad."

And, lastly, from Shakspeare himself :

" England shall double *gild* his treble *guilt*." *Henry IV.* P. II.

Again, in *King Henry V* :

" Have for the *gilt* of France, O *guilt* indeed !" STEEVENS.

See Vol. V. *King Henry IV.* P. II. Act IV sc last. MALONE.

1 *Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood Sec.*]

" *Suscipit, ô Gelli, quantum non ultima Tethys,*

" *Nec genitor nymphaeum abluit oceanus*"

Catullus in Gellium, 83.

Οἷμας γὰρ ἔτ' αὖ Ἰστρον ἔτε φάτιν αὖ

Νίψαι καθαρῶς τινεὶ τὴν στεγνὴν. *Sophoc. Oedip.*

" *Quis eluet me Tanais ? aut quæ barbaris*

" *Mæotis undis Pontico incumbens mari ?*

" *Non ipse toto magnus oceano pater*

" *Tantum expiarit sceleris !*" Senec. Hippol. STEEVENS.

So, in the *Infatiate Countess*, by Mafflon, 1603 :

" Although the waves of all the northern sea

" Should flow for ever through these guilty hands,

" Yet the sanguinolent stain would extant be. MALONE.

2 *The multitudinous seas incarnardine,*] To *incarnardine*, is to stain any thing of a flesh colour, or red. *Carnardine* is the old term for *carnation*. So, in a comedy called *Any Thing for a quiet Life* :

" *Grograms,*

Making the green one, red 3.

Re-enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. My hands are of your colour ; but I shame
To wear a heart so white 4. [*Knock.*] I hear a knocking At

“ Grograms, sattins, velvet fine,

“ The rosy-colour'd *cardinaline*.” STEEVENS.

By the *multitudinous seas*, perhaps the poet meant, not the seas of every denomination, as the Caspian, &c. (as some have thought,) nor the many coloured seas, (as others contend,) but the seas which swarm with myriads of inhabitants. Thus Homer :

“ Πόντον ἐπ' ἰχθυόεντα φίλων ἀπανευθε φερυσιν.”

The word is used by Ben Jonson, and by Thomas Decker in the *Wonderful Year* 1603, in which we find “the *multitudinous season*.” It is objected by Mr. Kenrick, that Macbeth in his present disposition of mind would hardly have adverted to a property of the sea, which has so little relation to the object immediately before him; and if Macbeth had really spoken this speech in his castle of Inverness, the remark would be just. But the critick should have remembered, that this speech is not the real effusion of a distempered mind, but the composition of Shakspeare; of that poet, who has put a circumstantial account of an apothecary's shop into the mouth of Romeo, the moment after he has heard the fatal news of his beloved Juliet's death;—and has made Othello, when in the anguish of his heart he determines to kill his wife, egress from the object which agitates his soul, to describe minutely the course of the Pontick sea.

Mr. Steevens objects in the following note to this explanation, thinking it more probable that Shakspeare should refer “to some visible quality in the ocean,” than “to its concealed inhabitants; to the waters that might admit of discoloration,” than “to the fishes whose hue could suffer no change from the tinct of blood.” But in what page of our author do we find his allusions thus curiously rounded, and complete in all their parts? Or rather does not every page of these volumes furnish us with images crowded on each other, that are not naturally connected, and sometimes are even discordant? Hamlet's proposing to take up arms against a sea of troubles is a well known example of this kind, and twenty others might be produced. Our author certainly alludes to the waters, which are capable of discoloration, and not to the fishes. His allusion to the waters is expressed by the word *seas*; to which, if he has added an epithet that has no very close connection with the subject immediately before him, he has only followed his usual practice.

If however no allusion was intended to the myriads of inhabitants with which the deep is peopled, I believe by the *multitudinous seas* was meant, not the many-waved ocean, as is suggested below, but the countless masses of waters wherever dispersed on the surface of the globe; the *multitudes of seas*, as Heywood has it in a passage already quoted, that perhaps our author remembered: and indeed it must be owned that his having used the plural *seas* seems to countenance such an interpretation; for the singular *sea* is equally suited to the epithet *multitudinous* in the sense of *ἰχθυόεντα*, and would certainly have corresponded better with the subsequent line. MALONE.

At the south entry :—retire we to our chamber :
A little water clears us of this deed :

How

I believe that Shakspeare referred to some visible quality in the ocean, rather than to its concealed inhabitants; to the waters that might admit of discoloration, and not to the fishes whose hue could suffer no change from the tinct of blood. Waves appearing over waves are no unapt symbol of a crowd. "A sea of heads" is a phrase employed by one of our legitimate poets, but by which of them I do not at present recollect. Blackmore in his *Job* has swelled the same idea to a ridiculous bulk :

"A waving sea of heads was round me spread,
"And still fresh streams the gazing deluge fed."

He who beholds an audience from the stage or any other multitude gazing on any particular object, must perceive that their heads are raised over each other, *velut unda superuenit undam*. If therefore our author by the "*multitudinous sea*" does not mean the *aggregate of seas*, he must be understood to design the *multitude of waves*, or the *waves that have the appearance of a multitude*. STEEVENS.

3 *Making the green one red.*] The same thought occurs in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, [by T. Heywood,] 1601 :

"He made the green sea red with Turkish blood."

Again : "The multitudes of seas died red with blood."

Another not unlike it is found in Spenser's *F. Q.* b. ii. c. 10. st. 48 :

"The whites with blood they all the shore did stain,

"And the grey ocean into purple dye."

Again, in the 19th song of Drayton's *Polyolbion* :

"And the vast greenish sea discolour'd like to blood." STEEV.

The same thought is also found in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Fletcher, 1634 :

"Thou mighty one, that with thy power hast turn'd

"Green Neptune into purple."

The present passage is one of those alluded to in a note on *As you like it*, in which, I apprehend, our author's words have been refined into a sense that he never thought of. The other is in *Othello* :

"Put out the light, and then put out the light."

The line before us, on the suggestion of the ingenious author of *The Gray's-Inn Journal*, has been printed in some late editions in the following manner :

Making the green—one red.

Every part of this line, as thus regulated, appears to me exceptionable. *One red* does not sound to my ear as the phraseology of the age of Elizabeth; and *the green*, for the *green one*, or for the *green sea*, is, I am persuaded, unexampled. The quaintness introduced by such a regulation seems of an entirely different colour from the quaintness of Shakspeare. He would have written, I have no doubt, "*Making the green sea, red,*" (So, in *the Tempest* :

"And 'twixt the green sea and the azure vault

"Set roaring war.")

if he had not used the word *seas* in the preceding line, which forced him to employ another word here. As to prevent the ear being offended, we have in the passage before us, "*the green one,*" instead of "*the green*"

How easy is it then? Your constancy
Hath left you unattended.—[*Knocking.*] Hark! more
knocking:

Get on your night gown, lest occasion call us,
And shew us to be watchers:—Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed,—'twere best not know myself s.
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would, thou could'st 6!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

green sea," so we have in *K. Henry VIII.* Act I. sc. ii. "lame ones," to avoid a similar repetition:

"They have all new legs, and lame ones."

Again, in the *Merchant of Venice*:

"A stage where every man must play a part,

"And mine a *sad one*."

Though the punctuation of the old copy is very often faulty, yet in all doubtful cases, it ought, when supported by more decisive circumstances, to have some little weight. In the present instance, the line is pointed as in the text:

Making the green one, red. MALONE.

4 *My hands are of your colour, but I scorn*

To wear a heart so white.] A similar antithesis is found in Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion*, written before 1593:

"Your cheeks are black, let not your *soul look white*."

5 *To know my deed,—'twere best not know myself.*] i. e. While I have the thoughts of this deed, it were best not know, or be left to, myself.

WARBURTON.

6 *Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou could'st!*] Macbeth is addressing the person who knocks at the outward gate.—Sir William D'Avenant, in his alteration of this play; reads (and intended probably to point)—"Wake, Duncan, with *this* knocking!" conceiving that Macbeth called upon *Duncan* to awake. From the same misapprehension, I once thought his emendation right; but there is certainly no need of change.

After the horror and agitation of this scene, the reader may perhaps not be displeased to pause for a few minutes. The consummate art which Shakspeare has displayed in the preparation for the murder of Duncan, and during the commission of the dreadful act, cannot but strike every intelligent reader. An ingenious writer, however, whose comparative view of Macbeth and Richard III. has just reached my hands, has developed some of the more minute traits of the character of Macbeth, particularly in the present and subsequent scene, with such acuteness of observation, that I am tempted to transcribe such of his remarks as relate to the subject now before us, though I do not *entirely* agree with him. After having proved by a deduction of many particulars, that the towering ambition of Richard is of a very different colour from that of Macbeth, whose weaker desires seem only to aim at pre-eminence of place, not of dominion, he adds, "Upon the same principle a distinction still stronger is made in the article of courage, though both

are

S C E N E III.

The same.

Enter a Porter. [Knocking within.

Port. Here's a knocking, indeed! If a man were porter
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are possessed of it even to an eminent degree; but in Richard it is intrepidity, and in Macbeth no more than resolution: in him it proceeds from exertion, not from nature; in enterprize he betrays a degree of fear, though he is able, when occasion requires, to stifle and subdue it. When he and his wife are concerting the murder, his doubt, "if we should fail?" is a difficulty raised by an apprehension; and as soon as that is removed by the contrivance of Lady Macbeth, to make the officers drunk and lay the crime upon them, he runs with violence into the other extreme of confidence, and cries out, with a rapture unusual to him,

"— Bring forth men children only; &c.

"— Will it not be receiv'd

"When we have mark'd with blood these sleepy two

"Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,

"That they have done it?"

which question he puts to her who had the moment before suggested the thought of

"His spungy officers, who shall bear the guilt

"Of our great quell."

and his asking it again, proceeds from that extravagance with which a delivery from apprehension and doubt is always accompanied. Then summoning all his fortitude he says, "I am settled," &c. and proceeds to the bloody business without any further recoil. But a certain degree of restlessness and anxiety still continues, such as is constantly felt by a man not naturally very bold, worked up to a momentous achievement. His imagination dwells entirely on the circumstances of horror which surround him; the vision of the dagger; the darkness and the stillness of the night, and the terrors and the prayers of the chamberlains. Lady Macbeth, who is cool and undismayed, attends to the business only; considers of the place where she had laid the daggers ready; the impossibility of his missing them; and is afraid of nothing but a disappointment. She is earnest and eager; he is uneasy and impatient; and therefore wishes it over:

"I go, and it is done;" &c.

But a resolution thus forced cannot hold longer than the immediate occasion for it: the moment after that is accomplished for which it was necessary, his thoughts take the contrary turn, and he cries out in agony and despair,

"Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou could'st!"

That

ter of hell-gate, he should have old turning 7 the key.
[*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock: Who's there, i'the

That courage which had supported him while he was *settled and bent up*, forsakes him so immediately after he has performed the *terrible feat*, for which it had been exerted, that he forgets the favourite circumstance of laying it on the officers of the bedchamber; and when remanded or it he refuses to return and complete his work, acknowledging,

"I am afraid to think what I have done;

"Look out again, I dare not."

His disorder'd senses deceive him; and his debilitated spirits fail him; he owns that "every noise appals him;" he listens when nothing stirs; he mistakes the sounds he does hear; he is so confused as not to know whence the knocking proceeds. She, who is more calm, knows that it is from the south entry; she gives clear and direct answers to all the incoherent questions he asks her; but he returns none to that which she puts to him; and though after some time, and when necessity again urges him to recollect himself, he recovers so far as to conceal his distress, yet he still is not able to divert his thoughts from it: all his answers to the trivial questions of Lenox and Macduff are evidently given by a man thinking of something else; and by taking a tincture from the subject of his attention, they become equivocal:

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Len. Goes the king hence to day?

Macb. He did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly; where we lay
Chimneys were blown down; &c.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Not yet implies that he will by and by, and is a kind of guard against any suspicion of his knowing that the king would never stir more. *He did appoint so*, is the very counterpart of that which he had said to Lady Macbeth, when on his first meeting her she asked him,

"*Lady M.* When goes he hence?

"*Macb.* To-morrow, as he purposes."

in both which answers he alludes to his disappointing the king's intention. And when forced to make some reply to the long description given by Lenox, he puts off the subject which the other was so much inclined to dwell on, by a slight acquiescence in what had been said of the roughness of the night; but not like a man who had been attentive to the account, or was willing to keep up the conversation." *Remarks on some of the Characters of Shakspeare*, [by Mr. Wheatley] 8vo. 1785.

To these ingenious observations I entirely subscribe, except that I think the wavering irresolution and agitation of Macbeth after the murder ought not to be ascribed *solely* to a remission of courage, since much of it may be imputed to the remorse which would arise in a man who was of a good natural disposition, and is described as originally "tull of the milk of human kindness;— not without ambition, but without the illnes should attend it." MALONE.

[— old turning—] That is, frequent turning. MALONE.

name

name of Belzebub? Here's a farmer, that hang'd himself on the expectation of plenty: come in time; have napkins enough⁷ about you; here you'll sweat for't. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock: Who's there, i'the other devil's name? 'Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake⁸, yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come in, equivocator [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock, knock: Who's there? 'Faith, here's an English taylor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose⁹: come in, taylor; here you may roast your goose. [*Knocking.*] Knock, knock: Never at quiet! What are you?—But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. [*Knocking.*] Anon, anon; I pray you remember the porter.

[*opens the gate.*]

7 —napkins enough—] i. e. handkerchiefs. So, in *Othello*:

"Your *napkin* is t' o' little." STEEVENS.

* 8 —here's an equivocator,—who committed treason enough for God's sake:] Meaning a jesuit: an order so troublesome to the state in queen Elizabeth and king James the first's time: the inventors of the execrable doctrine of equivocation. WARBURTON.

9 —here's an English taylor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose:] The archness of the joke consists in this, that a French hose being very short and strait, a taylor must be master of his trade who could steal any thing from thence. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton has said this at random. The *French hose* (according to Stubbs in his *Anatomie of Abuses*) were in the year 1595 much in fashion;—"The *Gallick hoses* are made very large and wide, reaching down to their knees only, with three or four *gardes apiece* laid down along either hose." Again, in the *Defence of Cony-catching*, 1596: "Blest be the *French sleeves* and breech verdingales, that grants them (the taylor) leave to coney-catch so mightily. STEEVENS.

When Mr. Steevens censured Dr. Warburton in this place, he forgot the uncertainty of *French fashions*. In the *Treasury of ancient and modern Times*, 1613, we have an account (from Guyon, I suppose) of the old French dresses: "*Mens hose* answered in length to their short-skirted doublet; being made close to their limbs, wherein they had no means for pockets." And *Withers*, in his satyr against vanity, ridicules "the spruze, diminutive, neat *Frenchman's hose*." FARMER.

From the following passages in *The Scornful Lady*, by B. and Fletcher, which appeared about the year 1613, it may be collected that large breeches were then in fashion:

Sawille. [an old steward] "A comelier wear, I wis, than your dangling slops." Afterwards Young Loveless says to the steward,—
"This is as plain as your old *minikin breeches*." MALONE.

Enter MACDUFF, and LENOX.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late?

Port. * 'Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock:
and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things doth drink especially provoke?

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance: Therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; 'it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to: in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep', and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe, drink gave thee the lie last night².

Port.

* —*we were carousing till the second cock:*] It appears from a passage in *Romeo and Juliet*, that Shakspeare means, that they were carousing till three o'clock.

" —*The second cock has crow'd;*

" The curfew bell has toll'd; 'tis three o'clock." MALONE.

† —*equivocates him in a sleep,*] We should read—*into a sleep; or—into sleep.* MALONE.

I believe, drink gave thee the lie last night.] It is not very easy to ascertain precisely the time when Duncan is murdered. The conversation that passes between Banquo and Macbeth in the first scene of this act might lead us to suppose that when Banquo retired to rest it was not much after twelve o'clock:

Ban. How goes the night, boy?

Flr. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Flr. I take't 'tis later, sir.

The king was then "asleep;" and immediately after Banquo retires Lady Macbeth strikes upon the bell, and Macbeth commits the murder. In a few minutes afterwards the knocking at the gate commences, (end of sc. ii.) and no time can be supposed to elapse between the second and the third scene, because the porter gets up in consequence of the knocking: yet here Macduff talks of *last night*, and says that he was commanded to call *timely* on the king, and that he fears he has almost overpass'd the hour; and the porter tells him "we were carousing till the second cock;" so that we must suppose it to be now at least six o'clock; for Macduff has already expressed his surprize that the porter should lie *so late*.

From Lady Macbeth's words in the fifth act.—"One,—two—'tis time to do't,"—it should seem that the murder was committed at *two* o'clock,

Port. That it did, sir, i'the very throat o'me: But I requited him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him³.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?
Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Enter MACBETH.

Len. Good-morrow, noble sir!

Macb. Good-morrow, both!

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him;
I have almost slept the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know, this is a joyful trouble to you;
But yet, 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in, physicks' pain⁴.
This is the door.

o'clock, and that hour is certainly not inconsistent with the convention above quoted between Banquo and his son; for we are not told how much later than twelve it was when Banquo retired to rest: But even the hour of *two* will not correspond with what the Porter and Macduff say in the present scene.

I suspect our author (who is seldom very exact in his computation of time) in fact meant that the murder should be supposed to be committed a little before *day-break*, which exactly corresponds with the speech of Macduff now before us, though not so well with the other circumstances already mentioned, or with Lady Macbeth's desiring her husband to put on his nightgown (that he might have the appearance of one newly rou'd from bed,) "lest occasion should call them, and shew them to be *watchers*;" which may signify persons who sit up *late* at night, but can hardly mean those who do not go to bed till *day-break*.

Shakspeare, I believe, was led to fix the time of Duncan's murder near the break of day by Holinshed's account of the murder of king Duffe, already quoted:—"he was long in his oratorie, and there continued till it was *late in the night*." Donwald's servants "enter the chamber where the king laie, *a little before cocks crow*, where they setreilie cut his throat." Donwald himself sat up with the officers of the guard the whole of the night. MALONE.

3 —[*I made a shift to cast him.*] To *cast him up*, to ease my stomach of him. The equivocation is between *cast* or *throw*, as a term of wrestling, and *cast* or *cast up*. JOHNSON.

4 [*The labour we delight in, physicks' pain.*] So, in *the Tempest*:

"There be some sports are *painful*; and their *labour*

"*Delight* in them sets off." MALONE.

Macd.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service⁵.

[*Exit MACDUFF.*]

Len. Goes the king hence to-day?

Macb. He does: he did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly: Where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down: and, as they say,
Lamentations heard i'the air; strange screams of death;
And prophesying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to the woeful time⁶: The obscure bird
Clamour'd the live-long night: some say, the earth
Was feverous, and did shake⁷.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. O horror! horror! horror! Tongue, nor
heart,

⁵ For 'tis my limited service.] Limited, for appointed. WARB.

⁶ And prophesying, with accents terrible,

Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,

New hatch'd to the woeful time:] New hatch'd relates, not to the last antecedent, *confus'd events*, but to *prophesying*, which in the metaphor holds the place of the egg. The events are the fruit of such hatching. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson observes, that "a prophecy of an event new-hatch'd seems to be a prophecy of an event past. And a prophecy new-hatch'd is a wry expression. The construction suggested by Mr. Steevens meets with the first objection. Yet the following passage in which the same imagery is found, inclines me to believe that our author meant, that new hatch'd should be referr'd to events, though the events were yet to come. Allowing for his usual inaccuracy with respect to the active and passive participle, the events may be said to be "the hatch and brood of time." See *King Henry IV.* P. II.

"The which observ'd, a man may prophesy,

"With a near aim, of the main chance of things

"As yet not come to life, which in their seeds

"And weak beginnings lie entreasured.

"Such things become the hatch and brood of time."

Here certainly is the thing or event, and not the prophecy, which is the hatch of time; but it must be acknowledged, the word "become" sufficiently marks the future time. If therefore the construction that I have suggested be the true one, hatch'd must be here used for hatching, or "in the state of being hatch'd."—To the woeful time, means—to just the woeful time. MALONE.

⁷ —some say, the earth

"Was feverous, and did shake.] So, in *Coriolanus*:

"—as if the world

"Was feverous, and did tremble." STEEVENS.

Cannot

Cannot conceive⁸, nor name thee!

Macb. Len. What's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his master piece!
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building.

Macb. What is't you say? the life?

Len. Mean you his majesty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new Gorgon:—Do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves.—Awake! awake!—

[*Exeunt MACBETH and LENOX.*]

Ring the alarm-bell:—Murder! and treason!
Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
And look on death itself!—up, up, and see
The great doom's image!—Malcolm! Banquo!
As from your graves rise up, and walk like spirits,
To countenance this horror⁹! [*Bell rings.*]

Enter

⁸ —*Tongue, nor heart,*

Cannot conceive, &c.] The use of two negatives, not to make an affirmative, but to deny more strongly, is very common in our author. So, in *Julius Cæsar*, Act III. sc. i:

“—there is no harm

“Intended to your person, nor to no Roman else.” STEEVENS.

⁹ —[*this horror!*] Here the old edition adds, *ring the bell*, which Theobald rejected, as a direction to the players. He has been followed by Dr. Warburton and Dr. Johnson. Shakspeare might think a repetition of the command to ring the bell necessary, and I know not how an editor is authorized to reject that which apparently makes a part of his author's text. STEEVENS.

The subsequent hemistich—“What's the business?”—which completes the metre of the preceding line without the words “Ring the bell,” affords, in my opinion, a strong presumptive proof that these words were only a marginal direction. It should be remembered that the stage directions were formerly often couched in imperative terms: “Draw a knife;” “Play music;” “Ring the bell;” &c. In the original copy we have here indeed also—*Bell rings*, as a marginal direction; but this was inserted, I imagine, from the players misconceiving what Shakspeare had in truth set down in his copy as a dramatick direction to the property-man, (“Ring the bell.”) for a part of Macduff's speech; and, to distinguish the direction which they inserted, from the supposed words of the speaker, they departed from the usual imperative form. Throughout the whole of the preceding scene we have constantly an imperative direction to the prompter: “Knock within.”

I suppose, it was in consequence of an imperfect recollection of this hemistich, that Mr. Pope, having in his preface charged the editors of the

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady M. What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak.—

Macd. O, gentle lady,
Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:
The repetition in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell!—O Banquo! Banquo!

Enter BANQUO.

Our royal master's murder'd!

Lady M. Woe, alas!
What, in our house?

Ban. Too cruel, any where.—
Dear Duff, I pr'ythee, contradict thyself,
And say, it is not so.

Re-enter MACBETH and LENOX.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an hour before this chance,

the first folio with introducing stage-directions into their author's text, in support of his assertion quotes the following line:

"My queen is murder'd:—ring the little bell."

a line that is not found in any edition of these plays that I have met with, nor, I believe, in any other book. MALONE.

¹ *The repetition in a woman's ear,*

Would murder as it fell.] So, in *Hamlet*:

"—He would drown the stage with tears,

"And cleave the general ear with horrid speech."

Again, in *the Puritan*, 1607: "The punishments that shall follow you in this world, would with *horror* kill the ear should hear them related." MALONE.

² *What, in our house?*] This is very fine. Had she been innocent, nothing but the murder itself, and not any of its aggravating circumstances, would naturally have affected her. As it was, her business was to appear highly disordered at the news. Therefore, like one who has her thoughts about her, she seeks for an aggravating circumstance, that might be supposed most to affect her personally; not considering, that by placing it there, she discovered rather a concern for herself than for the king. On the contrary, her husband, who had repented the act, and was now labouring under the horrors of a recent murder, in his exclamation, gives all the marks of sorrow for the fact itself.

WARBURTON.

I had

I had liv'd a blessed time³; for, from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality:
All is but toys: renown, and grace, is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.

Don. What is amiss?

Macb. You are, and do not know it:
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.

Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.

Mal. O, by whom?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't:
Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood⁴,
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found
Upon their pillows⁵; they star'd, and were distracted;
No man's life was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate, and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:
The expedition of my violent love
Out-ran the pauser reason—Here lay Duncan,
His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood⁶;

E 5

And

³ *Had I but dy'd an hour before this chance,*

I had liv'd a blessed time;] So, in the *Winter's Tale*:

"——— Undone, undone!

"If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd

"To die when I desire." MALONE.

⁴ — badg'd with blood,] I once thought that our author wrote—
bat'd; but badg'd is certainly right. So, in the second part of *King*
Henry VI:

"With murder's crimson badge." MALONE.

⁵ — their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found

Upon their pillows;] This idea, perhaps, was taken from the *Man*
of Lawe's Tale, l. 507. Tyrwhitt's edit.

"And in the bed the bloody knif he fond." STEEVENS.

⁶ — *Here lay Duncan,*

His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood,] Mr. Pope has en-
deavoured to improve one of these lines by substituting *goary blood* for
golden blood; but it may easily be admitted that he who could on such

And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature,
 For ruin's wasteful entrance⁷: therè, the murderers,
 Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
 Unmannerly breech'd with gore⁸: Who could refrain,
 That

an occasion talk of *lacing the silver skin*, wou'd *lace it with golden blood*. No emendation can be made to this line, of which every word is equally faulty, but by a general blot.

It is not improbable, that Shakspeare put these forced and unnatural metaphors into the mouth of Macbeth as a mark of artifice and dissimulation, to shew the difference between the studied language of hypocrisy, and the natural outcries of sudden passion. This whole speech so considered, is a remarkable instance of judgment, as it consists entirely of antithesis and metaphor. JOHNSON.

To *gild* any thing *with blood* is a very common phrase in the old plays. So, Heywood, in the second part of his *Iron Age*, 1632:

" — we have *gilt* our Greekish arms

" *With blood* of our own nation."

Shakspeare repeats the image in *King John*:

" Their armours that march'd hence so *silver* bright,

" Hither return all *gilt* with Frenchmen's *blood*." STEEVENS.

His silver skin laced with his golden blood.] We meet with the same antithesis in many other places. Thus, in *Much ado about Nothing*:

" — to see the fish

" Cut with her *golden* oars the *silver* stream."

Again, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

" Spread o'er the *silver* waves thy *golden* hairs." MALONE.

The allusion is so ridiculous on such an occasion, that it discovers the declaimer not to be affected in the manner he would represent himself. The whole speech is an unnatural mixture of far-fetch'd and commonplace thoughts, that shews him to be acting a part. WARBURTON.

⁷ — *a breach in nature*.

For ruin's wasteful entrance:] This comparison occurs likewise in *A Herrings Tayle*, a poem, 1598:

" A batter'd breech where troops of wounds may enter in."

STEEVENS.

⁸ *Unmannerly breech'd with gore:*] The expression may mean, that the daggers were covered with blood, quite to their *breeches*, i. e. their *bills or handles*. The lower end of a cannon is called the *breech* of it; and it is known that both to *breech* and to *unbreech* a gun are common terms. STEEVENS.

Mr. Waton has justly observed that the word *unmannerly* is here used adverbially. So *friendly* is used for *friendlily* in *K. Henry IV.* P. II. and *faultily* for *faultily* in *As you like it*. A passage in the preceding scene, in which Macbeth's visionary dagger is described, strongly supports Mr. Steevens's interpretation:

" — I see thee still;

" And on thy blade, and *dudgeon*, [i. e. *bilt* or *hast*] gouts of *blood*,

" Which was not so before."

The following lines in *King Henry VI.* P. III. may perhaps, after all, form the best comment on these controverted words:

" And

That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage, to make his love known?

Lady M. Help me hence, ho!

Macd. Look to the lady 9.

Mal.

"And full as oft came Edward to my side,
"With purple faulchion, *painted to the hilt*
"In blood of those that had encounter'd him."

So also, in *The Mirrour for Magistrates*, 1587:

"—— a naked sword he had,
"That to the hilts with blood was all embrued."

The word *unmannerly* is again used adverbially in *King Henry VIII.*

"If I have us'd myself *unmannerly*,—"

So also Taylor the Water-poet, *Works*, 1630, p. 173:

"These and more the like such pretty aspersions, the outcast rubbish
of my company hath very liberally and *unmannerly* and ingratefully be-
flowed upon me."

Though so much has been written on this passage, the commentators
have forgotten to account for the attendants of Duncan being furnished
with daggers. The fact is, that in Shakspeare's time a dagger was a
common weapon, and was usually carried by servants and others, sus-
pended at their backs. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*: "Then I will lay the
serving creature's dagger on your pate." Again, *ibid*:

"This *dagger* hath mista'en; for lo! his house

"Is empty on the *back* of Mountague,

"And it misheathed in my daughter's bosom!" MALONE.

The sense is, in plain language, *Daggers filthily,—in a foul manner,*
—*beat'd with blood.* A *scabbard* is called a *pilche*, a leather coat, in
Romeo;—but you will ask, whence the allusion to *breeches*? Dr. War-
burton and Dr. Johnson have well observed, that this speech of Mac-
beth is very artfully made up of unnatural thoughts and language: in
1605 (the year in which the play appears to have been written) a book
was published by Peter Erondell, (with commendatory poems by Dan-
iel, and other wits of the time,) called *The French Garden*, or a *Sum-
mer Dayes Labour*, containing, among other matters, some dialogues of
a dramattick cast, which, I am persuaded, our author had read in the
English; and from which he took, as he supposed, for his present pur-
pose, this quaint expression. I will quote *literatim* from the 6th dia-
logue: "Boy! you do nothing but play tricks there, go fetch your
master's silver hatch'd daggers, you have not brushed their *breeches*,
bring the brushes, and brush them before me."—Shakspeare was de-
ceived by the pointing, and evidently supposes *breeches* to be a new and
affected term for *scabbards*. But had he been able to have read the
French on the other page, even as a *learner*, he must have been set
right at once. "Garçon, vous ne faites que badiner, allez queir les
poignards argentez de vos maistres, vous n'avez pas espouffeté leur *hâ-
de-de-chausses*,"—their *breeches*, in the common sense of the word: as in
the next sentence *bas-de-chausses*, *stockings*, and so on through all the
articles of dress. FARMER.

9 *Look to the lady.*] Mr. Wheatley, from whose ingenious remarks
on this play I have already made a large extract, justly observes that "on
Lady Macbeth's seeming to faint,—while Banquo and Macduff are so-
licitous

Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for outs?

Don. What should be spoken
Here, where our fate, hid in an augre-hole,¹
May rush, and seize us? Let's away, our tears
Are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady:— [*Lady Macb. is carried out.*]
And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure², let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:
In the great hand of God I stand; and, thence,

licitous about her, Macbeth, by his unconcern, betrays a consciousness that the fainting is feigned."

I may add, that a bold and hardened villain would from a refined policy have assured the *appearance* of being alarmed about her, lest this very imputation should arise against him: the irresolute Macbeth is not sufficiently at ease to act such a part. MALONE.

¹ Here, *where our fate, hid in an augre hole,*] In the old copy the word *here* is printed in the preceding line. The lines are disposed so irregularly in the original edition of this play, that the modern editors have been obliged to take many liberties similar to the present in the regulation of the metre. In this very speech the words *our tears* do not make part of the following line, but are printed in that subsequent to it. Perhaps however the regulation now made is unnecessary; for the word *where* may have been used by our author as a dissyllable. The editor of the second folio, to complete the measure, reads—*within an augre-hole*. A word having been accidentally omitted in *K. Henry V.*—"Let us die *in* [fight]," Mr. Theobald, with equal impropriety, reads there—"Let us die *instant*:" but I believe neither transcriber or compositor ever omitted *half* a word. MALONE.

—*hid in an augre hole,*] So, in *Ceriolanus*:

"—— contin'd,

"Into an augre's bore." STEEVENS.

² *And when we have our naked frailties hid,*

That suffer in exposure,—] i. e. *when we have clothed our half-drest bodies, which may take cold from being exposed to the air*. It is possible that in such a cloud of words, the meaning might escape the reader. STEEVENS.

The porter in his short speech had observed, that "this place [i. e. the court, in which Banquo and the rest now are,] is too cold for hell." Mr. Steevens's explanation is likewise supported by the following passage in *Timon of Athens*:

"—— Call the creatures,

"Who's naked natures live in all the spight

"Of wretched heaven." MALONE.

Against

Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treasonous malice³.

Macb. And so do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i'the hall together.

All. Well contented. [*Exeunt all but Mal. and Don.*]

Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort with them:
To shew an unselt sorrow, is an office
Which the false man does easy: I'll to England.

Don. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer: where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,
The nearer bloody⁴.

Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot,
Hath not yet lighted⁵; and our safest way.

³ *In the great hand of God I stand; and, thence,
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight*

Of treasonous malice] *Pretence* is intention, design, a sense in which the word is often used by Shakspeare. So, in the *Winter's Tale*: "— conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband, the *pretence* whereof being by circumstance partly laid open." Again, in this tragedy of *Macbeth*:

"What good could they *pretend*?"

i. e. intend to themselves. Banquo's meaning is,—in our present state of doubt and uncertainty about this murder, I have nothing to do but to put myself under the direction of God; and relying on his support, I here declare myself an eternal enemy to this treason, and to all its *further designs that have not yet come to light*. STEEVENS.

Hand, as Mr. Upton has observed, is here used for *power*, or *providence*. So, in Psalm xxii: "Deliver my soul from the sword, my darling from the *power* [Heb. from the *hand*] of the dog." In *King Henry V.* we have again the same expression:

"— Let us deliver

"Our puissance into the *hand of God*." MALONE.

⁴ *— the near in blood,*

The nearer bloody.] Meaning, that he suspected Macbeth to be the murderer; for he was the *nearest in blood* to the two princes, being the confidant of Duncan. STEEVENS.

⁵ *This murderous shaft that's shot,*

Hath not yet lighted;] The design to fix the murder upon some innocent person, has not yet taken effect. JOHNSON.

The shaft is not yet lighted, and though it has done mischief in its flight, we have reason to apprehend still more before it has spent its force and falls to the ground. The end for which the murder was committed, is not yet attained. The death of the king only, could neither insure the crown to Macbeth, nor accomplish any other purpose, while his sons were yet living, who had therefore just reason to apprehend they should be removed by the same means. STEEVENS.

Is,

Is, to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;
 And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
 But shift away: There's warrant in that theft
 Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left. [Exit.

S C E N E IV.

Without the Castle.

Enter Rosse, and an old Man.

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well:
 Within the volume of which time, I have seen
 Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this sore night
 Hath trifled former knowings.

Rosse. Ah, good father,
 Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
 Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock, 'tis day,
 And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:
 Is it night's predominance, or the day's shame,
 That darkness does the face of earth intomb,
 When living light should kiss it?⁶

Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
 Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,
 A falcon, tow'ring in her pride of place⁷,

⁶ — *darkness does the face of earth intomb,*

When living light should kiss it? After the murder of king Duffe, (says Holinshed) "for the space of six moneths together there appeared no sunne by day, nor moone by night, in anie part of the realme, but still was the sky covered with continual clouds; and sometimes such outrageous winds arose with lightnings and tempests, that the people were in great fear of present destruction"—It is evident that Shakspeare had this passage in his thoughts. MALONE.

⁷ — *in her pride of place,* Finely expressed, for confidence in its quality. WARBURTON.

In a place of which she seemed proud;—in an elevated situation. Perhaps Shakspeare remembered the following passage in Holinshed's description of Macbeth's castle at Dunfinane: "—he buid ed a strong castell on the top of an hie hill called Dunfinane, on such a proud height, that standing there aloft a man might behold well neare all the countries of Angus, Fife," &c. MALONE.

Was

Was by a mousing owl ⁷ hawk'd at, and kill'd.

Rosse. And Duncan's horses, (a thing most strange and certain,)

Beauteous, and swift, the minions of their race ⁸,
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would
Make war with mankind.

Old M. 'Tis said, they eat each other.

Rosse. They did so; to the amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon't. Here comes the good Macduff:—

Enter Macduff.

How goes the world, sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

Rosse. Is't known, who did this more than bloody deed?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Rosse. Alas, the day!

What good could they pretend ⁹?

Macd. They were stubborn:

Malcolm, and Donalbain, the king's two sons,

⁷ — *by a mousing owl*—] i. e. by an owl that was hunting for mice, as her proper prey. WHALLEY.

This is found among the prodigies consequent on king Duffe's murder: "There was a *sparhawk* strangled by an owl." STEEVENS.

⁸ — *minions of their race*,] Theobald reads—*minions of the race*,—very probably and very poetically. JOHNSON.

Their is probably the true reading, the same expression being found in *Romeo and Juliet*, 1562, a poem which Shakspeare had certainly read:

"There were two ancient flocks, which Fortune high did place

"Above the rest, endew'd with wealth, the nobler of *their* race." MALONE.

Most of the prodigies just before mentioned, are related by Holinshed, as accompanying king Duffe's death; and it is in particular asserted, *that horses of singular beauty and swiftness did eat their own flesh*. Macbeth's killing Duncan's chamberlains is taken from Donwald's killing those of king Duffe. STEEVENS.

⁹ *What good could they pretend?*] To *pretend* is here to *propose* to themselves, to *set before themselves* as a motive of action. JOHNSON.

To *pretend*, in this instance, as in many others, is simply to *design*.

STEEVENS.

Are stol'n away and fled ; which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

Rosse. 'Gainst nature still :
Thrifless ambition, that wilt ravin up¹
Thine own life's means !—Then 'tis most like,
The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth².

Macd. He is already nam'd ; and gone to Scone,
To be invested.

Rosse. Where is Duncan's body ?

Macd. Carried to Colmes-kill³ ;
The sacred storehouse of his predeceffors,
And guardian of their bones.

Rosse. Will you to Scone ?

Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Rosse. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you see things well done there ;—
adieu !—

Left our old robes sit easier than our new !

Rosse. Farewel, father.

Old M. God's benison go with you ; and with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes !

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ — *that wilt ravin up*] The old copy reads—*will*. Corrected by Sir Thomas Hanmer. MALONE.

² *Then 'tis most like,*

The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth] Macbeth by his birth stood next in the succession to the crown immediately after the sons of Duncan. King Malcolm, Duncan's predeceffor, had two daughters, the youngest, the mother of Macbeth. *Holinshed.* STEEVENS.

³ — *Colmes-kill* ;] or *Calm-kill*, is the famous *Iona*, one of the western isles, which Dr. Johnson visited, and describes in his *Tour*. *Holinshed* scarcely mentions the death of any of the ancient kings of Scotland, without taking notice of their being buried with their predeceffors in *Colme-kill*. STEEVENS.

It is now called *Icolmkill*. *Kill* in the Erse language signifies a *burying-place*. MALONE.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Fores. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter BANQUO.

Ban. Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promis'd³; and, I fear,
Thou play'dst most foully for't: yet it was said,
It should not stand in thy posterity;
But that myself should be the root, and father
Of many kings: If there come truth from them,
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine⁴),
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But, hush; no more.

Senet sounded. Enter MACBETH, as King; Lady MACBETH, as Queen; LENOX, ROSSE, Lords, Ladies and Attendants.

Macb. Here's our chief guest.

Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all things unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And I'll request your presence⁵.

Ban.

³ *Thou hast it now, King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,*

As the weird women promis'd;] Here we have another passage, that might lead us to suppose that the thaneship of Glamis descended to Macbeth subsequent to his meeting the weird sisters, though that event had certainly taken place before. MALONE.

⁴ *(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine,)] Shine, for prosper.* WARBURTON.

Shine, for appear with all the lustre of conspicuous truth. JOHNSON.
I rather incline to Dr. Warburton's interpretation. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. I. Sc. ii:

"Heaven, and our lady gracious, hath it pleased

"To shine on my contemptible estate." STEEVENS.

⁵ *And I'll request your presence.]* I cannot help suspecting this passage to be corrupt, and would wish to read:

And

Ban. Lay your highness' Command upon me; to the which, my duties Are with a most indissoluble tie For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. We should have else desir'd your good advice (Which still hath been both grave and prosperous) In this day's council; but we'll talk to-morrow.

Is't

And I request your presence.

Macbeth is speaking of the present, not of any future, time. Sir W. D'Avenant reads:

And all request your presence.

The same mistake has happened in *King Richard III.* Act I. sc. iii. where we find in the folio,

"O Buckingham, I'll kiss thy princely hand,—"
instead of—I kiss—the reading of the quarto.

In *Timon of Athens* the same error is found more than once.

MALONE.

6 Lay your—] The folio reads, Let your—. STEEVENS.

The change was suggested by Sir W. D'Avenant's alteration of this play: It was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

7 — to the which, my duties

Are with a most indissoluble tie

For ever knit.] So, in our author's Dedication of his *Rape of Lucrece*, to Lord Southampton, 1594: "What I have done is yours, being part in all I have devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would shew greater; mean time as it is, it is bound to your lordship." MALONE.

8 — but we'll talk to-morrow] The old copy reads—we'll take to-morrow. For the emendation now made I am answerable. I proposed it some time ago, and having since met with two other passages in which the same mistake has happened, I trust I shall be pardoned for giving it a place in the text. In *King Henry V.* edit. 1623, we find,

"For I can take, [talke] for Pistol's cock is up."

Again, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, 1623, p. 31: "It is no matter for that, so she sleep not in her take" [instead of *talke*, the old spelling of *talk*]. On the other hand, in the first scene of *Hamlet*, we find in the folio, 1623:

"——— then no planet strikes,

"No fairy takes,—"

instead of—"No fairy takes." MALONE.

So again, in the play before us:

"The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak

"Our free hearts each to other."

Again, Macbeth says to his wife, "— We will speak further."

Again, in a subsequent scene between Macbeth and the assassins:

"Was it not yesterday we spoke together?"

In *Othello* we have almost the same sense, expressed in other words:

"——— To-morrow, with the earliest,

"Let me have speech with you."

Had

Is't far you ride ?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper : go not my horse the better ?
I must become a borrower of the night,
For a dark hour, or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England, and in Ireland ; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention : But of that to-morrow ;
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state,
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse : Adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you ?

Ban. Ay, my good lord : our time does call upon us.

Macb. I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot ;
And so I do commend you to their backs. *

Farewel.—

[Exit BANQUO.]

Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night ; to make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till supper-time alone : while then, God be with you.—

[Exit LADY MACBETH, LORDS, LADIES, &c.]

Sirrah, a word with you : Attend those men our pleasure ?

Had Shakspeare written *take*, he would surely have said—"but we'll take't to-morrow." So, in the first scene of the second act Fleance says to his father : "I take't, 'tis later, sir." MALONE.

9 — *go not my horse the better,*] i. e. if he does not go well. Shakspeare often uses the comparative for the positive and superlative. So, in *King Lear* :

" — her smiles and tears

" Were like a *better* day."

Again, in *Macbeth* :

" — it hath cow'd my *better* part of man "

Again, in P. Holland's translation of Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* b. ix. c. 46.

" — Many are caught out of their fellows hands, if they bestirre not themselves the *better*." It may however mean, "If my horse does not go the better for the haste I shall be in to avoid the night. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's first interpretation is, I believe, the true one. It is supported by the following passage in Stowe's *Survey of London*, 1603 :
" — and he that hit it not full, if he rid not *the faster*, had a sound blow in his neck, with a bag full of sand hanged on the other end."

MALONE.

* *And so I do commend you to their backs.*] In old language one of the senses of to *commend* was to *commit*, and such is the meaning here. So, in *K. Richard II.*

" And now he doth *commend* his arms to rust." MALONE.

Atten.

Atten. They are, my lord, without the palace-gate.

Macb. Bring them before us.—[*Exit Atten.*] To be thus is nothing;

But to be safely thus:—Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that, which would be fear'd: 'Tis much he dares;
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
To act in safety. There is none, but he,
Whose being I do fear: and, under him,
My genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar: He chid the sisters,
When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,
They hail'd him father to a line of kings:
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
And put a barren scepter in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,
For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind¹;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man²,

¹ *My genius is rebuk'd; as, it is said,*

Mark Antony's was by Cæsar } Dr. Johnson once thought that the words—"as, it is said, Mark Antony's was by Cæsar," ought to be rejected. He now believes them to be genuine. Sir William D'Avenant, I find, omitted them. But our author having alluded to this circumstance in *Antony and Cleopatra*, there is no reason to suspect any interpolation here:

"Thy demon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is

"Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,

"Where Cæsar's is not; but *near him thy angel*

"*Becomes a fear, as being o'erpower'd.*" MALONE.

² — *fil'd my mind;*] i. e. defiled. WARBURTON.

To *file* is in the bishops' Bible. JOHNSON.

So, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, b. iii. c. 1:

"She lightly leapt out of her *filed* bed." STEVENS.

³ — *the common enemy of man.*] It is always an entertainment to an inquisitive reader, to trace a sentiment to its original source; and therefore, though the term *enemy of man*, applied to the devil, is in itself natural and obvious, yet some may be pleased with being informed, that Shakspeare probably borrowed it from the first lines of the *Descent of Troy*, a book which he is known to have read. This expression, however, he might have had in many other places. The word *fiend* signifies enemy. JOHNSON.

To

To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings !
 Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
 And champion me to the utterance !—Who's there ?—

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.

[*Exit Attendant.*]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together ?

Mur. It was, so please your highness.

Macb. Well then, now

Have you consider'd of my speeches ? Know,
 That it was he, in the times past, which held you
 So under fortune ; which, you thought, had been
 Our innocent self : this I made good to you
 In our last conference, past in probation with you ;
 How you were borne in hand ; how cross ; the instru-
 ments ;

Who

4 — *the seed of Banquo kings !*] The old copy reads—*seeds*. Cor-
 rected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

5 — *come, fate, into the list,*

And champion me to the utterance !] This passage will be best ex-
 plained by translating it into the language from whence the only word
 of difficulty in it is borrowed. *Que la destinée se rende en lice, et qu'elle*
me donne un défi à l'outrance. A challenge or a combat *à l'outrance*, to
 extremity, was a fixed term in the law of arms, used when the combat-
 ants engaged with an *odium interuentum*, an intention to destroy each
 other, in opposition to trials of skill at festivals, or on other occasions,
 where the contest was only for reputation or a prize. The sense there-
 fore is, *Let fate, that has fore-doom'd the exaltation of the sons of Ban-*
quo, enter the lists against me, with the utmost animosity, in defence of its
own decrees, which I will endeavour to invalidate, whatever be the
danger. JOHNSON.

Utterance is a Scotch word from *outrance*, extremity. WARBURTON.

We meet with the same expression in the *History of Grand Amour*
and la bel Pucelle, &c. by Stephen Hawes, 1555 :

"That so many monsters put to *uttrance*." STREYENS.

6 — *past in probation with you ;*

How you were borne in hand, &c.] The meaning may be, "past
 in proving to you, how you were," &c. So, in *Othello* :

"—so prove it,

"That the probation bear no hinge or loop

"To hang a doubt on."

Perhaps after the words "with you," there should be a comma rather
 than a semicolon. The construction, however, may be different.
 "This I made good to you in our last conference, past, &c. I made good
 to you, how you were borne," &c. To *bear in hand* is, to delude by
 encouraging

Who wrought with them; and all things else, that might,
To half a soul, and to a notion craz'd,
Say, Thus did Banquo.

1. *Mur.* You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so; and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? Are you so gospell'd 7,
To pray for this good man, and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?

1. *Mur.* We are men, my liege 3.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue you go for men;
As hounds, and greyhounds, mungreys, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs 9, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are cleped
All by the name of dogs: the valued file 1

Distinguishes

encouraging hope and holding out fair prospects, without any intention of performance. MALONE.

So, in *Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:

"Yet I will bear a dozen men in hand,

"And make them all my gulls." STEEVENS.

7 — *Are you so gospell'd,*] Are you of that degree of precise virtue?
Gospeller was a name of contempt given by the Papists to the Lollards,
the puritans of early times, and the precursors of protestantism.

JOHNSON.

I believe, that *gospelled* means no more than kept in obedience to
that precept of the gospel, "*to pray for those that despitefully use us.*"

STEEVENS.

8 *We are men, my liege.*] That is, we have the same feelings as the
rest of mankind, and, *as men*, are not without a *manly resentment* for
the wrongs which we have suffered, and which you have now reciev'd.
I should not have thought so plain a passage wanted an explanation, if
it had not been mistaken by Dr. Grey, who says, "they don't answer
in the name of *Christians*, but *as men*, whose humanity would hinder
them from doing a barbarous act." This false interpretation he has en-
deavour'd to support by the well-known line of Terence:

"Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto."

That amiable sentiment does not appear very suitable to a cut-throat.—
They urge their manhood, in my opinion, in order to shew Macbeth
their willingness, not their aversion, to execute his orders. MALONE.

9 *Shoughs,*] *Shoughs* are probably what we now call *stock*; demi-
wolves, *lyciscæ*; dogs bred between wolves and dogs. JOHNSON.

1 — *the valued file*] is the *file* or list where the value and peculiar
qualities of every thing is set down; in contradistinction to what he im-
mediately mentions, *the bill that writes them all alike*. *File*, in the se-
cond instance, is used in the same sense as in this, and with a reference to
it.—*N.w.*, if you belong to any class that deserves a place in the *valued*
file of man, and are not of the low-st rank, the common herd of mankind,
that are not worth distinguishing from each other.

Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
 The house-keeper, the hunter, every one
 According to the gift which bounteous nature
 Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
 Particular addition, from the bill
 That writes them all alike: and so of men.
 Now, if you have a station in the file,
 Not in the worst rank of manhood, say it;
 And I will put that business in your bosoms,
 Whose execution takes your enemy off;
 Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
 Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
 Which in his death were perfect.

2 *Mur.* I am one, my liege,
 Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
 Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what
 I do, to spite the world.

1. *Mur.* And I another,
 So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,²
 That I would set my life on any chance,
 To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you
 Know, Banquo was your enemy.

2. *Mur.* True, my lord.

Macb. So is he mine: and in such bloody distance,³
 That every minute of his being thrusts
 Against my near't of life: And though I could

With

File and list are synonymous, as in the last act of this play:

" — I have a *file*

" Of all the gentry."

Again, in Heywood's dedication to the second part of his *Iron Age*, 1632: " — to number you in the *file* and *list* of my best and choicest well wishers." Again, in our author's *Measure for Measure*: "The greater *file* of the subject held the duke to be wise." In short, the *valued file* is "the catalogue with prices annexed to it." STEEVENS.

² — *tugg'd with fortune*,] *tug'd* or *worried* by fortune. JOHNSON.

So again, as Dr. Warburton has noted, in the *Winter's Tale*:

" Let my *self* and *fortune* *tug* for the time to come."

Again, in an Epistle to Lord Southampton, by S. Daniel, 1603:

" He who hath never warr'd with misery,

" Nor ever *tugg'd with fortune* and distress." MALONE.

³ — *in such bloody distance*,] By *bloody distance* is here meant, such a distance as mortal enemies would stand at from each other, when their quarrel must be determined by the sword. This sense seems evident from the continuation of the metaphor, where *every minute of his being* is represented as *thrusting at the nearest part where life resides*.

STEEVENS.

With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight,
 And bid my will avouch it; yet I must not,
 For certain friends that are both his and mine,
 Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
 Whom I myself struck down: and thence it is,
 That I to your assistance do make love;
 Masking the business from the common eye,
 For sundry weighty reasons.

2. *Mur.* We shall, my lord,
 Perform what you command us.

1. *Mur.* Though our lives—

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour,
 at most,

I will advise you where to plant yourselves;
 Acquaint you with the perfect spy o'the time,
 The moment on't⁴; for't must be done to night,
 And something from the palace; always thought,
 That I require a clearness⁵: And with him,
 (To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work,)
 Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
 Whose absence is no less material to me
 Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
 Of that dark hour: Resolve yourselves apart;
 I'll come to you anon.

Mur. We are resolv'd, my lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight; abide within.
 It is concluded:—Banquo, thy soul's flight,
 If it find heaven, must find it out to-night.

[*Exeunt.*]

4 *Acquaint you with the perfect spy of the time,*

The moment on't;] The meaning, I think is, I will acquaint you with the time when you may look out for Banquo's coming, with the most perfect assurance of not being disappointed; and not only with the time in general most proper for lying in wait for him, but with the very moment when you may expect him. MALONE.

The perfect spy of the time seems to be, *the exact time, which shall be spied and watched for the purpose.* STEEVENS.

I rather believe we should read thus:

*Acquaint you with the perfect spot, the time,
 The moment on't;*— TYRWHITT.

5 — *always thought,*

That I require a clearness;] i. e. you must manage matters so, that throughout the whole transaction I may stand clear of suspicion. So, Holinshed: "—appointing them to meet Banquo and his sonne without the palace, as they returned to their lodgings, and there to slea them, so that he would not have his house slandered, but that in time to come he might clear himself." STEEVENS.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

*The same. Another Room.**Enter Lady MACBETH, and a Servant.**Lady M.* Is Banquo gone from court?*Serv.* Ay, madam; but returns again to-night.*Lady M.* Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.*Serv.* Madam, I will.[*Exit.*]*Lady M.* Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.*Enter MACBETH.*How now, my lord? why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies⁶ your companions making?
Using those thoughts, which should indeed have dy'd
With them they think on? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard: what's done, is done.*Macb.* We have scotch'd⁷ the snake, not kill'd it,
She'll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams,
That shake us nightly: Better be with the dead,⁶ — sorriest fancies.—] i. e. worthless, ignoble, vile. So, in *Othello*:

"I have a salt and sorry rheum offends me."

Sorry, however, might signify melancholy, dismal. So, in the *Comedy of Errors*:

"The place of death and sorry execution." STEEVENS.

⁷ — scotch'd—] Mr. Theobald.—Fol. *scorch'd*. JOHNSON.Scotch'd is the true reading. So, in *Coriolanus*, Act IV. sc. v:

"—he scotch'd him and notch'd him like a carbonado." STEEVENS.

VOL. VII.

F

Whom

Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace³,
 Than on the torture of the mind to lie
 In restless ecstasy⁹. Duncan is in his grave;
 After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
 Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
 Malice domestick, foreign levy, nothing,
 Can touch him further!

Lady M. Come on; Gentle my lord,
 Sleek o'er your rugged looks; be bright and jovial
 Among your guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I, love;
 And so, I pray, be you: let your remembrance
 Apply to Banquo; present him eminence¹, both
 With eye and tongue: Unsafe the while, that we
 Must lave our honours in these flattering streams;
 And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
 Disguising what they are.

Lady M. You must leave this.

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
 'Thou know'st, that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

Lady M. But in them nature's copy's not eterne².

Macb. There's comfort yet, they are assailable;
 Then be thou jocund: Ere the bat hath flown

³ *Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace.*] The old copy reads—Whom we, to gain our peace.— The emendation was made by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

⁹ *In restless ecstasy.*] *Ecstasy*, in its general sense, signifies any violent emotion of the mind. Here it means the emotions of pain, agony. So, in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, P. I:

“Gripping our bowels with retorqued thoughts,

“And have no hope to end our ecstasies.” STEEVENS.

¹ — *present him eminence,*] i. e. do him the highest honour.

WARBURTON.

² — *nature's copy's not eterne.*] The copy, the lease, by which they hold their lives from nature, has its time of termination limited.

JOHNSON.

Eterne for *eternal* is often used by Chaucer. STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnson's interpretation is supported by a subsequent passage in this play:

“—and our high plac'd Macbeth

“Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath

“To time and mortal custom.”

Again, by our author's 13th Sonnet:

“So should th' t beauty which you ho'd in lease,

“Find no determination.” MALONE.

Yet perhaps by *nature's copy* Shakspeare may only mean, the human form divine. MASON.

His cloister'd flight³; ere, to black Hecat's summons,
The shard borne beetle⁴, with his drowsy hums,
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady M. What's to be done?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck⁵,
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, feeling night⁶;

F 2

Skarf

3 — the bat hath flown

[His cloister'd flight] Bits are often seen flying round *cloisters*. in the dusk of the evening, for a considerable length of time. MALONE.

4 The shard borne beetle,] i. e. the beetle borne along the air by its *shards* or *scaly wings*. From a passage in Gower *De Confessione Amantis*, it appears that *shards* signified *scales*:

"She sigh, her thought, a dragon tho,

"Who e *scherdes* thynen as the sonne:" l. 6. fol. 138.

and hence the upper or outward wings of the beetle were called *shards*, they being of a *scaly* substance. To have an outward pair of wings of a *scaly* hardness, serving as integuments to a *filmy* pair beneath them, is the characteristic of the beetle kind.

In *Cymbeline*, Shakspeare applies this epithet again to the beetle:

" — — — — we find.

"The *sharded* beetle in a safer hold

"Than is the full-wing'd eagle."

Here there is a manifest opposition intended between the wings and flight of the *insect* and the *bird*. The *beetle*, whose *sharded wings* can but just raise him above the ground, is often in a state of greater security than the *vast winged eagle* that can soar to any height.

As Shakspeare is here describing the *beetle* in the act of flying, (for he never makes his humming noise but when he flies) it is more natural to suppose the epithet should allude to the peculiarity of his wings, than to the circumstance of his origin, or his place of habitation, both of which are common to him with several other creatures of the insect kind: STEEVENS.

The *shard-borne beetle* is the cock-chaffer. Sir W. D'Avenant appears not to have understood this epithet, for he has given, instead of it, — the *sharp-brow'd beetle*. Mr. Tollet would read — "*shard-burn beetle*, i. e. the beetle born in dung," in which sense he thinks the word *sharded* is used in the passage quoted from *Cymbeline* by Mr. Steevens. There (says he) the humble earthly abode of the beetle is opposed to the lofty eyry of the eagle." Mr. Steevens's interpretation is, I think, the true one in the passage before us. MALONE.

5 — dearest chuck,] I meet with this term of endearment (which is probably corrupted from *chick* or *chicken*) in many of our ancient writers. So, in Warner's *Albion's England*, b. v. c. 27:

" — immortal she-egg *chuck* of Tyndarus his wife." STEEV.

6 — Come (feeling night,] *feeling*, i. e. blinding. It is a term in falconry. WARBURTON.

So, in the *Boke of Hawkyng, Huntynge*, &c. bl. l. no date: "And he must take wyth hym needle and thre: to *enfile* the haukes that bene taken. And in thys manner they must be *enfiled*. Take the nodel

and

Shar'p up the tender eye of pitiful day ;
 And, with thy bloody and invisible hand,
 Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
 Which keeps me pale ? — Light thickens ⁸ ; and the crow
 Makes wing to the rooky wood ⁹ :
 Good things of day begin to droop and drowse ;
 Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.
 Thou marvell'ft at my words : but hold thee still ;
 Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by ill :
 So, pr'ythee, go with me. [Exit.]

and thryde, and put it through the over eye lyd, and foe of that other, and make them fast under the becke that she se not, &c." STEEVENS.

⁷ *Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond Which keeps me pale !* —] This may be well explained by the following passage in *King Richard III* :

"Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray."

Again, in *Cymbeline*, Act V. sc. iv :

" — take this life,

" And cancel these cold bonds." STEEVENS.

⁸ Light thickens ; —] By the expression, *light thickens*, Shakspeare means, the *light grows dull or muddy*. In this sense he uses it in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

" — my lustre thickens,

" When he shines by." EDWARDS'S MSS.

So, in Spenser's *Calender*, 1579 :

" But see, the welkin thickens apace,

" And stouping Phœbus steepes his face ;

" It's time to haste us home-ward." MALONE.

It may be added, that in the second part of *King Henry IV*. Prince John of Lancaster tells Falstaff, that "his desert is too thick to shine." STEEVENS.

⁹ *Makes wing to the rooky wood* :] *Rooky* may mean *damp, misty, steaming with exhalations*. It is only a North country variation of dialect from *reeky*. In *Coriolanus*, Shakspeare mentions " — the reek of the rotten fens." *Rooky wood* may, however, signify a *rookery, the wood that abounds with rooks*. STEEVENS.

SCENE

S C E N E III.

The same. A Park or lawn, with a gate leading to the Palace.

Enter three Murderers.

1. *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us¹?

3. *Mur.* Macbeth.

2. *Mur.* He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just².

1. *Mur.* Then stand with us.
The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
The subject of our watch.

3. *Mur.* Hark! I hear horses.

Ban. [*within.*] Give us a light there, ho!

2. *Mur.* Then it is he; the rest
That are within the note of expectation³,
Already are i'the court.

1. *Mur.* His horses go about.

3. *Mur.* Almost a mile: but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.

¹ *But who did bid thee join with us?* The third assassin seems to have been sent to join the others, from Macbeth's superabundant caution. From the following dialogue it appears that some conversation has passed between them before their present entry on the stage.

MALONE.

² ——— *since he delivers*

Our offices, &c.] By his exact knowledge of what we are to do, he appears to be employed by Macbeth, and needs not to be mistrusted.

JOHNSON.

³ — *the note of expectation,*] i. e. they who are set down in the list of guests, and expected to supper. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE; a Servant with a torch preceding them.

2. *Mur.* A light, a light!

3. *Mur.* 'Tis he.

1. *Mur.* Stand to't.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

1. *Mur.* Let it come down. [*assaults BANQUO.*

Ban. O, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly;

Thou may'st revenge.—O slave!

[*Dies.* Fleance and Servant escape⁴.

3. *Mur.* Who did strike out the light?

1. *Mur.* Was't not the way?

3. *Mur.* There's but one down; the son is fled.

2. *Mur.* We have lost best half of our affair.

1. *Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how much is done.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Room of state in the Palace.

A banquet prepared *Enter MACBETH, Lady MACBETH, ROSS, LENOX, Lords, and Attendants.*

Macb. You know your own degrees, sit down: at first,
And last, the hearty welcome⁶.

⁴ Fleance, &c. *escape*.] Fleance, after the assassination of his father, fled into Wales, where by the daughter of the Prince of that country he had a son named Walter, who afterwards became Lord High Steward of Scotland, and from thence assumed the name of *Walter Steward*. From him in a direct line King James I. was descended; in compliment to whom our author has chosen to describe Banquo, who was equally concerned with Macbeth in the murder of Duncan, as innocent of that crime. MALONE.

⁵ *Was't not the way?*] i. e. the best means we could take to evade discovery. STEEVENS.

⁶ *You know your own degrees, sit down: at first,*

And last, the hearty welcome] I believe the true reading is:

You know your own degrees, sit down.—To first

And last the hearty welcome.

All of whatever degree, from the highest to the lowest, may be assured that their visit is well received. JOHNSON.

Lords,

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.

Mach. Ourselves will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state⁷; but, in best time,
We will require her welcome.

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

Enter first Murderer, to the door.

Mach. See, they encounter thee with their hearts'
thanks:—

Both sides are even: Here I'll sit i'the midst:
Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a measure
'The table round.—There's blood upon thy face.

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.

Mach. 'Tis better thee without, than he within⁸.
Is he dispatch'd?

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

Mach. Thou art the best o'the cut-throats: Yet he's
good,
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,
Thou art the non pareil.

Mur. Most royal sir,
Fleance is 'scap'd.

Mach. Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect;
—

⁷ *Our hostess keeps her state*; &c.] This idea might have been borrowed from Holinshed, p. 805: "The king (Henry VIII.) caused the queene to *keepe the estate*, and then sat the ambassadours and ladies as they were marshalled by the king, who would not sit, but walked from place to place, making cheer, &c." STEEVENS.

A *state* was a royal chair with a canopy over it. So, in Sir Thomas Herbert's *Memoirs of Charles I.* "—where being *set*, the king under a *state*," &c. Again, in *The View of France*, 1598: "etpying the *chaire* not to stand well under the *state*," &c. MALONE.

⁸ 'Tis better thee without, than he within.] The sense requires that this passage should be read thus:

'Tis better thee without, than him within.

That is, *I am better pleased that the blood of Banquo should be on thy face than in his body.*—The author might mean, *It is better that Banquo's blood were on thy face, than he in this room.* Expressions thus imperfect are common in his works. JOHNSON.

I have no doubt that this last was the author's meaning. MALONE.
Whole

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock ;
As broad, and general, as the casing air :
But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe ?

Mur. Ay, my good lord : safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes ⁹ on his head ;
The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that :—

There the grown serpent lies ; the worm *, that's fled,
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone ; to-morrow
We'll hear, ourselves again. [*Exit Murderer.*]

Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer : the feast is sold,
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making ¹,
'Tis given with welcome : To feed, were best at home ;
From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony ;
Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer !—

Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both !

Len. May it please your highness sit ?

The ghost of Banquo rises ², and sits in Macbeth's place.

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present ;

⁹ — trenched gashes—] *Trancher*, to cut. Fr. So, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592 :

“ Is deeply trenched on my blushing brow.”

So, in another play of Shakspeare :

“ — like a figure

“ Trenched in ice.” STEEVENS.

* — the worm—] This term in our author's time was applied to all of the serpent kind. MALONE.

¹ — the feast is sold, &c.] The meaning is,—That which is not given cheerfully, cannot be called a gift, it is something that must be paid for. JOHNSON.

The same expression occurs in *the Romaunt of the Rose* :

“ Good dede done through praiere,

“ Is sold, and bought to dere ” STEEVENS.

² *The ghost of Banquo rises,*] This circumstance of *Banquo's ghost* seems to be alluded to in *The Puritan*, first printed in 1607, and ridiculously ascribed to Shakspeare : “ We'll ha' the ghost i' the white sheet sit at upper end o' the table.” FARMER.

Who

Who may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance *!

Rosse. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your highness
To grace us with your royal company?

Macb. The table's full.

Len. Here is a place reserv'd, sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my good lord. What is't that moves your
highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say, I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me.

Rosse. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends:—my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: 'pray you, keep seat;
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well: If much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion³;
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appall the devil.

Lady M. O proper stuff⁴!

This is the very painting of your fear:
This is the air drawn dagger, which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws, and starts,
(Impostors to true fear,) would well become⁵.

F 5

A woman's

* *Than pity for mischance!*] This is one of Shakspeare's touches of nature. Macbeth by these words discovers a consciousness of guilt; and this circumstance could not fail to be recollected by a nice observer on the assassination of Banquo being publickly known. Not being yet rendered sufficiently callous by "hard use," Macbeth betrays himself (as Mr. Wheatley has observed,) "by an over-acted regard for Banquo, of whose absence from the feast he affects to complain, that he may not be suspected of knowing the cause, though at the same time he very unguardedly drops an allusion to that cause" MALONE.

3 — *extend his passion;*] Prolong his suffering; make his fit longer. JOHNSON.

4 *O proper stuff!*] This speech is rather too long for the circumstances in which it is spoken. It had begun better at, *Shame itself!*

JOHNSON.

5 *O, these flaws and starts,*
(Impostors to true fear,) *would well become, &c.*] i. e. these flaws
and

A woman's story, at a winter's fire,
 Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
 Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
 You look but on a stool.

Macb. Pr'ythee, see there! behold! look! lo! how
 say you?—

Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.—

If charnel-houses, and our graves, must send

Those that we bury, back, our monuments

Shall be the maws of kites? *[Ghost disappears.]*

Lady M. What! quite unmann'd in folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M. Fie, for shame!

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i'th' olden time,

Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;

Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd

Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,

That, when the brains were out, the man would die,

And there an end: but now, they rise again,

With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,

And push us from our stools: This is more strange

Than such a murder is.

Lady M. My worthy lord,

Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget:—

and starts, as they are indications of your needless fears, are the imi-
 tators or impostors only of those which arise from a fear well grounded.

WARBURTON.

Flaws are sudden gusts. JOHNSON.

So, in *Venus and Adonis*:

"Gusts and foul flaws to herdmen and to herds."

"Impostors is true fear." either means, impostors or counterfeits,
 compared with true fear, or so may be used for *of*. In the *Two Gentle-*
men of Verona we have an expression resembling this;

"Thou counterfeit to thy true friend" MALONE.

⁶ *Shall be the maws of kites.*] The same thought occurs in *Spenser's*
Faery Queen, b. iii. c. 8:

"But be entomb'd in the raven or the kite." STEVENS.

"In splendidissima quemque captivum, non sine verborum contu-
 melia, traxit: ut quidem uni suppliciter sepulturam precanti resp. indisse
 dicatur, jam istam in volucrum fore potestatem." Sueton. in August. 13.

MALONE.

⁷ *Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;*] The gentle weal, i.e.,
 the peaceable community, the state made quiet and safe by human statutes.

"Mellia secura peragabant et a gentes." JOHNSON.

Do

Do not muse at me ⁸, my most worthy friends ;
 I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
 To those that know me. Come, love and health to all ;
 Then I'll sit down :— Give me some wine, fill full :—
 I drink to the general joy of the whole table,

Ghost rises.

And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss ;
 Would he were here ! to all, and him, we thirst,
 And all to all ⁹.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Macb. Avant ! and quit my sight ! Let the earth hide
 thee !

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold ;
 Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
 Which thou dost glare with !

Lady M. Think of this, good peers ;
 But as a thing of custom : 'tis no other ;
 Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare :

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
 The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tyger ¹,
 Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
 Shall never tremble : Or, be alive again,
 And dare me to the desert with thy sword ;
 If trembling I inhabit thee ², protest me

The

⁸ *Do not muse at me,*] To *muse* anciently signified to be in *amaze*. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II. Act IV :

" [*muse*, you make so slight a question." STEEVENS.

⁹ *And all to all*] i. e. all good wishes to all: such as he had named above, *love, health, and joy*. WARBURTON.

I once thought it should be *tail* to all, but I now think that the present reading is right. JOHNSON.

Timon uses nearly the same expression to his guests, Act I : "*All to you.*" Again, in *King Henry VIII.* more intelligibly :

" — and to you all good health. STEEVENS.

¹ — *or the Hyrcan tyger,*] Sir William D'Avenant unnecessarily altered this to *Hircanian* tyger, which was followed by The band and others. *Hircan* tygers are mentioned by Daniel, our author's contemporary, in his *Sonnets*, 1594 :

" — restore thy fierce and cruel mind

" To *Hircan* tygers, and to ruthless beares." MALONE.

² — *Or, be alive again,*

And dare me to the desert with thy sword ;

³ *If trembling I inhabit thee,*—] The old copy reads, by a manifest

error

The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!

[*Ghost disappears.*]

Unreal mockery, hence!—Why, so;—being gone,
I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.

Lady M. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good
meeting,
With most admir'd disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder³? You make me strange

Even

error of the press,—If trembling I *inhabit then*, &c. The emendation, *inhibit*, was made by Mr. Pope. I have not the least doubt that it is the true reading.—In *All's Well that ends well*, we find in the second and all the subsequent folios,—“which is the most *inhabited* sin of the canon,” instead of *inhibited*. The same error is found in Stowe's *Survey of London*, 4to. 1618. p. 772: “Also Robert Fabian writeth, that in the year 1506, the one and twentieth of Henry the seventh, the said stewhouses in Southwarke were for a season *inhabited*, and the doores closed up, but it was not long, saith he, ere the houses there were set open again, so many as were permitted.”—The passage is not in the printed copy of Fabian, but that writer left in Manuscript a continuation of his Chronicle from the accession of K. Henry VII. to near the time of his own death, (1512,) which was in Stowe's possession in the year 1600, but I believe is now lost. By the other slight but happy emendation, the reading *thee* instead of *then*, which was proposed by Mr. Steevens, and to which I have paid the respect that it deserved by giving it a place in the text, this passage is rendered clear and easy. Mr. Steevens's correction is strongly supported by the punctuation of the old copy, where the line stands—If trembling I inhabit then, protest &c. and not—If trembling I inhabit, then protest &c.

In our author's *King Richard II.* we have nearly the same thought:

“If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,

“*I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness*.” MALONE.

Inhibit seems more likely to have been the poet's own word, as he uses it frequently in the sense required in this passage. *Othello*, Act I. sc. vii:

“—— a praediser

“Of arts *inhibited*”——.

Hamlet, Act II. sc. vi: “I think their *inhibition* comes of the late innovation.” To *inhibit* is to *forbid*. STEEVENS.

³ *Can such things be,*

And overcome us, like a summer's cloud,

Without our special wonder?] The meaning is, can such wonders as these *pass over* us without wonder, as a casual summer cloud, passes over us. JOHNSON.

No instance is given of this sense of the word *overcome*; it is however to be found in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. iii. c. 7. ft. 4:

“A little valley——

“All cover'd with thick woods, that quite it *overcame*.”

FARMER.

Again,

Even to the disposition that I owe,
 When now I think you can behold such fights,
 And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
 When mine are blanch'd with fear.

Rosse. What fights, my lord?

Lady M. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;

Question enrages him: at once, good night:—
 Stand not upon the order of your going,
 But go at once.

Len. Good night, and better health,
 Attend his majesty!

Lady M. A kind good night to all!

[*Exeunt Lords, and Attendants.*]

Again, in *Marie Magdalene's Repentance*:

"With blode overcome were both his eyen." MALONE.

4 *You make me strange*

Even to the disposition that I owe,] This passage seems to mean,—*You prove to me that I am a stranger even to my own disposition, when I perceive that the very object which steals the colour from my cheek permits it to remain in yours.* In other words,—*You prove to me how false an opinion I have hitherto maintained of my own courage, when yours on the trial is found to exceed it.* A thought somewhat similar occurs in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, A&II. sc. i: "I'll entertain myself like one I am not acquainted withal." Again, in *All's Well that ends Well*, A&V:

"If you know

"That you are well acquainted with yourself." STEEVENS.

The meaning, I think, is, *You render me a stranger to, or forgetful of, that brave disposition which I know I possess, and make me fancy myself a coward, when I perceive that I am terrified by a sight which has not in the least alarmed you.* A passage in *As you like it* may prove the best comment on that before us:

"If with myself I hold intelligence,

"Or have acquaintance with my own desires—"

So Macbeth says, he has no longer acquaintance with his own brave disposition of mind: His wife's superior fortitude makes him as ignorant of his own courage as a stranger might be supposed to be.

MALONE.

5 *When mine are blanch'd with fear.*] The old copy reads—*is blanch'd*. Sir T. Hanmer corrected this passage in the wrong place, by reading—*cheek*; in which he has been followed by the subsequent editors. His correction gives perhaps a more elegant text, but not the text of Shakespeare. The alteration now made is only that which every editor has been obliged to make in almost every page of these plays—In this very scene the old copy has—"the times *has* been," &c. Perhaps it may be said that *mine* refers to *ruby*, and that therefore no change is necessary. But this seems very harsh. MALONE.

Macb.

Macb. It will have blood, they say; blood will have blood⁶;

Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak;
Augurs, and understood relations⁷, have
By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth
The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night?

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person,
At our great bidding⁸?

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send:

⁶ *It will have blood, they say; blood will have blood:*] So, in the *Mirror of Magistrats*, p. 118:

"Take heed, ye princes, by examples past,

"*Bloud will have bloud*, eyther at first or last." HENDERSON.

I would thus point the passage:

It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood.

As a confirmation of the reading, I would add the following authority:

"Bloud asketh bloud, and death must death requite."

Ferrex and Porrex, Act IV. sc. ii. WHALLEY.

⁷ *Augurs, and understood relations.*] By the word *relation* is understood the connection of effects with causes; to *understand relations* as an *augur*, is to know how those things *relate* to each other, which have no visible combination or dependence. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare in his licentious way, by *relations*, might only mean *languages*, i. e. the language of birds. WARBURTON.

The old copy has the passage thus:

Augures, and understood relations, have

By maggot-pies and choughs. &c.

Perhaps we should read, *auguries*, i. e. prognostications by means of omens or prodigies. These, together with the connection of effects with cause, being understood, (says he) have been instrumental in divulging the most secret murders.

In Cotgrave's Dictionary, a *magpie* is called a *magatapie*. *Magot-pie* is the original name of the bird; *Magot* being the familiar appellation given to pies, as we say *Robin* to a redbreast, *Tom* to a titmouse, *Philip* to a sparrow, &c. The modern *mag* is the abbreviation of the ancient *Magot*, a word which we had from the French. STEEVENS.

In Minshew's *Guide to the Tongues*, 1617, we meet with a *maggalapie*. FARMER.

⁸ *How say'st thou, &c.*] What do you think of this circumstance, that Macduff denies to come at our great bidding? What is your opinion of that matter? So, in *Othello*, Act I. sc. iii.

"How say you by this change?"

Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"Speed. But, Launce, how say'st thou, that my master is become a notable lover?"

"Launce. I never knew him otherwise." MASON.

So, in *King Henry V.*:

"How now for mitigation of the bill?"

"Urg'd by the Commons?" MALONE.

There's

There's not a one of them ⁷, but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,
(And betimes I will,) to the weird sisters;
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst: for mine own good,
All causes shall give way; I am in blood
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er:
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd ⁸.

Lady M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep ⁹.

acc. Come, we'll to sleep: My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:—
We are yet but young in deed ¹.

[*Exeunt.*]

⁷ *There's not a one of them,*] *A one* of them, however uncouth the phrase, signifies an individual. In *Albumazar*, 1615, the same expression occurs: "— Not *a one* shakes his tail, but I sigh out a passion." This avowal of the tyrant is authorized by Holinshed: "He had in every nobleman's house one sly fellow or other in use with him to reveale all," &c. STEEVENS.

⁸ — *be scann'd.*] To *scan* is to examine nicely. STEEVENS.

⁹ *You lack the season of all natures, sleep.*] I take the meaning to be, *you want sleep*, which *seasons*, or gives the relish to, *all nature*. "*Indiget somni vitæ convenienti.*" JOHNSON.

This word is often used in this sense by our author. So, in *All's Well that ends well*: "'Tis the best brine a maiden can *season* her praise in." Again, in *Much ado about Nothing*, where, as in the present instance, the word is used as a substantive:

"And salt too little, which may *season* give

"To her foul tainted flesh."

An anonymous correspondent thinks the meaning is, "You stand in need of the time or *season* of sleep, which all natures require." MALONE.

¹ *We are but young in deed*] The editions before Theobald read:

We are but young indeed. JOHNSON.

The meaning is not ill explained by a line in *King Henry VI.* P. III. We are not, Macbeth would say,

"Made impudent with use of evil deeds."

The initiate fear, is the fear that always attends the first initiation into guilt, before the mind becomes callous and insensible by frequent repetitions of it, or (as the poet says) by *hard use*. STEEVENS.

SCENE

SCENE V.

The Heath.

Thunder. Enter, from opposite sides, HECATE², and the three Witches.

1. *Witch.* Why, how now, Hecat' ?* you look angrily.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams, as you are,
Saucy, and overbold ? How did you dare
To trade and traffick with Macbeth,
In riddles, and affairs of death ;
And I, the mistress of your charms,
The close contriver of all harms,
Was never call'd to bear my part,
Or shew the glory of our art ?

² *Enter—Hecate.*] Shakspeare has been censured for introducing Hecate among the vulgar witches, and, consequently, for confounding ancient, with modern superstitions—He has, however, authority for giving a mistress to the witches. *Delrio Disquis. Mag.* lib. ii. quæst. 9. quotes a passage of *Apuleius, Lib. de Asino aureo*: “de quadam Caupona, regina Sagarum.” And adds further:—“ut scias etiam tum quasdam ab iis hoc titulo honoratas.” In consequence of this information, Ben Jonson, in one of his masques, has introduced a character which he calls a *Dame*, who presides at the meeting of the Witches:

“Sisters, stay ; we want our *dame*”

The *dame* accordingly enters, invested with marks of superiority, and the rest pay an implicit obedience to her commands. Shakspeare is, therefore blameable only for calling his presiding character Hecate, as it might have been brought on with propriety under any other title whatever. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare seems to have been unjustly censured for introducing Hecate among the modern witches. Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, book iii. c. 2, and c. 16, and book xii. c. 3, mentions it as the common opinion of all writers, that witches were supposed to have nightly “meetings with Herodias, and the Pagan gods,” and “that in the night-times they ride abroad with *Diana*, the goddess of the Pagans,” &c.—Their dame, or chief leader seems always to have been an old Pagan, as “the ladie Sibylla, Minerva, or *Diana*.” TOLLET.

* *Why, how now, Hecat' ?*] Marlowe, though a scholar, has likewise used the word *Hecate*, as a dissyllable :

“Plutoe's blew fire, and *Hecat's* tree,
“With magick spells so compass thee.”

Dr. Faustus. MALONE.
And,

And, which is worse, all you have done
 Hath been but for a wayward son,
 Spightful, and wrathful; who, as others do,
 Loves for his own ends, not for you.
 But make amends now: Get you gone,
 And at the pit of Acheron³
 Meet me i'the morning; thither he
 Will come to know his destiny.
 Your vessels, and your spells, provide,
 Your charms, and every thing beside:
 I am for the air; this night I'll spend
 Unto a dismal and a fatal end.
 Great business must be wrought ere noon:
 Upon the corner of the moon
 There hangs a vaporous drop profound⁴;
 I'll catch it ere it come to ground:
 And that, distill'd by magick slights⁵,
 Shall raise such artificial sprights,
 As, by the strength of their illusion,
 Shall draw him on to his confusion:
 He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
 His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear:
 And you all know, security
 Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

SONG. [*within.*] *Come away, come away, &c.*⁶
 Hark, I am call'd; my little spirit, see,
 Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [*Exit.*]

1. *Witch.* Come, let's make haste, she'll soon be back
 again. [*Excunt.*]

S C E N E

3 — *the pit of Acheron*—] Shakspeare seems to have thought it allowable to bestow the name of *Acheron* on any fountain, lake, or pit, through which there was vulgarly supposed to be a communication between this and the infernal world. The true original *Acheron* was a river in Greece; and yet Virgil gives this name to his lake in the valley of *Amsanctus* in Italy. STEEVENS.

4 — *vaporous drop profound*;) That is, a drop that has *profound*, *deep*, or *hidden* qualities. JOHNSON.

This vaporous drop seems to have been meant for the same as the *virus lunare* of the ancients, being a foam which the moon was supposed to shed on particular herbs, or other objects, when strongly solicited by enchantment. Lucan introduces Ericho using it; l. 6:

“ — *et virus large lunare ministrat.*” STEEVENS.

5 — *slights*,] Arts; subtle practices. JOHNSON.

6 *Come away, &c.*] Whether this song was composed by Shakspeare, it is now impossible to determine. It is printed at length incorrectly in Sir

S C E N E VI.

Forcs. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter LENOX, and another Lord 7.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret farther : only, I say,
Things have been strangely borne : The gracious Duncan
Was pitied of Macbeth :—marry, he was dead :—
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late ;
Whom, you may say, if it please you, Fleance kill'd,
For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought ⁸, how monstrous ⁹
It was for Malcolm, and for Donalbain,
To kill their gracious father ? damned fact !
How did it grieve Macbeth ! did he not straight,
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,
That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of Sleep ?
Was not that nobly done ? Ay, and wisely too ;
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive,
To hear the men deny it. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well : and I do think,
That, had he Duncan's sons under his key,

Sir W. D'Avenant's alteration of this play, published in 1674, and also with some variations in an unpublished play entitled *The Witch*, written by Thomas Middleton; from which D'Avenant appears to have transcribed it. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's Plays*, Article, MACBETH. MALONE.

7 *Enter Lenox, and another Lord.*] As this tragedy, like the rest of Shakspeare's, is perhaps overstocked with personages, it is not easy to assign a reason why a nameless character should be introduced here, since nothing is said that might not with equal propriety have been put into the mouth of any other disaffected man. I believe therefore that in the original copy it was written, with a very common form of contraction, Lenox and An. for which the transcriber, instead of Lenox and Angus, set down Lenox and *another Lord*. The author had indeed been more indebted to the transcriber's fidelity and diligence, had he committed no errors of greater importance. JOHNSON.

8 *Who cannot want the thought.*] The sense requires—Who can want the thought—. Yet, I believe, the text is not corrupt. Shakspeare is sometimes incorrect in these *minutiae*. MALONE.

9 *—monstrous—*] This word is here used as a trisyllable. MALONE.
(As,

(As, an't please heaven, he shall not,) they should find
 What 'twere to kill a father ; so should Fleance.
 But, peace !—for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd
 His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,
 Macduff lives in disgrace : Sir, can you tell
 Where he bestows himself ?

Lord. The son of Duncan,
 From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
 Lives in the English court ; and is receiv'd
 Of the most pious Edward with such grace,
 That the malevolence of fortune nothing
 Takes from his high respect : Thither Macduff is gone ;
 To pray the holy king, upon his aid
 To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward :
 That, by the help of these, (with Him above
 To ratify the work,) we may again
 Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights ;
 Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives ;
 Do faithful homage, and receive free honours ;
 All which we pine for now : And this report
 Hath so exasperate their king⁴, that he
 Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff ?

Lord. He did : and with an absolute, *Sir, not I*,
 The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
 And hums ; as who should say, *You'll rue the time*
That clogs me with this answer.

Len. And that well might
 Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
 His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
 Fly to the court of England, and unfold
 His message ere he come ; that a swift blessing

¹ *The son of Duncan,*] Old Copy—*sees*. MALONE.

Theobald corrected it. JOHNSON.

² *Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives ;*] The construction is—Free our feasts and banquets from bloody knives. Perhaps the words are transposed, and the line originally stood :

Our feast and banquets free from bloody knives. MALONE.

³ — *and receive free honours,*] Free may be either honours *freely bestowed*, not purchased by crimes ; or honours *without slavery*, without dread of a tyrant. JOHNSON.

⁴ — *their king,*] i. e. Macbeth. *Their* refers to the son of Duncan, and Macduff. Sir T. Haumer reads unnecessarily, I think, *the king*. MALONE.

May

May soon return to this our suffering country,
Under a hand accurs'd !

Lord. I'll send my prayers with him.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A dark Cave. In the middle, a cauldron boiling.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1. *Witch.* Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd ?
2. *Witch.* Thrice ; and once the hedge-pig whin'd s.

6 SCENE I.] As this is the chief scene of enchantment in the play, it is proper in this place to observe, with how much judgment Shakspeare has selected all the circumstances of his infernal ceremonies, and how exactly he has conformed to common opinions and traditions :

" Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd."

The

5 — to this our suffering country,

Under a hand accurs'd !] The construction is, — to our country suffering under a hand accursed. MALONE.

7 *Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.*] A cat from time immemorial has been the agent and favourite of witches. This superstitious fancy is pagan, and very ancient; and the original, perhaps this: *When Galintha was changed into a cat by the Fates, (says Antonius Liberalis, Metam. cap. 29.) by witches, (says Pausanias in his Bæotics) Hecate took pity of her, and made her priestess; in which office she continues to this day. Hecate herself too, when Typhon forced all the gods and goddesses to hide themselves in animals, assumed the shape of a cat. So, Ovid :*

" *Fele soror Phæbi latuit.*" WARBURTON.

8 *Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whin'd.*] Mr. Theobald reads: *Twice* and once, &c. and observes that odd numbers are used in all enchantments and magical operations. The remark is just, but the passage was misunderstood. The second Witch only repeats the number which the first had mentioned, in order to confirm what she had said; and then adds, that the *hedge-pig* had likewise cried, though but once. Or what seems

3. *Witch.* Harper cries 9 :—'tis time, 'tis time 1.

1. *Witch.* Round about the cauldron go²;
In the poison'd entrails throw.—

The usual form in which familiar spirits are reported to converse with witches, is that of a cat. A witch, who was tried about half a century before the time of Shakspeare, had a cat named Rutterkin, as the spirit of one of those witches was Grimalkin; and when any mischief was to be done, she used to bid Rutterkin *go and fly*. But once when she would have sent Rutterkin to torment a daughter of the countess of Rutland, instead of *going* or *flying*, he only cried *meow*, from whence she discovered that the lady was out of his power, the power of witches being not universal, but limited, as Shakspeare has taken care to inculcate :

“ Though his bark cannot be lost,

“ Yet it shall be tempest-tost.”

The common afflictions which the malice of witches produced, were melancholy, fits, and loss of flesh, which are threatened by one of Shakspeare's witches :

“ Weary sev'n nights, nine times nine,

“ Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine.”

It was likewise their practice to destroy the cattle of their neighbours, and the farmers have to this day many ceremonies to secure their cows and other cattle from witchcraft; but they seem to have been most suspected of malice against swine. Shakspeare has accordingly made one of his witches declare that she has been *killing swine*; and Dr. Harfnet observes, that about that time, “ a *few could not be ill of the measles*,

seems more easy, the hedge-pig had whined *thrice*, and after an interval had whined once again.

Even numbers, however, were always reckoned inauspicious. So, in the *Honest Lawyer*, by S. S. 1616: “ Sure 'tis not a lucky time; the first crow I heard this morning, cried *twice*. This *even*, sir, is no good number ” *Twice and once*, however, might be a cant expression. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II. Silence says: “ I have been merry *twice and once*, ere now.” STEEVENS.

9 Harper cries :—] This is some imp, or familiar spirit, concerning whose etymology and office, the reader may be wiser than the editor. Those who are acquainted with Dr. Farmer's pamphlet, will be unwilling to derive the name of *Harper* from Ovid's *Harpalos*, ab ἀρπάξω rapio. See Upton's *Critical Observations*, &c. edit 1748, p. 155. STEEVENS.

1 — 'tis time, 'tis time.] This familiar does not cry out that it is time for them to begin their enchantments, but *cries*, i. e. gives them the signal, upon which the third Witch communicates the notice to her sisters :

Harper cries :—'tis time, 'tis time. STEEVENS.

2 Round about the cauldron go;] Milton has caught this image in his *Hymn on the Morning of Christ's Nativity* :

“ In dismal dance about the furnace blue.” STEEVENS.

Toad,

Toad, that under the cold stone,
Days and nights half 4 thirty one

measles, nor a girl of the sullens, but some old woman was charg'd with witchcraft."

"Toad, that under the cold stone,

"Days and nights half thirty one

"Swelter'd venom sleeping got,

"Boil thou first the charmed pot."

Toads have likewise long lain under the reproach of being by some means necessary to witchcraft; for which reason Shakspeare, in the first scene of this play, calls one of the spirits Paddocke or Toad, and now takes care to put a toad first into the pot. When Vaninus was seized at Tholouse, there was found at his lodgings *ingens huse vitro inclusus, a great toad shut in a vial*, upon which those that prosecuted him *veneficium exprobrabant, charged him*, I suppose, *with witchcraft*.

"Fillet of a fenny snake,

"In the cauldron boil and bake:

"Eye of newt, and toe of frog;—

"For a charm, &c."

The propriety of these ingredients may be known by consulting the books *de Viribus Animalium* and *de Mirabilibus Mundi*, ascribed to Albertus Magnus, in which the reader, who has time and credulity, may discover very wonderful secrets.

"Finger of birth-strangled babe,

"Ditch-deliver'd by a drab;"—

It has been already mentioned in the law against witches, that they are supposed to take up dead bodie to use in enchantments, which was confessed by the woman whom king James examined, and who had of a dead body that was divided in one of their assemblies, two fingers for her share. It is observable that Shakspeare, on this great occasion which involves the fate of a king, multiplies all the circumstances of horror. The babe, whose finger is used, must be strangled in its birth; the grease must not only be human, but must have dropped from a gibbet, the gibbet of a murderer; and even the sow, whose blood is used, must have offended nature by devouring her own farrow. These are touches of judgment and genius.

"And now about the cauldron sing,—

"Black spirits and white,

"Red spirits and grey,

"Mingle, mingle, mingle,

"You that mingle may."

And in a former part:

"—weird sisters, hand in hand,—

"Thus do go about, about;

"Thrice

3 —[the cold stone.] *The*, which is wanting in the old copy, was added by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

4 *Days and nights half*—] Old Copy—*has*. Corrected by Sir T. Hammer. MALONE.

Swelter'd

Sweeter'd venom⁵ sleeping got,
Boil thou first i'the charmed pot!

All. Double, double toil and trouble⁶;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

1. *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake:
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting⁷,
Lizard's leg, and howlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

"Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
"And thrice again, to make up nine!"

These two passages I have brought together, because they both seem subject to the objection of too much levity for the solemnity of enchantment, and may both be shewn, by one quotation from Camden's account of Ireland, to be founded upon a practice really observed by the uncivilised natives of that country: "When any one gets a fall, says the informer of Camden, he starts up, and, turning three times to the right, digs a hole in the earth; for they imagine that there is a spirit in the ground, and if he falls sick in two or three days, they send one of their w men that is skilled in that way to the place, where he says, I call thee from the east, west, north and south, from the groves, the woods, the rivers, and the fens, from the fairies, red, black, and white." There was likewise a book written before the time of Shakspeare, describing, amongst other properties, the colours of spirits.

Many other circumstances might be particularised, in which Shakspeare has shewn his judgment and his knowledge. JOHNSON.

5 *Sweeter'd venom*.—] This word seems to be employ'd by Shakspeare to signify that the animal was mollened with its own cold exudations. So, in the twenty-second song of Drayton's *Polythron*:

"And all the knights there dub'd the morning but before,
"The evening sun beheld there *sweeter'd* in their gore."

In the old translation of Boccace's Novels, [1620] the following sentence also occurs: "—an huge and mighty load even *weltering* (as it were) in a hole full of possum." STEEVENS.

6 *Double, double toil and trouble*;] As this was a very extraordinary incantation, they were to double their pains about it. I think, therefore, it should be pointed as I have pointed it:

Double, double toil and trouble;

otherwise the solemnity is abated by the immediate recurrence of the rhyme. STEEVENS.

7 — *blind-worm's sting*.] The *blind-worm* is the *slow-worm*. So, Drayton in *Noah's Flood*:

"The small ey'd *slow-worm* held of many blind." STEEVENS.

3. *Witch.*

3. *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf;
 Witches' mummy; maw, and gulf⁸;
 Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark⁹;
 Root of hemlock, digg'd i'the dark;
 Liver of blaspheming Jew;
 Gall of goat, and slips of yew,
 Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse¹;
 Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips²;
 Finger of birth-strangled babe,
 Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
 Make the gruel thick and slab:
 Add thereto a tyger's chaudron³,
 For the ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
 Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

2. *Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood,
 Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter HECATE, and other three Witches.

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains;
 And every one shall share i'the gains.

⁸ — *maw, and gulf.*] The *gulf* is the *swallow*; the *throat*.

STEEVENS.

In the *Mirror for Magistrates*, we have—"monstrous *mawes* and *gulfes*." HENDERSON.

⁹ — *ravin'd salt-sea shark;*] *Ravin'd* is glutt'd with prey. *Ravin* is the ancient word for *prey obtain'd by violence*. So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, song 7:

"— but a den for beasts of *ravin* made."

The same word occurs again in *Measure for Measure*. STEEVENS.

In *Measure for Measure* the verb is used: "Like rats that *ravin* down, &c. To *ravin*, according to Minheu, is to *devour*, or *eat greedily*. See his *Dict.* 1617, in v. *To devour*. I believe, our author, with his usual licence, used *ravin'd* for *ravenous*, the passive participle for the adjective. Mr. Mason would read *ravin*. So, in *All's Well that ends well*, "— the *ravin* lion." MALONE.

¹ *Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse;*] *Sliver* is a common word in the North, where it means to *cut a piece* or a *slice*. Again, in *K. Lear*:

"She who herself will *sliver* and disbranch." STEEVENS.

² *Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;*] These ingredients in all probability owed their introduction to the detestation in which the Saracens were held, on account of the *holy wars*. STEEVENS.

³ *Add thereto a tyger's chaudron;*] *Chaudron*, i. e. *entrails*; a word formerly in common use in the books of cookery, in one of which, printed in 1597, I meet with a receipt to make a pudding of a calf's *chaldron*. See also Mr. Pegge's *Forme of Cury*, a roll of ancient English Cookery, &c. octavo, 1720, p. 66. STEEVENS.

I

And

And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Inchanting all that you put in.

[*Musick.*

S O N G ⁴.

*Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and grey;
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.*



2. *Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs ⁵,
Something wicked this way comes :—
Open, locks, whoever knocks.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight
hags ?
What is't you do ?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
(Howe'er you come to know it,) answer me :
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches ; though the yesty waves ⁶
Confound and swallow navigation up ;

4 Song.] Of this song only the first two words are found in the old copy of the play. The rest was supplied from Betterton's or Sir W. Davenant's alteration of it in the year 1674. The song was however in all probability a traditional one. The colours of spirits are often mentioned.

STEEVENS.

Reginald Scot in his *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584. enumerating the different kinds of spirits, particularly mentions *white, black, grey, and red* spirits. See also a passage quoted from Camden, ante, p. 119. n. 4. This song is likewise found in *Middleton's* play, entitled *The Witch*. The modern editions, without authority, read—*Blue* spirits and gr. c.

MATONE.

5 *By the pricking of my thumbs, &c.*] It is a very ancient superstition, that all sudden pains of the body, and other sensations which could not naturally be accounted for, were preages of somewhat that was shortly to happen. Hence Mr. Upton has explained a passage in the *Miles Gloriosus* of Plautus : *Ti neo quod rerum gesserim hic, ita deus justus prout.* STEEVENS.

6 — *yesty waves*] That is, *foaming or frothy waves.* JOHNSON.

Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down;
 Though castles topple⁷ on their warders' heads;
 Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope
 Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
 Of nature's germins⁸ tumble all together,
 Even till destruction ficken, answer me
 To what I ask you.

1. *Witch.* Speak.

2. *Witch.* Demand.

3. *Witch.* We'll answer.

1. *Witch.* Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our
 mouths,

Or from our masters'?

Macb. Call them, let me see them.

1. *Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
 Her nine farrow; grease, that's sweaten
 From the murderer's gibbet, throw
 Into the flame.

All. Come, high, or low;
 Thyself, and office, deftly show⁹.

Thunder. *An Apparition of an armed head rises¹.*

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,—

1. *Witch.* He knows thy thought;

Hear

⁷ *Though castles topple*—] *Topple* is used for *tumble*. So, in Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion*, Act IV. sc. iii:

"That I might pile up Charon's boat so full,

"Until it *topple* o'er." STEEVENS.

⁸ *Of nature's germins*—] This was substituted by Theobald for *nature's germaine*. JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Lear*, Act III. sc. ii:

"— all *germins* spill at once

"That make ungrateful man."

Germins are seeds which have begun to *germinate* or sprout. *Germen*, Lat. *Germe*, Fr. STEEVENS.

⁹ — *deftly shew*.] i. e. with adroitness, dexterously. So, in the second part of *K. Edward IV* by Heywood, 16:6: "— my mistress speaks *deftly* and truly." *Deft* is a North Country word. STEEVENS.

¹ *An apparition of an armed head rises*.] The armed head represents symbolically Macbeth's head, cut off and brought to Malcolm by Macduff. The bloody child is Macduff untimely ripped from his mother's womb. The child with a crown on his head, and a bough in his hand, is the royal Malcolm, who ordered his soldiers to hew them crown a bough, and bear it before them to Dunsinane. This observation I have adopted from Mr. Upton. STEEVENS.

Lord

Hear his speech, but say thou nought ².

App. Macbeth ! Macbeth ! Macbeth ! beware Macduff ;
Beware the thane of Fife ³.—Dismiss me :—Enough.

[*descends.*]

Macb. What-e'er thou art, for thy good caution,
thanks ;

Thou hast harp'd my fear aright ⁴ :—But one word more :—

1. Witch. He will not be commanded : Here's another,
More potent than the first.

Thunder. *An Apparition of a bloody child rises.*

App. Macbeth ! Macbeth !—Macbeth !—

Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute : laugh to scorn
The power of man ; for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth ⁵.

[*descends.*]

Macb. Then live, Macduff ; What need I fear of thee ?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate : thou shalt not live ;
That I may tell pale hearted fear, it lies,
And sleep in spight of thunder.—What is this,

Lord Howard, in his *Defensative against the Poison of supposed Prophecies*, 1583, mentions “ a notable example of a conjuror, who represented (as it were, in dumb show) all the persons who should possess the crown of France; and caused the king of Navarre, or rather a wicked spirit in his stead, to appear in the fifth place,” &c. FARMER.

² — *say thou nought.*] Silence was necessary during all incantations. So, in *Dr. Faustus*, 1604 :

“ Your'grace, demand no questions,—

“ But in dumb *silence* let them come and go.”

Again, in *the Tempest* :

“ — be mute, or else our spell is marr'd.” STEEVENS.

³ *Beware the thane of Fife.*] “ — He had learned of certaine wizzards, in whose words he put great confidence, how that he ought to take heede of Macduff.” &c. Holinshed. STEEVENS.

⁴ *Thou hast harp'd my fear aright.*] To *harp*, is to touch on a passion as a harper touches a string. So, in *Coriolanus*, Act II. sc. ult.

“ *Harp* on that still ” STEEVENS.

⁵ *Shall harm Macduff.*] So Holinshed:—“ And surely hereupon he had put Macduff to death, but that a certeine witch, whom he had in great trust, had told him, that he should never be slaine with man borne of anie woman, nor vanquished till the wood of Bernane came to the castell of Dunlinnae. This prophetic put all feare out of his heart ”

STEEVENS.

G 2

Thunder.

*Thunder. An Apparition of a child crowned, with a tree
in his hand, rises.*

That rises like the issue of a king;
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty?⁶

All. Listen, but speak not to't.

App. Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane-hill
shall come against him.⁷

[*descends.*]

Macb. That will never be:
Who can impress the forest⁸; bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root?—sweet bodements! good!
Rebellious head, rise never⁹, till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath

⁶ — the round

And top of sovereignty?] The round is that part of the crown that encircles the head. The top is the ornament that rises above it.

JOHNSON.

⁷ — — — — — until

Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane-hill

Shall come against him.] Prophecies of apparent impossibilities were common in Scotland; such as the removal of one place to another. Under this popular prophetick formulary the present prediction may be ranked. In the same strain peculiar to his country, says Sir David Lindsay:

“ Quhen the Bas and the Isle of May

“ Beis set upon the Mount Sinay,

“ Quhen the Lowmound belyde Falkland

“ Be hitit to Northumberland— ” WARTON.

⁸ *Who can impress the forest;*] i. e. who can command the forest to serve him like a soldier impress'd. JOHNSON.

⁹ *Rebellious head, rise never,*] The old copy has—*rebellious dead*.

MALONE.

We should read:—*Rebellious head*,—i. e. let rebellion never make head against me till a forest move, and I shall reign in safety.

THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald rightly observes, that *head* means *host*, or power.

“ That Douglas and the English rebels met;—

“ A mighty and a fearful head they are.” *K. Henry IV.* P. I.

Again, in *King Henry VIII.*:

“ My noble father, Henry of Buckingham.

“ Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard.” JOHNSON.

To

To time, and mortal custom.—Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing; Tell me, (if your art
Can tell so much,) shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfy'd: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! let me know:—
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?

[Hautboys.

1. *Witch.* Shew! 2. *Witch.* Shew! 3. *Witch.* Shew!

All. Shew his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart.

*Eight kings*¹ appear, and pass over the stage in order; the
last, with a glass in his hand: Banquo following.

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!
Thy crown does fear mine eye-balls²:—And thy air,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:—
A third is like the former³:—Filthy hags!
Why do you shew me this?—A fourth?—Start, eyes!

What!

¹ *Eight kings*—] “It is reported that Voltaire often laughs at the tragedy of *Macbeth*, for having a legion of ghosts in it. One should imagine he either had not learned English, or had forgot his Latin; for the spirits of Banquo's line are no more ghosts, than the representations of the Julian race in the *Æneid*; and there is no ghost but Banquo's throughout the play.” *Essay on the Genius and Writings of Shakspeare*, &c. by Mrs. Montague. STEEVENS.

² *Thy crown does fear mine eye-balls*:] The expression of Macbeth, that the crown fears his eye-balls, is taken from the method formerly practised of destroying the sight of captives or competitors, by holding a burning bason before the eye, which dried up its humidity. Whence the Italian, *abacinare, to blind*. JOHNSON.

³ In former editions:

— and thy hair,

Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:—

A third is like the former:] As Macbeth expected to see a train of kings, and was only enquiring from what race they would proceed, he could not be surpris'd that the hair of the second was bound with gold like that of the first; he was offended only that the second resembled the first, as the first resembled Banquo, and therefore said:

— and thy air,

Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.

This Dr. Warburton has followed. JOHNSON.

What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?—
 Another yet?—A seventh?—I'll see no more:—
 And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,
 Which shews me many more; and some I see,
 That twofold balls and treble scepters carry:
 Horrible sight!—Now, I see, 'tis true;
 For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
 And points at them for his.—What, is this so?

1. *Witch.*

In support of Dr. Johnson's emendation, it may be observed, that the common people (of which rank the person who recited these plays to the transcribers probably was,) almost universally pronounce the word *air*, as if it were written *hair*, and *vice versa*.—MALONE.

4 — *to the crack of doom* &c.] i. e. the dissolution of nature. *Crack* has now a mean signification. It was anciently employ'd in a more exalted sense. So, in the *Valiant Welchman*, 1015:

"And will as fearless entertain this sight,

"As a good conscience doth the cracks of Jove." STEEVENS.

5 *And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass.*] This method of juggling prophecy is again referred to in *Measure for Measure*, Act II. sc. vii:

"— and like a prophet,

"Looks in a glass, and shews me future evils."

So, in an *Extract from the Penal Laws against Witches*, it is said, that "they do answer either by voice, or else do let before their eyes in glasses, crystal stones, &c. the pictures or images of the persons or things sought for." Among the other knaveries with which Face taxes Subtle in the *Alchemist*, this seems to be one:

"And taking in of shadows with a glass."

Again, in *Humor's Ordinarie*, an ancient collection of satires, on date:

"Shew you the devil in a crystal glass."

Spenser has given a very circumstantial account of the *glass* which Merlin made for king Ryence, in the second canto of the third book of the *Faery Queen*. A mirror of the same kind was presented to Cambuscan in the *Squires Tale* of Chaucer. STEEVENS.

6 *That twofold balls and treble scepters carry.*] This was intended as a compliment to king James the first, who first united the two staves and the three kingdoms under one head; whose house too was said to be descended from Banquo. WARBURTON.

Of this last particular, our poet seems to have been thoroughly aware, having represented Banquo not only as an innocent, but as a noble character; whereas, according to history, he was confederate with Macbeth in the murder of Duncan. The flattery of Shakspeare, however, is not more gross than that of Ben Jonson, who has condescended to quote his majesty's book on *Demonology*, in the notes to the *Masque of Queens*, 1609. STEEVENS.

7 — *the blood-bolter'd Banquo*—] *Blood-bolter'd* means one whose blood hath issued out at many wounds, as flour of corn passes through the holes of a sieve. Shakspeare used it to insinuate the barbarity of Banquo's murderers, who covered him with wounds. WARBURTON.

The

1. *Witch.* Ay, fir, all this is so;—But why
 Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?—
 Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprights,
 And shew the best of our delights;
 I'll charm the air to give a sound,
 While you perform your antique round:
 That this great king may kindly say,
 Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Musick. The Witches dance, and vanish.*]

Macb. Where are they? Gone?—Let this pernicious
 hour
 Stand aye accursed in the calendar⁸!—
 Come in, without there!

Enter LENOX.

Len. What's your grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?

The same idea occurs in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592:

"Then stab him, till his flesh be as a sieve."

Again, in the *Life and Death of the Lord Cromwell*, 1602:

"I'll have my body first bored like a sieve." STEEVENS.

The epithet *blood-bolter'd* has been entirely misunderstood. It is a provincial term, well known in Warwickshire, and probably in some other counties. When a horse, sheep, or other animal, perspires much, and any of the hair or wool, in consequence of such perspiration, or any redundant humour, becomes matted in tufts with grime and sweat, he is said to be bolter'd: and whenever the blood issues out, and coagulates, forming the locks into hard clotted bunches, the beast is said to be *blood-bolter'd*. This precisely agrees with the account already given of the murder of Banquo, who was killed by a wound in the head, and thrown into a ditch; with the flth of which, and the blood issuing from his wounds, his hair would necessarily be hardened and coagulated. He ought, therefore, to be represented both here and at the banquet, with his hair clotted with blood. The murderer, when he informs Macbeth of his having executed his commission, says,

"——— lie in a ditch he bides,

"With twenty trenched gathes on his head,

"The least a death to nature."

and Macbeth himself exclaims,

"Thou canst not say, I did it; never shake

"Thy gory locks at me." MALONE.

⁸ *Stand aye accursed in the calendar!*] In the ancient almanacks the unlucky days were distinguished by a mark of reprobation. See, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1635:

"—— henceforth let it stand

"Within the wizard's book, the kalender,

"Mark'd with a marginal finger, to be chosen,

"By thieves, by villains, and black murderers." STEEVENS.

Len.

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you ?

Len. No, indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infested be the air whereon they ride ;
And damn'd, all those that trust them !—I did hear
The galloping of horse : Who was't came by ?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word,
Macduff is fled to England,

Macb. Fled to England ?

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits :
The flighty purpose never is o'er-thought,
Unless the deed go with it : From this moment,
'The very firstlings' of my heart shall be
'The firstlings of my hand. And even now
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done :
'The castle of Macduff I will surprise ;
Seize upon Fife ; give to the edge o'the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
'That trace him in his line'.—No boasting like a fool ;
'This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool :
But no more fights !—Where are these gentlemen ?
Come, bring me where they are.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Fife. A Room in Macduff's Castle.

Enter Lady MACDUFF, her son, and ROSSE.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the land ?

Rosse. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macd. He had none :

His flight was madness : When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

9 Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits :] To anticipate is here to prevent, by taking away the opportunity. JOHNSON.

1 The very firstlings—] *Firstlings* in its primitive sense is the first produce or offspring. So, in Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613 : "The *firstlings* of their vowed sacrifice." Here it means the thing first thought or done. Shakspeare uses the word again in the prologue to *Troilus and Cressida* :

"Leaps o'er the vantage and *firstlings* of these broils." STEEVENS.

2 That trace him, &c.] i. e. follow, succeed him. STEEVENS.

Rosse.

Rosse. You know not,
Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;
He wants the natural touch³: for the poor wren⁴,
The most diminutive of-birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love;
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Rosse. My dearest coz',
I pray you, school yourself: But, for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' the season⁵. I dare not speak much further:
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know ourselves⁶; when we hold rumour
From what we fear⁷, yet know not what we fear;

G 5

But

³ — *natural touch*:] Natural sensibility. He is not touched with natural affection. JOHNSON.

So, in an ancient MS. play, entitled *The Second Maiden's Tragedy*:

" — How she's beguil'd in him!

" There's no such *natural touch*, search all his bosom."

STEEVENS.

⁴ *the poor wren*, &c.] The same thought occurs in the third part of *King Henry VI*:

" — doves will peck, in safety of their brood.

" Who hath not seen them (even with those wings

" Which sometimes they have us'd in fearful flight)

" Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest.

" Offending their own lives in their young's defence?" STEEV.

⁵ *The fits of the season*.] *The fits of the season* should appear to be, from the following passage in *Coriolanus*, the *violent disorders* of the season, its *convulsions*:

" — but that

" The *violent fit o'th'* times craves it as physick." STEEVENS.

Perhaps the meaning is,—what is most *fitting* to be done in every conjuncture. ANONYMOUS.

⁶ — *when we are traitors*,

And do not know ourselves;] i. e. when we are considered by the state as traitors, while at the same time we are *unconscious* of guilt: when we appear to others so different from what we really are; that we seem not to *know ourselves*." MALONE.

⁷ — *when we hold rumour*

From what we fear.] *To hold rumour* signifies to be governed by the authority of rumour. WARBURTON.

I rather

But float upon a wild and violent sea,
 Each way, and move.—I take my leave of you :
 Shall not be long but I'll be here again :
 Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
 To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,
 Blessing upon you !

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Rosse. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
 It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort :
 I take my leave at once. [Exit Rosse,

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead ;
 And what will you do now ? How will you live ?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies ?

Son. With what I get, I mean ; and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird ! thou'dst never fear the net, nor
 lime ;

The pit-fall, nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother ? Poor birds they are not
 set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead ; how wilt thou do for a
 father ?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband ?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

I rather think to *held* means in this place, to *believe* ; as we say, *I hold such a thing to be true*, i. e. *I take it, I believe it to be so*. Thus, in *K. Henry VIII* :

“ — Did you not of late days hear, &c.

“ *1. Gen.* Yes, but *held* it not.”

The sense of the whole passage will then be : *The times are cruel when our fears induce us to believe, or take for granted, what we hear rumour'd or reported abroad ; and yet at the same time, as we live under a tyrannical government where will is substituted for law, we know not what we have to fear, because we know not when we offend. O : When we are led by our fears to believe every rumour of danger we hear, yet are not conscious to ourselves of any crime for which we should be disturbed with those fears.* A passage like this occurs in *K. John* :

“ Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams,

“ *Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear.*”

This is the best I can make of the passage. STEESENS.

* *Sirrah*, your father's dead ;] *Sirrah* in our author's time was not a term of reproach, but generally used by masters to servants, parents to children, &c. So before, in this play, Macbeth says to his servant :

“ *Sirrah*, a word with you : Attend these men our pleasure ?”

MALONE.

L. Macd.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and yet
i'faith,

With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors, that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so, is a traitor, and must
be hang'd.

Son. And must they all be hang'd, that swear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools: for there are
liars and swearers enough to beat the honest men, and hang
up them.

L. Macd. Now God help thee, poor monkey! But how
wilt thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would
nor, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new
father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler! how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect 9,
I doubt, some danger does approach you nearly:
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.
To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;
To do worse to you, were fell cruelty 1,

Which

9 — in your state of honour I am perfect] i. e. I am perfectly ac-
quainted with your rank of honour. So, in the old book that treateth
of the *Life of Virgil*, Sec. bl. l. no date: "— which when Virgil saw,
he looked in his booke of negromancy, wherein he was *perfit*." STEEV.

1 To do worse to you were fell cruelty.] To do worse is, to let her
and her children be destroyed without warning. JOHNSON.

Mr. Edwards explains these words differently. "*To do worse to you*
(says he) signifies,—to fright you more, by relating all the circumstances
of your danger; which would detain you so long that you could not
avoid it." The meaning, however, may be, *To do worse to you*, not to
disclose

Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!
I dare abide no longer. [Exit Messenger.]

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?
I have done no harm. But I remember now
I am in this earthly world: where, to do harm,
Is often laudable; to do good, sometime,
Accounted dangerous folly: Why then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say, I have done no harm?—What are these faces?

Enter certain Murderers.

Mur. Where is your husband?
L. Macd. I hope, in no place so un sanctified,
Where such as thou may'st find him.
Mur. He's a traitor.
Son. Thou ly'st, thou shag-ear'd villain?
Mur. What, you egg? [Stabbing him.]
Young fry of treachery?
Son. He has kill'd me, mother:
Run away, I pray you. [Dies. Exit L. Macduff, crying
murder, and pursued by the murderers.]

disclose to you the perilous situation you are in, from a foolish apprehension of a arming you, would be fell cruelty. Or the messenger may only mean, to do more than *alarm* you by this disagreeable intelligence,—to do you any actual and bodily harm, were fell cruelty. MALONE.

2 — *shag-ear'd villain.*] Perhaps we should read *shag-hair'd*, for it is an abusive epithet very often used in our ancient plays. So, in *Decker's Honest Whore*, P. II. 1630: “— a *shag-haired* cur.” Again, in our author's *K. Henry VI.* P. II: “— like a *shag-hair'd* crafty kern.” Again, in the spurious play of *K. Lear*, 1605:

“There she had set a *shag-kayr'd* murdering wretch.” STEEV.
This emendation appears to me extremely probable. In *K. John*, Act V. we find “*unbear'd* sauciness,” for “*unhair'd* sauciness:” and we have had in this play *hair* instead of *air*. These two words, and the word *ear*, were all, I believe, in the time of our author, pronounced alike. See a note on *VENUS AND ADONIS*, a poem written by our author.

Hair was formerly written *beare*. Hence perhaps the mistake. So, in Ives's *SELECT PAPERS*, chiefly relating to *English Antiquities*, N^o 3, p. 133: “— and in her *beare* a circlet of gold richely garnished.” However, as *shag ear'd* is used as an epithet of contempt in the *Taming of the Shrew*, the old copy may be right.

In Lodge's *Incarnate Devils of the Age*, 4to. 1596, we find in p. 37, “*shag-beard* slave, which still more strongly supports Mr. Steevens's emendation. MALONE.

SCENE

S C E N E III.

England. *A Room in the King's Palace.*

Enter MALCOLM, and MACDUFF 3.

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd.

3 *Enter Malcolm and Macduff*] The part of Holinshed's *Chronicle*, which relates to this play, is no more than an abridgement of John Belenden's translation of the *Noble Clerk, Hector Boece*, imprinted at Edinburgh, 1541. For the satisfaction of the reader, I have inserted the words of the first mentioned historian, from whom this scene is almost literally taken: "Though Malcolme was verie sorrowfull for the oppression of his countrymen the Scots, in manner as Makduffe had declared, yet doubting whether he was come as one that ment unfeinedlie as he spake, or else as sent from Makbeth to betraie him, he thought to have some further triall, and thereupon dissembling his mind at the first, he answered as followeth:

"I am trulie verie sorie for the miserie chanced to my countrie of Scotland; but though I have never so great affection to relieve the same, yet by reason of certaine incurable vices, which reigne in me, I am nothing meet thereto. First, such immoderate lust and voluptuous sensualitie (the abominable fountaine of all vices) followeth me, that if I were made king of Scots, I should seek to defloure your maids and matrones, in such wise that mine intemperancie should be more importable unto you than the bloudie tyrannie of Makbeth now is. Hereunto Makduffe answered: This Yurelie is a verie euil fault, for manie noble princes and kings have lost both lives and kingdomes for the same, nevertheless there are women enow in Scotland, and therefore follow my counsell. Make thy selfe king, and I shall conveie the matter so wiselie, that thou shalt be so satisfied at thy pleasure in such secret wise, that no man shall be aware thereof.

"Then said Malcolme, I am also the most avaritious creature in the earth, so that if I were king, I should seeke to manie waies to get lands and goods, that I would seele the most part of all the nobles of Scotland by furnished accusations, to the end I might enjoy their lands, goods and possessions; and therefore to shew you what mischief may insue on you through mine unsatiable covetousnes, I will rehearse unto you a fable. There was a fox having a sore place on his overfet with a swarme of flies, that continuallie sucked out his blood: and when one that came by and saw this manner, demanded whether he would have the flies driven beside him, he answered no; for if the flies that are already full, and by reason thereof sucke not verie eagerlie, should be chased away, other that are emptie and sellie an hungred, should live in their

Macd. Let us rather

Hold fast the mortal sword; and, like good men,
Beside our down-fall'n birthdom: Each new morn,
New widows howl; new orphans cry; new sorrows

Strike

their places, and sucke out the residue of my blood farre more to my greivance than these, which now being satisfied doo not much annoie me. Therefore, saith Malcolme, suffer me to remaine where I am, lest if I atteine to the regiment of your realme, mine unquenchable avarice may proove such, that ye would thinke the displeasures which now grieve you, should seeme easie in respect of the unmeasurable outrage which might insue through my comming amongst you.

"Makduffe to this made answer, how it was a far worse fault than the other: for avarice is the root of all mischief, and for that crime the most part of our kings have been slaine, and brought to their small end. Yet notwithstanding follow my counsell, and take upon thee the crowne. There is gold and riches enough in Scotland to satisfie thy greedie desire. Then said Malcolme again, I am furthermore inclined to dissimulation, telling of leasings, and all other kinds of deceit, so that I naturallie repose in nothing so much, as to betraye and deceive such as put anie trust or confidence in my words. Then sith there is nothing that more becommeth a prince than constancie, veritie, truth, and justice, with the other laudable fellowship of those faire and noble virtues which are comprehended onelie in soothfastnesse, and that lieng utterlie overthroweth the same, you see how unable I am to governe anie province or region: and therefore sith you have remedies to cloke and hide all the rest of my other vices, I praye you find shift to cloke this vice amongst the residue.

"Then said Makduffe: This yet is the worst of all, and there I leave thee, and therefore saie; Oh ye unhappie and miserable Scottishmen, which are thus scourged with so manie and sundrie calamities ech one above other! Ye have one cursed and wicked tyrant that now reigneth over you, without anie right or title, oppressing you with his most bloodie crueltie. This other that hath the right to the crowne, is so replet with the inconstant behaviour and manifest vices of Englishmen, that he is nothing worthe to enjoy it: for by his owne confession he is not onelie avaritious and given to unsatiabie lust, but so false a traitor withall, that no trust is to be had unto anie word he speaketh. Adieu Scotland, for now I account my selfe a banished man for ever, without comfort or consolation: and with those words the brackish tears trickled downe his cheekes verie abundantly.

"At the last, when he was readie to depart, Malcolme tooke him by the sleeve, and said: Be of good comfort, Makduffe, for I have none of these vices before remembred, but have jested with thee in this manner, onlie to prove thy mind: for divers times heretofore Makbeth sought by this manner of means to bring me into his hands," &c. *Holished's History of Scotland*, p. 175. STEEVENS

[*Beside our down-fall'n birthdom:*] The old copy has—*downfall*. Corrected by Dr Johnson. MALONE.

The allusion is to a man from whom something valuable is about to be taken by violence, and who, that he may defend it without incumbrance, lays it on the ground, and stands over it with his weapon in his hand.

Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like syllable of dolour.

Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and, what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend^s, I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well;
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young; but some-
thing

You may deserve of him through me⁸: and wisdom^{*}
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,
To appease an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil,
In an imperial charge⁷. But I shall crave your pardon;
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose:
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace⁸,
Yet grace must still look so.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance, even there, where I did find my doubts.

hand. Our birthdom, or birthright, says he, lies on the ground; let us, like men who are to fight for what is dearest to them, not abandon it, but stand over it and defend it. This is a strong picture of obstinate resolution. So Falstaff says to Hal: "— if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride me, so."

Birshdom for birthright is formed by the same analogy with *masterdom* in this play, signifying the *privileges* or *rights* of a *master*. JOHNSON.

In the second part of *R. Henry IV.* Morton says,

"— he doth bestride a bleeding land." STEEVENS.

⁵ — to friend,] i. 2 to befriend. STEEVENS.

⁶ You may deserve of him through me:] The old copy reads—*discerne*. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald, who supports it by Macduff's answer—"I am not treacherous." MALONE.

^{*} — and wisdom—] That is, and 'tis wisdom. HEATH.

⁷ A good and virtuous nature may recoil

In an imperial charge.] A good mind may recede from goodness in the execution of a royal commission. JOHNSON.

⁸ Though all things foul &c.] This is not very clear. The meaning perhaps is this:—My suspicions cannot injure you, if you be virtuous, by supposing that a traitor may put on your virtuous appearance. I do not say that your virtuous appearance proves you a traitor; for virtue must wear its proper form, though that form be counterfeited by villany.

JOHNSON.

Why

Why in that rawness⁹ left you wife, and child,
 (Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,)
 Without leave-taking?—I pray you,
 Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
 But mine own safeties:—You may be rightly just,
 Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
 Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
 For goodness dares not check thee: ! wear thou thy
 wrongs²,
 Thy title is affear'd³ !—Fare thee well, lord:
 I would not be the villain that thou think'st,
 For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
 And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:
 I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
 I think, our country sinks beneath the yoke;
 It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
 Is added to her wounds: I think, withal,
 There would be hands uplifted in my right;
 And here, from gracious England, have I offer
 Of goodly thousands: But, for all this,

⁹ *Why in that rawness*—] Without previous provision, without due preparation, without maturity of counsel. JOHNSON.

I meet with this expression in Lilly's *Euphues*, 1580, and in the quarto 1608, of *K. Henry V.*:

"Some their wives *rawly* left." STEEVENS.

¹ *For goodness dares not check thee!*] The old copy reads—*dare*. Corrected in the third folio. MALONE.

² —*wear thou thy wrongs.*] That is, *Poor country, wear thou thy wrongs*. JOHNSON.

³ *Thy title is affear'd*!] *Affear'd*, a law term for confirm'd. POPE.

The old copy reads—*The title*. The modern editors—*his title*. For the emendation now made the present editor is answerable. *The was*, I conceive, the transcriber's mistake, from the similar sounds of *the* and *thy*, which are frequently pronounced alike.

Perhaps the meaning is, *Poor country, wear thou thy wrongs! Thy title to them is now fully established by law*. Or perhaps he addresses Malcolm. Continue to end so tamely the wrongs you suffer: thy just title to the throne is *cow'd*, has not spirit to establish itself. MALONE.

Throughout the ancient editions of Shakspeare the word *afraid* is written as it was formerly pronounced, *afear'd*. The old copy reads—*The title &c.* i. e. the regal title is afraid to assert itself. STEEVENS.

If we read, *The title is affear'd*, the meaning may be:—*Poor country, wear thou thy wrongs, the title to them is legally settled by those who had the final judication of it. Affeerers* had the power of confirming or moderating fines and amerciaments. TOLLET.

When

When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before ;
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be ?

Mal. It is myself I mean : in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That, when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow ; and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd,
In evils, to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious*, smacking of every sin
That has a name : But there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness : your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust ; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'er bear,
That did oppose my will : Better Macbeth,
Than such a one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny : it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours : you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hood-wink.
We have willing dames enough ; there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.

Mal. With this, there grows,
In my most ill-compos'd affection, such
A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands ;
Desire his jewels, and this other's house :
And my more-having would be as a sauce

* Sudden, *malicious*,] *Sudden* is, violent, passionate, hasty. JOHNSON.

To make me hunger mote; that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good, and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth..

Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-seeming lust: and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings: Yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foysons⁶ to fill up your will,
Of your mere own: All these are 'portable⁷,
With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none: The king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them; but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth⁸.

Macd.

⁵ *Than summer seeming lust:* Summer-seeming lust, is, I suppose, lust that seems as hot as summer. STEEVENS.

Read—summer-feeding. The allusion is to plants; and the sense is, "Avarice is a perennial weed; it has a deeper and more pernicious root than lust, which is a mere annual, and lasts but for a summer, when it sheds its seed and decays." BLACKSTONE.

Summer-seeming is, I believe, the true reading. In Donne's poems, we meet with "winter-seeming." MALONE.

⁶ — *foysons*—] Plenty. POPE.

It means *provisions* in plenty. The word was antiquated in the time of Cartwright, [1643,] and is by him put into the mouth of an antiquary. *Foison* is pure French. STEEVENS.

⁷ *All these are 'portable,*] *Portable* is, perhaps, here used for *supportable*. All these vices, being balanced by your virtues, may be endured. MALONE.

⁸ — *Nay, had I power, I should*

Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,

Uproar the universal peace, confound

All unity on earth.] Malcolm, I think, means to say, that if he had ability, he would change the general state of things, and introduce into hell, and earth, perpetual vexation, uproar, and confusion. Hell, in its natural state, being always represented as full of discord and mutual enmity, in which its inhabitants may be supposed to take the greatest delight, he proposes as the severest stroke on them, to pour the *sweet milk of concord* among them, so as to render them peaceable and quiet, a state the most adverse to their natural disposition; while on the other hand he would throw the peaceable inhabitants of earth into uproar and confusion.

Perhaps,

Macd. O Scotland! Scotland!

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern!

No, not to live.—O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accurs'd,
And does blasphemie his breed?—Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king; the queen, that bore thee,
Oftner upon her knees than on her feet,
Dy'd every day she liv'd⁹. Fare thee well!
These evils, thou repeat'st upon thyself,
Have banish'd me from Scotland.—O, my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous haste¹: But God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and

Perhaps, however, this may be thought too strained an interpretation. Mal'colm, indeed, may only mean, that he will pour *all that milk of human kindness*, which is so beneficial to mankind, into the abyss, so as to leave the earth without any portion of it; and that by thus depriving mankind of those humane affections which are so necessary to their mutual happiness, he will throw the whole world into confusion. I believe, however, the former interpretation to be the true one.

In King James's first speech to his parliament, in March 1603-4, he says, that he had "suck'd the milk of God's truth with the milk of his nurse." MALONE.

The following passage in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, which exhibits the reverse of this image, may be urged in favour of my first interpretation:

"If he, compact of jars, grow musical,

"We shall have shortly *discord in the spheres*," MALONE.

9 *Dy'd ev'ry day she liv'd.*] The expression is borrowed from the sacred writings: "I protest, by your rejoicing which I have in Christ Jesus, I die daily." MALONE.

To die unto sin, and to live unto righteousness, are phrases used in our liturgy. STEVENS.

1 *From over-credulous haste.*] From over-hasty credulity. MALONE.
Unspeak

Unspeake mine own detraction ; here abjure
 The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
 For strangers to my nature. I am yet
 Unknown to woman ; never was forsworn ;
 Scarcely have coveted what was mine own ;
 At no time broke my faith ; would not betray
 The devil to his fellow ; and delight
 No less in truth, than life : my first false speaking
 Was this upon myself : What I am truly,
 Is thine, and my poor country's, to command :
 Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach ²,
 Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
 All ready at a point ³, was setting forth :
 Now we'll together ; And the chance, of goodness,
 Be like our warranted quarrel ⁴ ! Why are you silent ?
Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once,
 'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well ; more anon.—Comes the king forth, I pray
 you ?

Doct. Ay, sir : there are a crew of wretched souls,
 That stay his cure : their malady convinces ⁵
 The great assay of art ; but, at his touch,

² — thy *here-approach*,] The old copy has—*they* here. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

³ — *ten thousand warlike men*,

All ready at a point,] So, in Spenser's *Faery Queene*, B. I. C. 2 :

“ A faithlesse Sarazin all arm'd to point.” MALONE.

⁴ — *And the chance, of goodness*,

Be like our warranted quarrel !] That is, may the event be, of the goodness of heaven, [*pro justitia divina*,] answerable to the cause.

The author of the *Revisal* conceives the sense of the passage to be rather this : *And may the success of that goodness, which is about to exert itself in my behalf, be such as may be equal to the justice of my quarrel.*

But I am inclined to believe that Shak'peare wrote :

— *and the chance, O, goodness*,

Be like our warranted quarrel !—

This some of his transcribers wrote with a small *o*, which another imagined to mean *of*. If we adopt this reading, the sense will be : *And, O thou sovereign Goodness, to whom we now appeal, may our fortune answer to our cause.* JOHNSON.

⁵ — *convinces*] i. e. overpowers, subdues. STEEVENS.

Such

Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, doctor.

[*Exit Doctor.*]

Macd. What's the disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the evil :

A most miraculous work in this good king ;
Which often, since my here-remain in England,
I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven,
Himself best knows : but strangely-visited people,
All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures * ;
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers : and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction ⁶. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy ;
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
'That speak him full of grace.

Enter

* — *he cures :*] It hath been said, that "the miraculous gift of curing the evil was left to be claimed by the Stuarts : our ancient Plantagenets were humbly content to cure the *cramp*." But this is a mistake. Laneham in his *Account of the Entertainment at Kenilworth Castle*, in 1575, says that Queen Elizabeth, while she was there, cured nine persons "of the peynful and dangerous disease called the *Kings Evil*, for that kings and queens of this realm without oother medfin, save only by handling and prayer, only doo it." So also, (as Mr. Reed has observed) Andrew Borde, who wrote in the time of Henry VIII. says, in his *Introduction to Knowledge*, 1542, "the kynges of England, by the power that God hath given them, doth make sick men whole of a lycenes called the *Kynge's Evill*." MALONE.

⁵ — *a golden stamp &c*] This was the coin called an *angel*. So, Shakspeare, in the *Merchant of Venice* :

"A coin that bears the figure of an *angel*

"*Stamped in gold*, but that's inculp'd upon."

The value of the coin was ten shillings. STEEVENS.

⁶ — *and 'tis spoken,*

To the succeeding royalty he leaves

The healing benediction.] Dr. Warburton here invents an objection, in order to solve it "The Confessor (says he) was the *first* who pretended to this gift : how then could it be at that time generally spoken of, that the gift was *hereditary* ? This he [Shakspeare] has solved, by telling us that Edward had the gift of prophecy along with it."—But Shakspeare does not say, that it was hereditary in Edward, or, in other words, that he had inherited this extraordinary power from his *ancestors* ; but that "it was generally *spoken*, that he *leaves* the healing benediction to *succeeding kings* : " and such a rumour there might be in the time of Edward the Confessor, (supposing he had such a gift,) without his having the gift of prophecy along with it.

Shakspeare

Enter ROSS.

Macd. See, who comes here ?

Mal. My countryman ⁶ ; but yet I know him not.

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now : Good God, betimes remove
The means that make us strangers !

Rosse. Sir, Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did ?

Rosse. Alas, poor country ;
Almost afraid to know itself ! It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave : where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile ;
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rent the air ⁷,
Are made, not mark'd ; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy ⁸ ; the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd, for who : and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying, or ere they sicken.

Macd. O, relation,
Too nice, and yet too true !

Mal. What is the newest grief ?

Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker ;
Each minute teems a new one.

Shakspeare has merely transcribed what he found in Holinshed, without the conceit which Dr. Warburton has imputed to him : " As hath beene thought, he was inspired with the gift of prophesie, and also to have had the gift of healing infirmities and diseases. He used to helpe those that were vexed with the disea'e commonlie called the King's evil, and left that virtue as it were a portion of inheritance unto his successors, the kings of this realme." Holinshed, Vol. I. p. 195. MALONE

⁶ *My countryman* ;] Malcolm discovers Rosse to be his countryman, while he is yet at some distance from him, by his dress. This circumstance loses its propriety on our stage, as all the characters are uniformly represented in English habits. STEEVENS.

⁷ — *that rent the air,*] i. e. that rend. So, in *The Legend of Orpheus and Eurydice*, 1597 :

" While with his fingers he his haire doth rent." MALONE.

To *rent* is an ancient verb which has been long ago disused. STEEV.

⁸ *A modern ecstasy* ;] *Modern* is *foolish* or *trifling*. JOHNSON.

Modern is generally used by Shakspeare to signify *trite*, *common* ; as " *modern instances*," in *As you like it*, &c. &c. STEEVENS.

Ecstasy, is used by Shakspeare for a temporary alienation of mind.

MALONE.

Macd.

Macd. How does my wife?

Rosse. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children?

Rosse. Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

Rosse. No; they were well at peace, when I did leave them.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech; How goes it?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses⁹.

Mal. Be it their comfort,
We are coming thither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men;
An older, and a better soldier, none
That Christendom gives out.

Rosse. 'Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words,
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them¹.

Macd. What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a *fee-grief*²,
Due to some single breast?

Rosse. No mind, that's honest,
But in it shares some woe; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

⁹ *To doff* &c.] *To doff* is to *do off*, to *put off*. STEEVENS.

¹ — *should not latch them*.] *To latch* any thing, is to lay hold of it.
So, in the prologue to Gower *De Confectione Amantis*, 1554:

"Hereof for that thei wolden *lache*

"With such duresse, &c."

To latch, (in the North country dialect) signifies the same as to *catch*.
STEEVENS.

² — *fee-grief*.] A peculiar sorrow; a grief that hath a single owner.
The expression is, at least to our ears, very harsh. JOHNSON.

So, in our author's *Lover's Complaint*:

"My woe!ul self that did in freedom stand,

"And was my own *fee-simple*." MALONE.

Rosse.

Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound,
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Humph! I guess at it.

Rosse. Your castle is surpriz'd; your wife, and babes,
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer³,
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heaven!—

What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows⁴;
Give sorrow words: the grief, that does not speak⁵,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My children too?

Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence!
My wife kill'd too?

Rosse. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted:
Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children⁶.—All my pretty ones?

Did

³ *Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer.*] *Quarry* is a term used both in *hunting* and *falconry*. In both sports it means either the game that is pursued, or the game after it is killed. STEEVENS.

⁴ — *ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;*] The same thought occurs in the ancient ballad of *Northumberland betrayed* by Douglas:

"He pulled his batt over his browe,

"And in his heart he was full woe," &c.

Again:

"Jamey his batt pull'd over his brow," &c. STEEVENS.

⁵ — *the grief that does not speak,*]

"*Curae leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent.*" STEEVENS.

So, in *Venus and Adonis*:

"— the heart hath treble wrong,

"When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue." MALONE.

⁶ *He has no children.*] It has been observed by an anonymous critic, that this is not said of Macbeth, who had children, but of Malcolm, who having none, supposes a father can be so easily comforted.

JOHNSON.

He has no children.] The meaning of this may be, either that Macduff could not by retaliation revenge the murder of his children, because Macbeth had none himself; or that if he had any, a father's feelings for a father, would have prevented him from the deed. I know not from what passage we are to infer that Macbeth had children alive. The Chronicle does not, as I remember, mention any. The same thought occurs again in *K. John*:

"He talks to me, that never had a son."

Again,

Did you say, all?—O, hell kite!—All?
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop?⁶

Mal. Dispute it like a man⁷.

Macd. I shall do so;

But I must also feel it as a man;

I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.—Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls: Heaven rest them now!

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue!—But, gentle heaven,
Cut short all intermission⁸; front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself;

Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III:

“You have *no children*: butchers, if you had,

“The thought of them would have stir’d up remorse.”

STEEVENS.

Surely the latter of the two interpretations offered by Mr. Steevens is the true one, supposing the words to relate to Macbeth.

The passage, however, quoted from *King John*, seems in favour of the supposition that these words relate to Malcolm.

That Macbeth had children at some period, appears from what Lady Macbeth says in the first act: “I have given suck,” &c. MALONE.

I am still more strongly confirmed in thinking these words refer to Malcolm, and not to Macbeth, because Macbeth *had* a son then alive, named Lulach, who after his father’s death was proclaimed king by some of his friends, and slain at Strathbolgie, about four months after the battle of Dunsinane. See Fordun, *Senti-Chron.* l. 5. c. 8.

Whether Shakspeare was apprized of this circumstance, cannot be now ascertained; but we cannot prove that he was unacquainted with it.

MALONE.

⁶ *At one fell swoop?*] *Swoop* is the descent of a bird of prey on his quarry. It is frequently, however, used by Drayton in his *Polybion*, to express the swift descent of rivers. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Dispute it like a man*] i. e. contend with your present sorrow like a man. So, in *Twelfth Night*, Act IV. sc. iii:

“For though my soul *disputes* well with my sense,” &c.

STEEVENS.

⁸ *Cut short all intermission*;] i. e. all pause, all intervening time. So, in *King Lear*:

“Delivered letters, spight of *intermission*.” STEEVENS.

Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven, forgive him too⁹!

Mal. This tune¹ goes manly.

Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave: Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments². Receive what cheer you may;
'The night is long, that never finds the day. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Dunfinane. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter a Doctor of physick, and a waiting Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watch'd with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walk'd?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching.—In this

9 — if he 'scape,

Heaven, forgive him too!] The meaning, I believe, is, if heaven be so unjust as to let him escape my vengeance, I am content that it should proceed still further in its injustice, and to impunity in this world add forgiveness hereafter. MALONE.

1 *[This tune—]* The folio reads: *This time.* Tune is Rowe's emendation. STEVENS.

The emendation is supported by a former passage in this play, where the word is used in a similar manner:

"*Macb.* Went it not so?"

"*Banq.* To the self-same tune and words." MALONE.

2 Put on *their instruments.*] i. e. encourage, thrust forward us their instruments against the tyrant. STEVENS.

flumby

slumbry agitation, besides her walking, and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may, to me: and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady MACBETH, with a taper.

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense are shut³.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustom'd action with her, to seem thus washing her hands; I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark, she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One; Two⁴; Why, then 'tis time to do't:—Hell is murky⁵!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet

H 2

who

³ *Ay, but their sense are shut*] So the old copy, and so the author certainly wrote, though it sounds very harshly to our ears. So again, in his 112th Sonnet:

“In so profound abyss I throw all care

“Of others' voices, that my adder's *sense*

“To critick and to flatterer stopped are.” MALONE.

⁴ *One; Two;*] Macbeth does not, previously to the murder, mention the hour at which Lady Macbeth is to strike upon the bell, which was to be the signal for his going into Duncan's chamber to execute his wicked purpose; but it seems that Lady Macbeth is now thinking of the moment when she rang the bell; and that two o'clock was the hour when the deed was perpetrated. This agrees with the scene that immediately precedes the murder, but not with that which follows it. See p. 75, n. 2. MALONE.

⁵ — *Hell is murky!*—] Lady Macbeth is acting over, in a dream, the business of the murder of Duncan, and encouraging her husband as

when

who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him⁶?

Doñ. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife; Where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o'that, my lord, no more o'that: you mar all with this starting.

Doñ. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doñ. What a sigh is there? The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doñ. Well, well, well,—

Gent. Pray God, it be, sir.

Doñ. This disease is beyond my practice: Yet I have known those which have walk'd in their sleep, who have died hourly in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look not so pale:—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out of his grave.

Doñ. Even so?

when awake. She therefore, would not have even hinted the terrors of hell to one whose conscience she saw was too much alarmed already for her purpose. She certainly imagines herself here talking to Macbeth, who (she supposes) has just said, *Hell is murky*, (i. e. hell is a dismal place to go to in consequence of such a deed) and repeats his words in contempt of his cowardice.

Hell is murky!—*Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afraid?* This explanation, I think, gives a spirit to the passage, which has hitherto appeared languid, being perhaps misapprehended by those who placed a full point at the conclusion of it. STEEVENS.

Murky is dark. So *Holmsby*: “— the battle lasted, till that murky night parted them in sunder.” MALONE.

⁶ — *who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?* Statius, in a passage already quoted, speaking of the sword by which an old man was slain, calls it *egenum sanguinis ens*; and Ovid, (*Mét.* l. 7.) describing a wound inflicted on a superannuated ram, has the same circumstance:

— guttura cultro

Fodit, et exiguo maculavit sanguine ferrum. STEEVENS.

Lady M.

Lady M. To bed, to bed ; there's knocking at the gate ⁷.
Come, come, come, come, give me your hand ; What's
done, cannot be undone : To bed, to bed, to bed.

[*Exit Lady Macbeth.*]

Doct. Will she go now to bed ?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whifflings are abroad : Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles : Infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine, than the physician.—
God, God, forgive us all ! Look after her ;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her :—So, good-night :
My mind she has mated ⁸, and amaz'd my sight :
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor.

[*Exeunt.*]

⁷ *To bed, to bed ; there's knocking at the gate.*] *Lady Macbeth* in her sleep is talking of *Duncan's* murder, and recalls to her mind the circumstance of the knocking at the gate just after it. A. C.

⁸ *My mind she has mated,*] Astonished, confounded. JOHNSON.

The expression is taken from *chess-playing* :

" ——— woman,

" Worse than *Medusa* mated all our minds."

Orlando Furioso, by R. Greene, 1559.

" Not mad, but mated." *Comedy of Errors*. STEVENS.

Our author, as well as his contemporaries, seems to have used the word as explained by Dr. Johnson. Mr. Pope supposes *mated* to mean here *conquered* or *subdued* ; but that clearly is not the sense affixed to it by Shakspeare ; though the etymology, supposing the expression to be taken from *chess-playing*, might favour such an interpretation. "*Cum sublati gregarius agitur regis de vita et sanguine, sic cum nulla est elabendi via, nullum subterfugium, qui vivit, MATRE, inquit, quasi mato-lo, i. e. homicidius, killed, a mater, [Hispan.] occidere.*" *Mathieu's Dict.* in v. *Mate*.

The original word was to *amaze*, which Bolkokar, in his *Expositor*, 8vo. 1616, explains by the word, "to dismay, to make afraid ;" so that *mate*, as commonly used by our old writers, has no reference to chess-playing. MALONE.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

The Country near Dunfinane.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, and Soldiers.

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward ⁹, and the good Macduff.
Revenge burns in them: for their dear causes
Would, to the bleeding, and the grim alarm,
Excite the mortified man ¹.

Ang. Near Birnam wood

Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

Cath. Who knows, if Donalbain be with his brother?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not: I have a file
Of all the gentry; there is Siward's son,
And many unrough youths ², that even now
Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Cath. Great Dunfinane he strongly fortifies:

⁹ *His uncle Siward,*] "Duncan had two sons (says Holinshed) by his wife, who was the daughter of *Siward, earl of Northumberland.*"

STEEVENS.
¹ *Excite the mortified man.*] He who has subdued his passions, is *dead* to the world, has abandoned it, and all the affairs of it: an *Ascetic*.

WARBURTON.
So, in Greene's *Never too late*, 1616: "I perceived in the words of the hermit the perfect idea of a *mortified man*." Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act I sc. i:

"My loving lord Dumain is *mortified*;

"The grosser manner of this world's delights

"He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves," &c.

STEEVENS.
² — *unrough youths.*] An odd expression. It means smooth-faced, unbearded. STEEVENS.

See *The Tempest*:

"—— till new born chins

"Be *rough* and razorable."

Again, in *King John*:

"This *unhair'd* sauciness, and boyish troops,

"The king doth smile at." MALONE,

Some

Some say, he's mad; others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
Those he commands, move only in command;
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil, and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself, for being there?³

Cath. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the medicin⁴ of the sickly weal;
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs,
To dew the sovereign flower⁵, and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam. [*Exeunt, marching.*]

S C E N E III.

Dunfinane. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports⁶; let them fly all:
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunfinane,

³ *When all that is within him does condemn
Itself, for being there?* That is, when all the faculties of the
mind are employed in self-condemnation. JOHNSON.

⁴ — *the medicin*—] i. e. physician. Shakspeare uses this word in
the feminine gender where Lafau speaks of Helen in *All's Well that ends
well*; and Florizel, in the *Winter's Tale*, calls Camillo "the medicin
of our house." STEEVENS.

⁵ *To dew the sovereign flower, &c.*] This uncommon verb occurs in
Look about you, 1600:

"Dewing your princely hand with pity's tears."
Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. iv. c. 8:

"Dew'd with her drops of botany sovereigne." STEEVENS.

⁶ *Bring me no more reports; &c.*] *Tell me not any more of desertions:*
—*Let all my subjects leave me:—I am safe till, &c.* JOHNSON.

I cannot

I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
 Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
 All mortal consequences, have pronounc'd me thus:
*Fear not, Macbeth; no man, that's born of woman,
 Shall e'er have power upon thee.*—Then fly, false thanes,
 And mingle with the English epicures⁸:
 The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
 Shall never fagg with doubt⁹, nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon !
 Where got'st thou that goose look¹?

Ser. There is ten thousand—

⁸ — *English epicures*:} The reproach of epicurism, on which Mr. Theobald has bestowed a note, is nothing more than a natural invective uttered by an inhabitant of a barren country, against those who have more opportunities of luxury. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare took the thought from Holinshed, p. 180, of his *History of Scotland*: “For manie of the people abhorring the riotous manners and superfluous gormandizing brought in among them by the Englyshe-men, were willing inough to receive this Donald for their king, trusting (because he had beene brought up in the Isles, with the old customes and manners of their antient nation, without tast of *Englysh likerous delicats*,” &c. The same historian informs us, that in thoe ages the Scots eat but once a day, and even then very sparingly. It appears from Dr. Johnson's *Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland*, that the natives had neither *kail* nor *brogues*, till they were taught the arts of planting the one, and making the other, by the soldiers of Cromwell; and yet King James VI. in his seventh parliament thought it necessary to form an act “against superfluous banqueting” STEEVENS.

⁹ *Shall never fagg with doubt*,] To fagg is to fluctuate, to waver. So, in the 16th song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

“This said, the aged Street fagg'd sadly on alone.”

Drayton is speaking of a river. STEEVENS.

To fagg, or *swag*, is to sink down by its own weight, or by an over-load. See Junius's *Etymologicon*. It is common in Staffordshire to say, “a beam in a building *sags*, or has *sagg'd*.” TOLLET.

So, in *Wits, Fits and Panties*, 1614: “He took exceptions to the traveller's bag, which he wore *sagging* down his belly before.”

MALONE.

¹ — *loon*!] At present this word is only used in Scotland, and signifies a base fellow. K. Stephen, in the old song, called his taylor, *loon*.

STEEVENS.

² *Where got'st thou that goose look?*] So, in *Carolanus*:

“—— Ye souls of *geese*,

“That bear the shape of men, how have ye run

“From slaves that apes would beat?” MALONE.

Macb.

Mach. Geese, villain?

Ser. Soldiers, sir.

Mach. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lilly-liver'd boy³. What soldiers, patch⁴?
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear⁵. What soldiers, whey-face?

Ser. The English force, so please you.

Mach. Take thy face hence.—Seyton!—I am sick at heart,

When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push
Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.
I have liv'd long enough: my way of life⁶
Is fall'n into the fear⁷, the yellow leaf:

H 5

And

³ — *lilly liver'd boy*.] Chapman thus translates a passage in the 20th Iliad:

“ — his sword that made a vent for his *white liver's* blood,

“ *That caus'd such pitiful effects—* ”

Again, Falstaff says, in the second part of *K. Henry IV*: “ — left the liver *white and pale*, which is the badge of *pufillanimity and cowardice* ”

STEEVENS.

⁴ — *patch* ?] An appellation of contempt, alluding to the *patch'd*, or particoloured coats anciently worn by the fools belonging to noble families. STEEVENS.

⁵ — *those linen cheeks of thine*

Are counsellors to fear] The meaning is, they infect others who see them, with cowardice. WARBURTON.

⁶ *I have liv'd long enough: my way of life*

Is fall'n into the fear, the yellow leaf: &c.] The meaning of this contested passage, I think, is this. I have lived long enough. In the course or progress of life, I am arrived at that period when the body begins to decay: I have reached the autumn of my days. Those comforts which ought to accompany old age, (to compensate for the infirmities naturally attending it,) I have no title to expect; but on the contrary, the curses of those I have injured, and the hollow adulation of flattered dependants. I have lived long enough. It is time for me to retire.

A passage in one of our author's Sonnets (quoted by Mr. Steevens in a subsequent note) may prove the best comment on the present:

“ *That time of year in me thou may'st behold,*

“ *When yellow leaves, or none or few do hang*

“ *Upon those boughs, which shake against the cold,*

“ *Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.* ”

Are not these lines almost a paraphrase on the contested part of the passage before us?—He who could say that you might behold the *autumn in him*, would not scruple to write, that *he* was fallen into the autumn of his days (i. e. into that decay which always accompanies autumn); and how easy is the transition from this to saying that “ *the progress of his life* had reached the autumnal season?” which is all that is meant by the words of the text, “ *My way of life,* ” &c.

The

And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,

I must

The using "the fear, the yellow leaf," simply and absolutely for *autumn*, or rather *autumnal decay*, because in autumn the leaves of trees turn yellow, and begin to fall and decay, is certainly a licentious mode of expression; but it is such a licence as may be found in almost every page of our author's works. It would also have been more natural for Macbeth to have said, that, in the course or progress of life, *he* had arrived at his autumn, than to say, that the course of his life itself had fallen into autumn or decay; but this too is much in Shakspeare's manner. With respect to the word *fallen*, which at first view seems a very singular expression, I strongly suspect that he caught it from the language of conversation, in which we at this day often say that this or that person is "*fallen into a decay*;" a phrase that might have been current in his time also. It is the very idea here conveyed. Macbeth is *fallen into his autumnal decline*.

In *King Henry VIII.* the word *way* seems to signify, as in the present passage, *course or tenour* :

"The *way* of our profession is against it."

And in *K. Richard II.* "*the fall of leaf*" is used, as in the passage before us, simply and absolutely for *bodily decay* :

"He who hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring,

"Hath now himself met with *the fall of leaf*."

When a passage can be thus easily explained, and the mode of expression is so much in our poet's general manner, surely any attempt at emendation is not only unnecessary, but dangerous. However, as a reading which was originally proposed by Dr. Johnson, and has been adopted in the modern editions, "*— my May of life,*" has many favourers, I shall add a word or two on that subject.

By his "*May of life having fallen into the yellow leaf,*" that is, into autumn, we must understand that Macbeth means either, that being in reality young, he is, in consequence of his care-, arrived at a *premature* old age;—or that he means simply to assert, that in the progress of life he has passed from *May* or youth to autumn or old age; in other words, that he is now an old man, or at least near being one.

If the first interpretation be maintained, it is sufficient to say, (I use the words of my friend Mr. Flood, whose ingenious comment on this passage I published some years ago,) that "Macbeth, when he speaks this speech, is *not youthful*. He is contemporary to Banquo who is advanced in years, and who hath a son upon the scene able to escape the pursuit of assassins and the vigilance of Macbeth." I may likewise add that Macbeth having now sat for seventeen years on the throne of Scotland, cannot with any probability be supposed to be like our author's Henry V. "*in the May-morn of his youth.*" We must therefore understand these words in the latter sense; namely, that he means only, that in the ordinary progress he has passed from the spring to the autumn of life, from youth to the confines of age. What then is obtained by this alteration? for this is precisely the meaning of the words as they stand in the old copy.

There is still another very strong objection to the proposed emendation. It is alleged that in this very play *may* is printed instead of *way*,
and

I must not look to have ; but, in their stead,
 Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
 Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.
 Seyton !—

Enter SEYTON.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure ?

Macb. What news more ?

Sey. All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

Macb. I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.—
 Give me my armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on.

Send out more horses, skirr the country round :
 Hang those that talk of fear !—Give me mine armour.—
 How does your patient, doctor ?

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
 As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
 That keep her ⁹ from her rest.

and why may not the contrary error have happened here ?—For this plain reason ; because *May* (the month) both in manuscript and print always is exhibited with a capital letter, and it is exceedingly improbable that a compositor at the press should use a small *w* instead of a capital *M*.

But, without going further into this subject, it is sufficient for our purpose, that the text, as it is exhibited in the ancient copy, affords an obvious, easy sense, without any emendation whatsoever. MALONE.

7 — *the fear.*] *Sear* is dry. Shakspeare has the same thought in his 73d Sonnet

“ That time of year thou may'st in me behold,

“ When yellow leaves,” &c.

And Milton has—“ Ivy never *sear*.” STEEVENS.

Again, in our author's *Lover's Complaint*, where the epithet is so used, as clearly to ascertain the meaning of “ the fear, the yellow leaf,” in the passage before us :

“ — spite of heaven's fell rage,

“ Some beauty peep'd through lattice of *sear'd* age ” MALONE.

8 — *skirr the country round* ;] To *skirr*, I believe, signifies to scour, to ride hastily. So, in B. and Fletcher's *Bonduca* :

“ — the light shadow,

“ That, in a thought, *sear* o'er the fields of corn,

“ Halted on crutches to them ” STEEVENS.

9 *That keep her*—] The latter word, which was inadvertently omitted in the old copy, was added by the editor of the second folio.

MALONE.

Macb.

Macb. Cure her of that :

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd ; *
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow ;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain ;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote, **
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff',
Which weighs upon the heart ?

Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

* *Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd ;*] In *The Spanish Tragedy* Isabella thus complains :

" So that you say, this herb will purge the eye,

" And this the head ; but *none of them will purge the heart.* :

" No, there's no medicine left for my *disease*,

" Nor any physik to recure the dead." MALONE.

** *And with some sweet oblivious antidote.*] Perhaps, as Dr. Farmer has observed, our poet here remembered Spenser's description of Nepenthe :

" Nepenthe is a drinke of sovereign grace,

" Devized by the gods for to assuage

" Harsh grief, and bitter gall away to chase,—

" Instead thereof sweet peace and quietage

" It doth establish in the troubled mynd."

Fairy Queene, B. IV. c. 3. st. 43. MALONE.

¹ *Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,*] The recurrence of the word *stuff* in this passage, is very unpleasant to the ear, but there is no ground, I think, to suspect the text to be corrupt ; for our author was extremely fond of such repetitions. Thus, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

" Now for the *love* of *love*,—"

" The greatest *grace* lending *grace*." *All's Well that ends well*.

" — with what good speed

" Our *means* will make us *means*." *Ibid.*

" Is *only* grievous to me *only* dying." *K. Henry VIII.*

" Upon his brow *shame* is *asham'd* to sit." *Romeo and Juliet.*

" For by this knot thou shalt so *surely* tie

" Thy now *unfur'd* assurance to the crown " *King John.*

" *Believe* me, I do not *believe* thee, man." *Ibid.*

" Those *he commands*, move only in *command*,—" *Macbeth.*

The words *stuf* and *stuff*, however mean they may sound at present, have, like many other terms, been debased by time, and appear to have been formerly considered as words proper to be used in passages of the greatest dignity. As such Shakespeare has employed them in *Hamlet*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *the Winter's Tale*, *Julius Caesar*, &c. Again, in *The Tempest*, in a passage where the author certainly aimed at dignity :

" And, like this unsubstantial pageant, faded,

" Leave not a rack behind.—We are such *stuff*

" As dreams are made of."

In a note on a passage in *Othello*, Dr. Johnson observes, that "*stuff* in the Teutonic languages is a word of great force. The elements (he adds) are called in Dutch *hoofd stoffen*, or *head-stuffs*." MALONE.

Macb.

Macb. Throw physick to the dogs; I'll none of it.—
Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff:—
Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from me:—
Come, sir, dispatch:—If thou could'st, doctor, cast
The water of my land², find her disease,
And purge it to a sound and pristine health,
I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.—Puff't off, I say.—
What rhubarb, senna³, or what purgative drug,
Would scour these English hence?—Heate'll thou of them?
Doct. Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something
Macb. Bring it after me.—
I will not be afraid of death and bane,
Till Birnam forest come to Dunfinane.
Doct. Were I from Dunfinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here.

[*Aside.*
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Country near Dunfinane: A wood in view.

*Enter, with Drum and Colours, MALCOLM, old SIWARD
and his Son, MACDUFF, MENTETH, CATHNESS,
ANGUS, LENOX, ROSSE, and Soldiers, marching.*

Mal. Cousins, I hope, the days are near at hand,
That chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of Birnam.

Mal. Let every foldier hew him down a bough,

² ——— cast

The water of my land,] To cast the water was the phrase in use for
finding out disorders by the inspection of urine. So, in *Elioffs Libidinoso*,
a novel by John Hinde, 1606: "Lucilla perceiving without casting her
water, where she was pained," &c. STEEVENS.

³ — senna,] The old copy reads—cyme. STEEVENS.
Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

And

And bear't before him ; thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Errin report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

Siw. We learn no other, but the confident tyrant ⁴
Keeps still in Dunfinane, and will endure
Our setting down before't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope :

For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt ⁵ ;
And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures ⁶
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldierhip.

⁴ *but the confident tyrant—*] He was *confident* of success ; so *confident* that he would not fly, but endure their *setting down* before his castle.

JOHNSON.

⁵ *For where there is advantage to be given,*

Both more and less have given him the revolt ;] The impropriety of the expression, *advantage to be given*, instead of *advantage given*, and the disagreeable repetition of the word *given* in the next line, incline me to read :

— *where there is a vantage to be gone*.—

Advantage or *vantage*, in the time of Shakspere, signified *opportunity*, He shut up himself and his soldiers, (says Malcolm) *in the castle, because when there is an opportunity to be gone, they all desert him.*

More and less is the same with *greater and less*. So, in the interpolated *Mandeville*, a book of that age, there is a chapter of *India the More and the Less*. JOHNSON.

I would read, if any alteration were necessary :

For where there is advantage to be got.

But the words as they stand in the text, will bear Dr. Johnson's explanation, which is most certainly right,—"For wherever an opportunity of flight is *given* them," &c.

More and less, for *greater and less*, is likewise found in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, song the 12th :

"O Britain's forests all from th' *less* unto the *more*."

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. v. c. 8 :

"——— all other weapons *lesse* or *more*,

"Which warlike uses had devis'd of yore." STEVENS.

I suspect that *given* was caught by the printer's eye glancing on the subsequent line, and strongly incline to Dr. Johnson's emendation, *gone*.

MALONE.

⁶ *Let our just censures, &c.*] The arbitrary change made in the second folio, (which some criticks have represented as an *improved* edition,) is here worthy of notice :

"Let our *best* censures

"Before the true event, and put we on," &c. MALONE.

Siw.

Siw. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe ⁷.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate;
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate ⁸ :
Towards which, advance the war. [*Exeunt, marching.*]

S C E N E V.

Dunfinane. *Within the Castle.*

*Enter, with drums and colours, MACBETH, SEYTON,
and Soldiers.*

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still, *They come* : Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn : here let them lie,
Till famine, and the ague, eat them up :
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noise ?
[*A cry within, of women.*]

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears :
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek ⁹ ; and my fell of hair :

⁷ *What we shall say we have, and what we owe*] When we are governed by legal kings, we shall know the limits of their claim, i. e. shall know what we have of our own, and what they have a right to take from us. STEEVENS.

⁸ — arbitrate :] i. e. determin. JOHNSON.

So, in the 18th *Odyssey* translated by Chapman :

“ ——— straight

“ Can arbitrate a war of deadliest weight.” STEEVENS.

⁹ — my senses would have cool'd

To hear a night shriek :] The blood is sometimes said to be chilled; but I do not recollect any other instance in which this phrase is applied to the senses. Perhaps our author wrote—*cool'd*. My senses would have shrunk back; died within me. So, in the second scene of the present act :

“ — Who then shall blame

“ His peffer'd senses to recoil and start ?” MALONE.

! — fell of hair] My hairy part, my capillitium. Fell is *skin*.

A dealer in hides is still called a *fell-monger*. STEEVENS. JOHNSON.

Would

Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir
As life were in't : I have supp'd full with horrors² ;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.—Wherefore was that cry ?

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have dy'd hereafter ;

There would have been a time for such a word³.—

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow⁴,

Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,

To the last syllable of recorded time⁵ ;

And all our yesterdays have lighted fools

The way to dusty death⁶. Out, out, brief candle !

Life's

² *I have supp'd full with horrors ;*] Statius has a similar thought in the second book of his *Thibais* :

“ — attollit membra, toroque

“ Erigitur, plenus monstris, vanumque cruorem

“ Excutiens.”

The conclusion of this passage may remind the reader of Lady Macbeth's behaviour in her sleep. STEEVENS.

³ *She should have dy'd hereafter ;*

There would have been a time for such a word.—&c.] Her death should have been deferred to some more peaceful hour. There would have been a more convenient time for such intelligence.—*Such is the condition of human life, that we always think to-morrow will be happier than to-day, but to-morrow and to-morrow steals over us unenjoyed and unregarded, and we still linger in the same expectation to the moment appointed for our end. All these days, which have thus passed away, have sent multitudes of souls to the grave, who were engross'd by the same dream of future felicity, and, when life was departing from them, were, like me, reckoning on to-morrow.*

We say, we send word when we give intelligence. JOHNSON.

⁴ *To-morrow and to-morrow, and to-morrow,*] This repetition, as Dr. Farmer observed to me, occurs in Barclay's *Sh p of Fools*, 1570 :

“ Cras, cras, cras, to-morrow we shall amende ” STEEVENS.

⁵ *To the last syllable of recorded time ;*] *Recorded time* seems to signify the time fixed in the decrees of Heaven for the period of life. The record of futurity is indeed no accurate expression, but as we only know transactions past or present, the language of men affords no term for the volumes of prescience in which future events may be supposed to be written. JOHNSON.

So, in *Ali's Well that ends well* :

“ To the utmost syllable of your worthiness.”

Recorded is probably here used for *recording* or *recordable* ; one participle for the other, of which there are many instances both in Shakespeare and other English writers. Virgil uses *penetrabile frigus* for *penetrans frigus*, and *penetrabile telum* for *telum penetrans*. STEEVENS.

⁶ *The way to dusty death*] *The dust of death* is an expression used in the 22d Psalm. *Dusty death* alludes to the expression of *dust to dust*, in the burial service, and to the sentence pronounced against Adam : “ *Dust thou art, and to dust thou shalt return.* ” STEEVENS.

Dr.

Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.—

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

Mef. Gracious my lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do't.

Macb. Well, say, sir.

Mef. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd towards Birnam, and anon, methought,
The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar, and slave! *[Striking him.]*

Mef. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so;
Within this three mile may you see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much.—
I pull in resolution⁸; and begin

To

Dr. Johnson justly observes that *dusky* is a very natural epithet. Our author again alludes to the *dust* of death, in the *Winter's Tale*:

"Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me

"Where no priest shovels in dust." MALONE.

⁷ *Till famine cling thee:] Clung*, in the northern counties, signifies any thing that is shrivelled or shrunk up. By famine, the intestines are, as it were, stuck together. So, in George Whetstone's *Castle of Delectate*, 1576:

"My wither'd corps with deadly cold is *clung*"

Again, in Heywood's *Pleasant Dialogues and Dramas*, 1637:

"His entrails with long fast and hunger *clung*."

Mr. Whalley, however, observes, that "till famine *cling* thee," means, till it *dry thee up*, or exhault all thy moisture. *Clung* wood is wood of which the sap is entirely dried or spent. STEEVENS.

⁸ *I pull in resolution:]* Dr. Johnson, I think, without necessity, would read—I *pull in* resolution. "I languish in my constancy, my confidence begins to forsake me." MALONE.

There is surely no need of change; for Shakspeare, who made Trinculo, in the *Tempest*, say, "I will *let loose* my opinion," might have written: "I *pull in* my resolution.

He

To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,
 That lies like truth: *Fear not, till Birnam wood*
Do come to Dunfinane;—and now a wood
 Comes toward Dunfinane.—Arm, arm, and out!—
 If this, which he avouches, does appear,
 There is nor flying hence, nor tarrying here.
 I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun,
 And with the estate o'the world were now undone 9.—
 Ring the alarum bell:—Blow, wind! come, wrack!
 At least we'll die with harness on our back¹. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VI.

The same. A Plain before the Castle.

*Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, old SIWARD,
 MACDUFF, &c. and their Army, with Boughs.*

Mal. Now near enough; your leavy screens throw down,
 And shew like those you are:—You, worthy uncle,
 Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
 Lead our first battle: worthy Macduff, and we,
 Shall take upon us what else remains to do,
 According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well.—

Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,
 Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all
 breath,

Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.

[Exeunt. Alarums continued.]

He had permitted his courage (like a fiery horse) to carry him to the brink of a precipice, but, seeing his danger, resolves to check that confidence to which he had given the rein before. STEVENS.

9 *I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun, &c.]*

Turn vero infelix fatis exterrita Dido

Mortem orat, tedet coeli convexa tueri. THEOBALD.

¹ *At least we'll die with harness on our back.]* i. e. with armour. So, in the continuation of Hardyng's Chronicle, 1543: "—well perceiving that the intendours of such a purpose would rather have had their *harnesse on their backs*, than to have bound them up in barrells."

MALONE.

S C E N E

S C E N E VII.

The same. Another part of the Plain.

Enter MACBETH.

Macb. They have ty'd me to a stake ; I cannot fly,
But, bear-like, I must fight the course ².—What's he,
That was not born of woman ? Such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young SIWARD.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name ?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siw. No ; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name
Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant ; with my sword
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[They fight ; and young Siward is slain.]

Macb. Thou wast born of woman.—
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born.

[Exit.]

Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.

Macd. That way the noise is :—Tyrant, shew thy face ;
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kernes, whose arms

² — *I must fight the course.*] A phrase taken from bear-baiting. So, in *The Antipedes*, by Brome, 1638 : " Also you shall see two ten-dog courses at the great bear." STEVENS.

Are hir'd to bear their staves ; either thou, Macbeth,
 Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
 I sheath again undeeded ³. There thou should'st be ;
 By this great clatter, one of greatest note
 Seems bruited ⁴ : Let me find him, fortune ! and
 More I beg not. [Exit. Alarum.]

Enter MALCOLM and old SIWARD.

Siw. This way, my lord ;—the castle's gently render'd :
 The tyrant's people on both sides do fight ;
 The noble thanes do bravely in the war ;
 The day almost itself professes yours,
 And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with foes
 That strike beside us..

Siw. Enter, sir, the castle. [Exeunt. Alarum.]

Re-enter MACBETH.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
 On mine own sword ? whilst I see lives, the gashes
 Do better upon them.

Re-enter MACDUFF.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee :

³ — *either thou, Macbeth,*
Or else my sword, &c] I had suspected an intermediate line had
 been lost ; perhaps of this import :

— either thou, Macbeth,
Advance, and bravely meet an injur'd foe,
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,
I sheath again undeeded.

But my conjecture is, I believe, unfounded.
 In *Cymbeline*, we have a similar phraseology :

“ — Let's see't ; I will pursue her
 “ Even to Augustus' throne : *Or this, or perish.* ” MALONE.

⁴ *Seems bruited* :] From *bruis*, Fr. To *bruit* is to report with clamour ; to noise. So, in *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1540 : “ *Lais* was one of the most *bruited* common women that clerkes do write of.” STEEV.

But

But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words,
My voice is in my sword; thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out!

[*They fight.*]

Macb. Thou lovest labour:
As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life⁶, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel, whom thou still hast serv'd,
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense⁷;

5 — *the intrenchant air*—] i. e. air which cannot be cut. JOHNSON.

As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air

With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:

So, Milton, *Paradise Lost*, b. vi:

"Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound

"Receive, no more than can the fluid air."

So, in *Hamlet*:

"For it is as the air invulnerable." STEEVENS.

6 *I bear a charmed life,*] In the days of chivalry, the champion's arms being ceremoniously blessed, each took an oath that he used no charmed weapons. Macbeth, according to the law of arms, or perhaps only in allusion to this custom, tells Macduff of the security he had in the prediction of the spirit.

To this likewise Posthumus alludes in *Cymbeline*, Act V:

"— I in my own woe charm'd,

"Could not find death." UPTON.

So, in the *Dumb Knight*, 1633, by L. Machin:

"Here you shall swear by hope, by heaven, by Jove,

"And by the right you challenge in true fame,

"That here you stand, not arm'd with any guile,

"Of philters, charms, of night-spells, characters,

"Or other black infernal vantages," &c.

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. i. c. 4:

"— he bears a charmed shield,

"And eke enchanted arms that none can pierce." STEEVENS.

7 — *palter with us in a double sense*;] That *shuffle* with ambiguous expressions. JOHNSON.

So, in *Marius and Sylla*, 1594:

"Now fortune, frown and palter, if thou please." STEEVENS.

That

That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the shew and gaze o'the time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole⁸; and under-writ,
Here may you see the tyrant.

Macb. I will not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunfinane,
And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last: Before my body
I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff;
And damn'd be him that first cries, *Hold, enough*!⁹
[*Exeunt, fighting.*]

Retreat. Flourish. Re-enter, with Drum and Colours, MALCOLM, Old SIWARD, ROSSE, LENOX, ANGUS, CATHNESS, MENTETH, and Soldiers.

Mal. I would the friends we miss, were safe arriv'd.

Siw. Some must go off: and yet, by these I see,
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

Rosse. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:
He only liv'd but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he dy'd

Siw. Then he is dead?

Rosse. Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of
sorrow
Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
It hath no end.

Siw. Had he his hurts before?

Rosse. Ay, on the front.

⁸ *We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,*
Painted upon a pole;] That is, on cloth suspended on a pole.

⁹ — *Hold, enough.*] See Mr. Toller's note on the words, "To cry, *hold! hold!*" p. 39, n. 9 STEEVENS.

"To cry, *hold*, is the word of yielding," says Carew's *Survey of Cornwall*, p. 74, i. e. when one of the combatants cries so. TOLLER.

Siw.

Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:
And so his knell is knoll'd¹.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.

Siw. He's worth no more;
They say, he parted well, and paid his score:
And so, God be with him!—Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter MACDUFF, with Macbeth's head on a pole².

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art: Behold, where
stands
The usurper's curst head: the time is free:
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl³,

¹ *Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death:*

And so his knell is knoll'd.] This incident is thus related from Henry of Huntingdon by Camden in his *Remains*, from which our author probably copied it.

When Siward, the martial earl of Northumberland, understood that his son, whom he had sent in service against the Scotchmen, was slain, he demanded whether his wounds were in the fore part or hinder part of his body. When it was answered, in the fore part, he replied, "I am right glad; neither wish I any other death to me or mine." JOHNSON.

Our author might have found the same incident recorded by Holinshed in his *Chronicle*. MALONE.

² — *on a pole.]* These words I have added to the stage-direction, from the *Chronicle*: "Then cutting his head from his shoulders, he set it upon a pole, and brought it unto Malcolm." This explains the word *stands* in Macduff's speech. Many of the stage-directions appear to have been inserted by the players; and they are often very injudicious. In this scene, (as Mr. Stevens has observed,) according to their direction, Macbeth is slain on the stage, and Macduff immediately afterwards enters with Macbeth's head. MALONE.

³ — *thy kingdom's pearl,]* *Thy kingdom's pearl* means *thy kingdom's wealth*, or rather *ornament*. So, J. Sylvester, *England's Parnassus*, 1600:

"Honour of cities, *pearls* of kingdoms all."

Again, in Sir Philip Sidney's *Ourania*, by N. Breton, 1606:

"————— an earl,

"And worthily then termed Albion's *pearl*."

John Florio, in a Sonnet prefixed to his *Italian Dictionary*, 1598, calls Lord Southampton "bright *pearle* of peers." MALONE.

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Entertainment of the Queen and Prince at Alhierpe*:

"Queen, Prince, Duke, and Earls,

"Countesses, ye countly *pearls*," &c. STEEVENS.

That

That speak my salutation in their minds ;
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—
Hail, king of Scotland !

All. Hail, king of Scotland !

[*Flourish.*]

Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of time,
Before we reckon with your several loves,
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
In such an honour nam'd ⁴. What's more to do,
Which would be planted newly with the time,—
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny ;
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen ;
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life ;— This, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
We will perform in measure, time, and place :
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone ⁵.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt.*]

⁴ — the first that ever Scotland

In such an honour nam'd.] “ Malcolm immediately after his coronation called a parlement at Forfair, in the which he rewarded them with lands and livings that had assisted him against Macbeth.—Manie of them that were before *thanes*, were at this time made *earls*, as Fife, Menteth, Atholl, Levenox, Murrey, Cathness, Rosse, and Angus.” Holinshed's *History of Scotland*, p. 176. MALONE.

⁵ This play is deservedly celebrated for the propriety of its fictions, and solemnity, grandeur, and variety of its action, but it has no nice discriminations of character ; the events are too great to admit the influence of particular dispositions, and the course of the action, necessarily determines the conduct of the agents.

The danger of ambition is well described ; and I know not whether it may not be said in defence of some parts which now seem improbable, that, in Shakspeare's time, it was necessary to warn credulity against vain and illusive predictions.

The passions are directed to their true end. Lady Macbeth is merely detested ; and though the courage of Macbeth preserves some esteem, yet every reader rejoices at his fall. JOHNSON

It may be worth while to remark, that Milton, who left behind him a list of no less than CII. dramatick subjects, had fixed on the story of this play among the rest. His intention was to have begun with the arrival of Malcolm at Macduff's castle. “ The matter of Duncan (says he) may be expressed by the appearing of his ghost.” It should seem from this last memorandum, that Milton disliked the licence that his predecessor had taken in comprehending a history of such length within the short compass of a play, and would have new-written the whole on the plan

plan of the ancient drama. He could not surely have indulged so vain a hope, as that of excelling Shakspeare in the *Tragedy of Macbeth*.

STEVENS.

Macbeth was certainly one of Shakspeare's latest productions, and it might possibly have been suggested to him by a little performance on the same subject at Oxford, before king James, 1605. I will transcribe my notice of it from *Wake's Rex Platonius*: "Fabulæ anſam dedit antiqua de regiâ profapia historiola apud Scoto-Britannos celebrata, quæ narrat tres olim Sibyllas occuſſiſſe duobus Scotiz proceribus, Macbetho & Banchoni, & illum prædixiſſe regem futurum, ſed regem nullum geniturum; hunc regem non futurum, ſed reges geniturum multos. Vaticinii veritatem rerum eventus comprobavit. Banchonis enim è ſtirpe potentiſſimus Jacobus oriundus." p. 29.

Since I made the obſervation here quoted, I have been repeatedly told, that I *unwillingly* make Shakspeare learned at leaſt in Latin, as this muſt have been the language of the performance before king James. One might perhaps have plauſibly ſaid, that he probably picked up the ſtory at *ſecond-hand*; but mere accident has thrown an old pamphlet in my way, intitled *The Oxford Triumph*, by one Anthony Nixon, 1605, which explains the whole matter: "This performance, ſays Anthony, was firſt in Latine to the king, then in Engliſh to the queene and young prince;" and, as he goes on to tell us, "the conceipt thereof the king did very much applaude." It is likely that the friendly letter, which we are informed king James once wrote to Shakspeare, was on this occaſion. FARMER.

Dr. Johnſon uſed often to mention an acquaintance of his, who was for ever boaſting what great things he would do, could he but meet with Aſcham's *Toxophilus*, at a time when Aſcham's pieces had not been collected, and were very rarely to be found. At length *Toxophilus* was procured, but—nothing was done. The Interlude performed at Oxford in 1605, by the ſtudents of Saint John's college, was for a while ſo far my *Toxophilus*, as to excite my curioſity very ſtrongly on the ſubject. Whether, Shakspeare in the compoſition of this noble tragedy was at all indebted to any preceding performance, through the medium of tranſlation, or in any other way, appeared to me well worth aſcertaining. The Britiſh Muſeum was examined in vain. Mr. Warton very obligingly made a ſtriſt ſearch at St. John's college, but no traces of this literary performance could there be found. At length chance threw into my hands the very verſes that were ſpoken in 1605 by three young gentlemen of that college; and, being thus at laſt obtained, "that no man" (to uſe the words of Dr. Johnſon) "may ever want them more," I will here tranſcribe them.

There is ſome difficulty in reconciling the different accounts of this entertainment. The author of *Rex Platonius* ſays, "Tres adoleſcentes concinno Sibyllarum habitu induti è collegio [Divi Johannis] prodævantes, et carmina lepida alternatim canentes, regi ſe tres eſſe Sibyllas proſentunt, quæ Banchoni olim ſobolis imperia prædixerant, &c. Deinde tribus principibus ſuaves felicitatum triplicitates triplicatis carminum vicibus ſuccinētes,—principes ingenioſa ſectiuncula delectatos dimittunt.

But in a manuſcript account of the king's viſit to Oxford in 1605, in the Muſeum, (Ms. Baker, 7044.) this interlude is thus deſcribed: "This being done, he [the king] rode on untill he came unto St. John's college, where coming againſt the gate, three young youths, in habit and attire like *Nymphes*, confronted him, repreſenting England, Scotland, and Ireland; and talking dialogue-wiſe each to other of their ſtate, at

last concluded, yielding up themselves to his gracious government.^s With this A. Nixon's account in *The Oxford Triumpb*, quarto, 1605, in some measure agrees, though it differs in a very material point; for, if his relation is to be credited, these young men did not alternately recite verses, but pronounced three distinct orations: "This finished, his Majestie passed along till hee came before Saint John's college, when three little boyes, coming forth of a castle made all of ivie, drest like three *nymphes*, (the concept whereof the king did very much applaude,) delivered three *orations*, first in Latine to the king, then in English to the queene and young prince; which being ended his majestie proceeded towards the east gate of the citie, where the townesmen againe delivered unto him another speech in English."

From these discordant accounts one might be led to suppose, that there were six actors on this occasion, three of whom personated the Sybills, or rather the Weird sisters, and addressed the royal visitors in Latin, and that the other three represented England, Scotland and Ireland, and spoke only in English. I believe however that there were but three young men employed; and after reciting the following Latin lines, (which prove that the Weird sisters and the representatives of England, Scotland, and Ireland were the same persons,) they might perhaps have pronounced some English verses of a similar import, for the entertainment of the queen and the princes.

To the Latin play of *Vertumnus*, written by Dr. Mathew Gwynne, which was acted before the king by some of the students of St. John's college on a subsequent day, we are indebted for the long-sought-for interlude performed at St. John's gate; for Dr. Gwynne, who was the author of this interlude also, has annexed it to his *Vertumnus*, printed in 4to. in 1607.

"Ad regis introitum, e Joannensi Collegio extra portam urbis borealem sito, tres quasi Sibylæ, sic (ut e sylva) salutarunt.

-
1. Fatidicas olim fama est cecinisse sorores
Imperium sine fine tuæ, rex inclute, stirpis.
Banquonem agnovit generosa Loquaxia Thanum;
Nec tibi, Banquo, tuis sed sceptræ nepotibus illæ
Immortalibus immortalia vaticinæ:
In salum, ut lateas, dum Banquo recedis ab aula.
Tres eadem pariter canimus tibi fata tuisque,
Dum spectande tuis, e saltu accedis ad urbem;
Teque salutamus: Salve, cui Scotia servit;
2. Angliæ cui, salve. 3. Cui servit Hibernia, salve.
1. Gallia cui titulos, terras dant cetera, salve.
2. Quem divisa prius colit una Britannia, salve.
3. Summe Monarcha Britannice, Hibernice, Gallice, salve.
1. ANNA, parens regum, soror, uxor, filia, salve.
2. Salve, HENRICE hæres, princeps pulcherrime, salve.
3. Dux CAROLE, et perhelle Polonice regule, salve.
1. Nec metas satis, nec tempora ponimus illis;
Quin orbis regno, famæ sint terminus ætra:

CANUTUM

CANUTUM referas regno quadruplice clarum;
 Major avis, æquande tuis diademate solis.
 Nec serimus cædes, nec bella, nec anxia corda;
 Nec furor in nobis; sed agente calefcimus illo
 Numine, quo Thomas Whitus per somnia motus,
 Londinensis eques, musis hæc testâ dicavit.
 Musis? imo Deo, tutelarique Joanni.
 Ille Deo charum et curam, prope prætereuntem
 Ire salutatum, Christi præcursor, ad ædem
 Christi pergentem, jussit: Dictâ ergo salute
 Perge, tuo aspectu sit læta Academia, perge." MALONE.

* * THE following Songs are found in Sir William D'Avenant's alteration of this play, printed in 1674. The first and second of them were, I believe, written by him, being introduced at the end of the second act, in a scene of which he undoubtedly was the author. Of the other song, which is sung in the third act, the first words (*Come away*) are in the original copy of *Macbeth*, and the whole is found at length in Middleton's play, entitled *The Witch*, which has been lately printed from a manuscript in the collection of Major Pearson. Whether this song was written by Shakspere, and omitted, like many others, in the printed copy, cannot now be ascertained. MALONE.

A C T I

FIRST SONG BY THE WITCHES.

1. *Witch.* Speak, sister, speak; is the deed done?
2. *Witch.* Long ago, long ago:
Above twelve glasses since have run.
3. *Witch.* Ill deeds are seldom slow;
Nor single: following crimes on former wait:
The worst of creatures fastest propagate.
Many more murders must this one ensue,
As if in death were propagation too.
2. *Witch.* He will—
1. *Witch.* He shall—
3. *Witch.* He must spill much more blood;
And become worse, to make his title good.
1. *Witch.* Now let's dance.
2. *Witch.* Agreed.
3. *Witch.* Agreed.
4. *Witch.* Agreed.
- Chor.* We should rejoice when good kings bleed.
When cattle die, about we go;
What then, when monarchs perish, should we do?

SECOND SONG.

Let's have a dance upon the heath;
 We gain more life by Duncan's death.
 Sometimes like brinded cats we shew,
 Having no musick but our mew:
 Sometimes we dance in some old mill,
 Upon the hopper, stones, and wheel,
 To some old saw, or bardish rhyme,
 Where still the mill-clack does keep time.
 Sometimes about an hollow tree,
 Around, around, around dance we:
 Thither the chirping cricket comes,
 And beetle, singing drowsy hums:
 Sometimes we dance o'er fens and furze,
 To howls of wolves, and barks of curs:
 And when with none of those we meet,
 We dance to the echoes of our feet.
 At the night-raven's dismal voice,
 Whilst others tremble, we rejoice;
 And nimbly, nimbly dance we still,
 To the echoes from an hollow hill.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE V.

HECATE and the three Witches.

MUSICK and SONG.

[*Within.*] Hecate, Hecate, Hecate! O come away!
Hec. Hark, I am call'd, my little spirit, see,
 Sits in a foggy cloud, and flays for me.
 [*Within.*] Come away, Hecate, Hecate! O come away!
Hec. I come, I come, with all the speed I may,
 With all the speed I may.
 Where's Stadling?
 2. Here. [*within.*]
Hec. Where's Puckle?
 3. Here; [*within.*]
 And Hopper too, and Helway too 6.
 We want but you, we want but you:
 Come away, make up the count.

6 And Hopper too, and Helway too.] In the *Witch*, these personages are called *Hoppo* and *Hellwayne*. MALONE.

Hec.

Hec. I will but 'noint, and then I mount :
I will but 'noint, &c.

[*Within.*] Here comes down one to fetch his dues,

[*A Machine with Malkin in it descends.* 7.]

A kiss, a coll, a sip of blood ;
And why thou slay'st so long, I muse,
Since the air's so sweet and good.

Hec. O, art thou come ? What news ?

[*Within.*] All goes fair for our delight :

Either come, or else refuse.

Hec. Now I'm furnish'd for the flight ;

[*Hecate places herself in the Machine.*

Now I go, and now I fly,
Malkin, my sweet spirit, and I.
O, what a dainty pleasure's this,
To sail i'the air,
While the moon shines fair ;
To sing, to toy, to dance and kifs !
Over woods, high rocks, and mountains ;
Over hills, and misty fountains ⁸ ;
Over steeples, towers, and turrets,
We fly by night 'mongst troops of spirits.
No ring of bells to our ears sounds,
No howls of wolves, nor yells of hounds ;
No, not the noise of waters' breach,
Nor cannons' throats our height can reach.

[*Hecate ascends.*

1. *Witch* Come, let's make haste ; she'll soon be back again.

2. *Witch* But whilst she moves through the foggy air,

Let's to the cave, and our dire charms prepare.

[*Exeunt*

7 This stage-direction I have added. In the *Witch* there is here the following marginal note : " A spirit like a cat descends." In Sir W. D'Avenant's alteration of *Macbeth*, printed in 1674, this song, as well as all the rest of the piece, is printed very incorrectly. I have endeavoured to distribute the different parts of the song before us, as, I imagine, the author intended. MALONE.

⁸ *Over hills, &c.*] In the *Witch*, instead of this line we find :

Over seas, our mistress' fountains. MALONE.

K I N G J O H N.

Persons Represented.

King John :

Prince Henry, *his son ; afterwards King Henry III.*

Arthur, *Duke of Bretagne, son of Geoffrey, late Duke of Bretagne, the elder brother of King John.*

William Mareſhall, *Earl of Pembroke.*

Geoffrey Fitz-Peter, *Earl of Eſſex, Chief Juſticiary of England.*

William Longſword, *Earl of Salisbury **.

Robert Bigot, *Earl of Nortolk.*

Hubert de Burgh, *Chamberlain to the King.*

Robert Faulconbridge, *ſon of Sir Robert Faulconbridge :*

Philip Faulconbridge, *his half-brother ; baſtard ſon to K. Richard the Firſt.*

James Gurney, *ſervant to Lady Faulconbridge.*

Peter of Pomfret, *a Prophet.*

Philip, *king of France.*

Lewis, *the dauphin.*

Arch-duke of Auſtria.

Cardinal Pandulpho, *the Pope's Legate.*

Melun, *a French Lord.*

Chatillon, *Ambaſſador from France to king John.*

Elinor, *the widow of King Henry II. and mother of King John.*

Conſtance, *mother to Arthur.*

Blanch, *daughter to Alphonſo king of Caſtile, and niece to king John.*

Lady Faulconbridge, *mother to the baſtard, and Robert Faulconbridge.*

Lords, Ladies, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Herald, Officers, Soldiers, Meſſengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *sometimes in England, and ſometimes in France.*

* — *Salisbury,*] ſon to King Henry II. by Roſamond Clifford.

K I N G J O H N¹.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Northampton. *A Room of state in the Palace.*

Enter King JOHN, Queen ELINOR, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, SALISBURY, and Others, with CHATILLON.

K. John. Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

I. 5.

Chat.

¹ A play entitled *The troublesome raigne of John King of England*, in two parts, was printed in 1591, without the writer's name. It was written, I believe, either by Robert Greene, or George Peele; and certainly preceded this of our author. Mr. Pope, who is very inaccurate in matters of this kind, says that the former was printed in 1611, as written by W. Shakspeare and W. Rowley. But this is not true. In the second edition of this old play in 1611, the letters W. Sh. were put into the title page, to deceive the purchaser, and to lead him to suppose the piece was Shakspeare's play, which at that time was not published — See a more minute account of this fraud in *An attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's Plays*, Vol. I. Our author's *King John* was written, I imagine, in 1556. The reasons on which this opinion is founded, may be found in that Essay. This drama was evidently formed on the old anonymous play. Probably, however, Shakspeare also perused Holinshed's account of this reign, he being undoubtedly his guide in all his historical plays.

This play comprehends a period of almost seventeen years, being nearly the whole reign of King John, commencing soon after his accession to the throne, and ending with his death. MALONE.

There must have been some tradition, however erroneous, upon which Mr. Pope's account was founded. I make no doubt that Rowley wrote the first *King John*; and when Shakspeare's play was called for, and could not be procured from the players, a piratical bookseller reprinted the old one, with W. Sh. in the title page: FARMER.

“A booker”

Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the king of France,
In my behaviour², to the majesty,
The borrow'd majesty of England here.

Eli. A strange beginning;—borrow'd majesty!

K. John. Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceased brother Geoffrey's son,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim
To this fair island, and the territories;
To Ireland, Poitiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine:
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword,
Which sways usurpingly these several titles;
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,
Thy nephew, and right royal sovereign.

K. John. What follows, if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud control³ of fierce and bloody war,
To inforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

K. John.

"A booke called *The Hystorie of Lord Faulconbridge, bastard Son to Richard Cordelion*," was entered at Stationers' Hall, Nov. 29, 1614; but I have never met with it, and therefore know not whether it was the old black letter history, or a play on the same subject. For the original *King John*, see *Six old plays on which Shakspeare founded* &c. published by S. Leacroft, Charing-Cross. STEVENS.

The hystorie of Lord Faulconbridge, &c. is a prose narrative, in bl. l. The earliest edition that I have seen of it, was printed in 1616.

A book entitled "*Richard-Cur de Lion*," was entered on the Stationers' Books in 1558.

A play called *The Funeral of Richard Cordelion*, was written by Robert Willson, Henry Chettle, Anthony Mundy, and Michael Drayton, and first exhibited in the year 1598. See *The Historical Account of the English Stage*, Vol. I. Part II. MALONE.

² *In my behaviour*,] The word *behaviour* seems here to have a signification that I have never found in any other author. *The king of France*, says the envoy, *thus speaks in my behaviour to the majesty of England*; that is, the king of France speaks in the character which I here assume. I once thought that these two lines, *In my behaviour*, &c. had been uttered by the ambassador as part of his master's message, and that *behaviour* had meant the conduct of the king of France towards the king of England; but the ambassador's speech, as continued after the interruption, will not admit this meaning. JOHNSON.

In my behaviour means, I think, in the words and action that I am now going to use.

So, in the fifth act of this play, the Bastard says to the French king,

"——— Now hear our English king.

"For thus his royalty doth speak in me." MALONE.

³ — control—] *Opposition*, from *controller*. JOHNSON.

I think, *control* means rather *constraint*, or *compulsion*. So, in the second

K. John. Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,
Controlment for controlment ⁴; so answer France.

Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,
The farthest limit of my embassy.

K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace:
Be thou as lightning ⁵ in the eyes of France;
For ere thou canst report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard:
So, hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath;
And fullen presage ⁶ of your own decay.—
An honourable conduct let him have;—
Pembroke, look to't:—Farewell, Chatillon.

[*Exeunt CHAT. and PEM.*]

Eli. What now, my son? have I not ever said,
How that ambitious Constance would not cease,
Till she had kindled France, and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her son?
This might have been prevented: and made whole,
With very easy arguments of love;

Which

second act of *King Henry V.* when Exeter demands of the king of France the surrender of the crown, and the king answers, "Or else what follows?" Exeter replies:

"Bloody constraint; for if you hide the crown

"Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it." MASON:

⁴ *Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,*

Controlment for controlment; &c.] King John's reception of Chatillon not a little resembles that which Andrea meets with from the king of Portugal in the first part of *Jeronimo*, &c. 1605:

"And Thou shalt pay tribute, Portugal, with blood.—

"*Bal.* Tribute for tribute then; and foes for foes.

"*And.*—! bid you sudden wars." STEEVENS.

Jeronimo was exhibited on the stage before the year 1590. MALONE.

⁵ *Be thou as lightning*—] The simile does not suit well: the lightning indeed appears before the thunder is heard, but the lightning is destructive, and the thunder innocent. JOHNSON.

King John does not allude to the destructive power either of thunder or lightning; he only means to say, that Chatillon shall appear to the eyes of the French like lightning, which shews that thunder is approaching: and the thunder he alludes to is that of his cannon. Dr. Johnson forgets, that though philosophically speaking, the destructive power is in the lightning, it has generally in poetry been attributed to the thunder. So, Lear says:

"You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,

"Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,

"Singe my white head!" MASON.

⁶ — *fullen presage*—] By the epithet *fullen*, which cannot be applied to a trumpet, it is plain that our author's imagination had suggested a new idea. It is as if he had said, be a trumpet to a arm with

our

Which now the manage^r of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

K. John. Our strong possession, and our right, for us.

Eli. Your strong possession, much more than your right;
Or else it must go wrong with you, and me:
So much my conscience whispers in your ear;
Which none but heaven, and you, and I, shall hear.

*Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, who whispers
Essex*.*

Essex. My liege, here is the strangest controversy,
Come from the country to be judg'd by you,
That e'er I heard: Shall I produce the men?

K. John. Let them approach.— [Exit Sheriff.
Our abbies, and our priories, shall pay

*Re-enter Sheriff, with Robert Faulconbridge, and Philip,
his bastard brother*.*

This expedition's charge.—What men are you?

Bast. Your faithful subject I, a gentleman,
Born in Northamptonshire; and eldest son,

As

our invasion, be a *bird of ill omen* to croak out the prognostick of your
own ruin. JOHNSON.

I do not see why the epithet *fullen* may not be applied to a *trumpet*,
with as much propriety as to a *bell*. In our author's *King Henry IV.*
P. II. we find—

“Sounds ever after as a *fullen bell*—” MALONE.

7 — *the manage*—] i. e. conduct, administration. So, in *King
Richard II.*:

“————— for the rebels

“Expedient *manage* must be made, my liege.” STEEVENS.

* This stage-direction has been taken from the old play which pre-
ceded this of Shakspeare. It was first introduced by Mr. Steevens.

MALONE.

8 — *and Philip, his bastard brother.*] Though Shakspeare adopted
this character of Philip Faulconbridge from the old play, it is not im-
proper to mention that it is compounded of two distinct personages.

Matthew Paris says:—“Sub illius temporis curriculo, *Falscius de
Brente*, Neusteriensis, et spurius ex parte matris, atque *Bastardus*, qui
in vili jumento manicato ad regis paulo ante clientelam descenderat,”
&c.

Matt. Paris, in his *History of the Monks of St. Albani*, calls him
Falso, but in his *General History*, *Falscius de Brente*, as above.

Unfinished

As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge;
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou?

Rob. The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?

You came not of one mother then, it seems.

Bast. Most certain of one mother, mighty king,
That is well known; and, as I think, one father:
But, for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you o'er to heaven, and to my mother;
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy mother,
And wound her honour with this diffidence.

Bast. I, madam? no, I have no reason for it;
That is my bother's plea, and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pound a year:
Heaven guard my mother's honour, and my land!

K. John. A good blunt fellow:—Why, being younger
born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

Bast. I know not why, except to get the land.
But once he slander'd me with bastardy:

But

Holinshed says, "that Richard I. had a natural son named Philip, who in the year following killed the viscount De Limoges, to revenge the death of his father." STEVENS.

Perhaps the following passage in the Continuation of Harding's Chronicle, 1523, fol. 24, b ad ann. 1472, induced the author of the old play to affix the name of *Faulconbridge* to King Richard's natural son, who is only mentioned in our histories by the name of Philip: "—one *Faulconbridge*, therle of Kent his *bastarde*, a route harted man."

Who the mother of Philip was, is not ascertained. It is said that she was a lady of Poitou, and that King Richard bestowed upon her son a lordship in that province.

In expanding the character of the Bastard, Shakspeare seems to have proceeded on the following slight hint in the original play:

"Next them, a ballard of the king's deceas'd,

"*A hardie wild head, rough, and venturous*" MALONE.

9 But for the certain knowledge of that truth,

I put you o'er to heaven, and to my mother;

Of that I doubt, as all men's children may] The resemblance between this sentiment and that of Tellemachus in the first book of the *Odyssey*, is apparent. The passage is thus translated by Chapman:

"My mother, certaine, sayes I am his sonne;

"I know not; nor was ever simply knowne,

"By any child, the sure truth of his fre."

Mr.

But whe'r * I be as true begot, or no,
 That still I lay upon my mother's head;
 But, that I am as well begot, my liege,
 (Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!)
 Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.
 If old sir Robert did beget us both,
 And were our father, and this son like him;
 O old sir Robert, father, on my knee
 I give heaven thanks, I was not like to thee.

K. John. Why, what a mad-cap hath heaven lent us here!

Eli. He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face¹,
 The accent of his tongue affecteth him:
 Do you not read some tokens of my son
 In the large composition of this man?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
 And finds them perfect Richard.—Sirrah, speak,
 What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

Barb. Because he hath a half-face, like my father;
 With that half-face² would he have all my land:
 A half-fac'd groat five hundred pound a year³!

Reb.

Mr. Pope has observed that the like sentiment is found in *Euripides*, *Menander*, and *Aristotle*. Shakspeare expresses the same doubt in several of his other plays. STEEVENS.

* But whe'r—] *Whe'r* for *whether*. See p. 200, n. 1. MALONE.

¹ He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face,] The *trick*, or *tricking*, is the same as the tracing of a drawing, meaning that peculiarity of face which may be sufficiently shewn by the slightest outline. The following passage in B. Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, proves the expression to be borrowed from delineation: "Car. You can blazon the rest, Signior I. S.g. O aye, I have it in writing here o' purpose; it cost me two shillings the *tricking*." STEEVENS.

Our author often uses this phrase, and generally in the sense of a peculiar air or cast of countenance or feature. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. 1: "That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly a villainous *trick* of thine eye,—". In *K. Lear*, as Mr. Malon has observed, the word is applied to the voice: "The *trick* o' that voice I do well remember." MALONE.

² With that half face—] The old copy reads—With *half* that face. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

³ A half fac'd groat five hundred pound a year!] He sneers at the sharp visage of his brother, by comparing him to a silver groat, that bore the king's face in profile, so shewed but half the face. The groats of all our kings of England, and indeed all their other coins of silver, one or two only excepted, had a full face crowned; till Henry VII. in 1504 coined groats and half-groats, as also some shillings, with half faces, i. e. faces in profile, as all our coin has now. In this allusion the

Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father liv'd,
Your brother did employ my father much ;—

Bast. Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land ;
Your tale must be, how he employ'd my mother.

Rob. And once dispatch'd him in an embassy
To Germany, there, with the emperor,
To treat of high affairs touching that time :
The advantage of his absence took the king,
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's ;
Where how he did prevail, I shame to speak :
But truth is truth ; large lengths of seas and shores
Between my father and my mother lay,
(As I have heard my father speak himself,)
When this same lusty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me ; and took it on his death,
That this, my mother's son, was none of his ;
And, if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.
Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate ;—
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him :
And, if she did play false, the fault was hers ;
Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,
Had of your father claim'd this son for his ?
In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world ;
In sooth, he might : then, if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him ; nor your father,
Being none of his, refuse him : This concludes +,—
My mother's son did get your father's heir ;
Your father's heir must have your father's land.

the poet is knowingly guilty of an anachronism : for in the time of king John there were no groats at all ; they being first, as far as appears, coined in the reign of king Edward III. THEOBALD.

The same contemptuous allusion occurs in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601 :

“ You kaly-far'd groat, you thick cheek'd chitty-face ” STEEV.

4 *This concludes*.—] This is a *decisive argument*. As your father, if he liked him, could not have been forced to resign him, so, not liking him, he is not at liberty to reject him. JOHNSON.

Rob.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force,
To dispossess that child which is not his?

Basf. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather,—be a Faulconbridge,
And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land;
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-lion,
Lord of thy presence, and no land beside⁵?

Basf. Madam, an if my brother had my shape,
And I had his, sir Robert his, like him⁶;
And if my legs were two such riding-rods,
My arms such eel-skins stuff'd; my face so thin,
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,
Lest men should say, Look, where three-farthings goes⁷!

And,

⁵ *Lord of thy presence, and no land beside?* *Lord of thy presence* means master of that dignity and grandeur of appearance that may sufficiently distinguish thee from the vulgar, without the help of fortune. *Lord of his presence* apparently signifies, *great in his own person*, and is used in this sense by king John in one of the following scenes.

JOHNSON.

⁶ *And I had his, sir Robert his, like him;* This is obscure and ill expressed. The meaning is: *If I had his shape,—sir Robert's,—as he has.*

Sir Robert his, for *sir Robert's*, is agreeable to the practice of that time, when the 's added to the nominative was believed, I think erroneously, to be a contraction of *his*. So, Donne:

“—— Who now lives to age,

“Fit to be call'd Methusalem *his* page?” JOHNSON.

The old copy reads—*Sir Robert's his*; which cannot be right, as we have thus a double genitive. For the slight emendation now made, I am answerable. MALONE.

⁷ —— *my face so thin,*

That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,

Lest men should say, Look, where three-farthings goes! In this very obscure passage our poet is anticipating the date of another coin; humorously to rally a thin face, eclipsed, as it were, by a full-blown rose. We must observe, to explain this allusion, that queen Elizabeth was the first, and indeed the only princess, who coined in England three halfpence, and three farthing pieces. And these pieces all had her head, and the rose behind. THEOBALD.

Mr. Theobald has not mentioned a material circumstance relative to these three farthing pieces, on which the propriety of the allusion in some measure depends; viz. that they were made of silver, and consequently extremely *thin*. From their thinness they were very liable to be cracked. Hence Ben Jonson, in his *Every Man in his Humour*, says, “He values me at a crack'd three-farthings.” MALONE.

The roses [*stick in the ear*] were, I believe, only roses composed of ribbands. In Masson's *What you Will*, 1607, is the following passage:

“Dupateo the elder brother, the fool, he that bought the half-penny ribband, wearing it in his ear,” &c.

Again,

And, to his shape, were heir to all this land ⁸,
 'Would I might never stir from off this place,
 I'd give it every foot to have this face;
 I would not be sir Nob in any case ⁹.

Eli. I like thee well; Wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
 Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
 I am a soldier, and now bound to France.

Basf. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance:
 Your face hath got five hundred pound a year;
 Yet sell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear.—
 Madam, I'll follow you unto the death ¹.

Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

Basf. Our country manners give our betters way.

K. John. What is thy name?

Basf. Philip, my liege; so is my name begun;
 Philip, good old sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

K. John. From henceforth bear his name whose form
 thou bear'st:

Kneel thou down Philip, but rise more great ^{*};
 Arise sir Richard, and Plantagenet ².

Basf.

Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour*, 1601: "— This ribband
 in my ear, or so." I think I remember, among Vandyck's pictures in
 the duke of Queensbury's collection at Ambresbury, to have seen one
 with the lock nearest the ear ornamented with ribbands which terminate
 in roses; and Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, says, that "it was
 once the fashion to stick real flowers in the ear." STEEVENS.

Marston in his *Satires*, 1598, alludes to this fashion as fantastical:

"Ribbanded eares, Grenada nether-stocks."

And from the epigrams of Sir John Davies, printed at Middleburgh,
 about 1598, it appears that some men of gallantry in our author's time
 suffered their ears to be bored, and wore their mistress's silken shoe-
 strings in them. MALONE.

⁸ And, to his shape, were heir to all this land.] There is no noun to
 which *were* can belong, unless the personal pronoun in the line last but
 one be understood here. I suspect that our author wrote—

And though his shape were heir to all this land,—

Thus the sentence proceeds in one uniform tenour. Madam, an if my
 brother had my shape, and I had his,—and if my legs were, &c.—and
 though his shape were heir, &c. I would give.— MALONE.

⁹ I would not be sir Nob.—] Sir Nob is used contemptuously for Sir
 Robert. The old copy reads—It would not be.— The correction was
 made by the editor of the second folio. I am not sure that it is neces-
 sary. MALONE.

¹ — unto the death.] This expression is common among our ancient
 writers. STEEVENS.

^{*} — more great;] *More* is here used as a dissyllable. MALONE.

² Arise sir Richard, and Plantagenet.] It is a common opinion, that
Plantagenet was the surname of the royal house of England, from the
 time

Bast. Brother by the mother's side, give me your hand ;
My father gave me honour, yours gave land :—
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, sir Robert was away.

Elk. The very spirit of Plantagenet !—
I am thy grandame, Richard ; call me so.

Bast. Madam, by chance, but not by truth : What
though ?

Something about, a little from the right ⁴,
In at the window, or else o'er the hatch ⁵.
Who dares not stir by day, must walk by night ;
And have is have, however men do catch :
Near or far off, well won is still well shot ;
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

K. John. Go, Faulconbridge ; now hast thou thy desire,
A landless knight makes thee a landed 'squire.—
Come, madam, and come, Richard ; we must speed.
For France, for France ; for it is more than need.

Bast. Brother, adieu ; Good fortune come to thee !

time of king Henry II. ; but it is, as Camden observes in his *Remaines*, 1614, a popular mistake. Plantagenet was not a family name, but a nick name, by which a grandson of Geoffrey, the first earl of Anjou, was distinguished, from his wearing a *broom-stalk* in his bonnet. But this name was never borne either by the first earl of Anjou, or by king Henry II. the son of that earl by the empress Maude ; he being always called Henry *Fitz Empress* ; his son, Richard *Cœur-de-lion* ; and the prince who is exhibited in the play before us. John *sans terre*, or *lack-land*. MALONE.

3 *Madam, by chance, but not by truth : What though ?* I am your grandson, madam, by chance, but not by honesty ;—what then ? JOHNSON.

4 *Something about, a little from the right, &c.* This speech, composed of allusive and proverbial sentence, is obscure. *I am*, says the spritely knight, *your grandson*, a little irregularly, but every man cannot get what he wishes the legal way. He that *dares not* go about his designs *by day*, must *make his motions* in the *night* ; *he*, to whom the door is shut, must climb *the window*, or leap *the hatch*. This, however, shall not depress me ; for the world never enquires how any man got what he is known to possess, but allows that *to have* is *to have*, however it was *caught*, and that he *who wins, shot well*, whatever was his skill, whether the arrow fell *near the mark*, or *far off* it. JOHNSON.

5 *In at the window, &c.* These expressions mean, to be *born out of wedlock*. So, in *The Family of Love*, 1608 : "Woe worth the time that ever I gave suck to a child that came in at the window !" So, in *Northward Hoe*, by Decker and Webster, 1607 : "—kinkered that comes in o'er the hatch, and sailing to Westminster," &c. Again, in *the Witches of Lancashire*, by Heywood and Broome, 1634 : "—to escape the dogs, hath leap'd in at a window.—'Tis thought you came into the world that way,—because you are a *bastard*." STEEVENS.

For

For thou wast got i'the way of honesty.

[*Exeunt all but the Bastard.*]

A foot of honour ⁶ better than I was;

But many a many foot of land the worse.

Well, now can I make any Joan a lady :—

Good den, fir Richard ⁷,—*God-a-mercy, fellow* ;—

And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter :

For new-made honour doth forget men's names ;

'Tis too respectful, and too sociable,

For your conversion ⁸. Now your traveller ⁹,—

He and his tooth-pick ¹ at my worship's mess ;

And

⁶ *A foot of honour*—] *A step, un'pas.* JOHNSON.

⁷ — *fir Richard*,—] Faulconbridge is now entertaining himself with ideas of greatness, suggested by his recent knighthood — *Good den, fir Richard*, he supposes to be the salutation of a vassal ; *God-a-mercy, fellow*, his own supercilious reply to it. STEVENS.

⁸ *'Tis too respectful, and too sociable,*

For your conversion.] *Respectful* is *respectful*. So, in the *Case* is altered, by Ben Jonson, 1609 : " I pray you, fir ; you are too *respectful* in good faith."

For your *conversion* is the reading of the old copy, and may be right. It may mean, his late change of condition from a private gentleman to a knight. STEVENS.

Mr. Pope, without necessity, reads—for your *conversing*. Our author has here, I think, used a licence of phraseology that he often takes. The Bastard has just said, that " new-made honour doth *forget* men's names ;" and he proceeds as if he had said, " — does not remember men's names." To remember the name of an inferior, he adds, has too much of the respect which is paid to superiors, and of the social and friendly familiarity of equals, for your *conversion*,—for your present condition, now converted from the situation of a common man to the rank of a knight. MALONE.

⁹ — *Now your traveller*,—] It is said in *All's Well that ends Well*, that " a traveller is a good thing after dinner." In that age of newly excited curiosity, one of the entertainments at great tables seems to have been the discourse of a traveller. JOHNSON.

¹ *He and his tooth-pick*—] It has been already remarked, that to pick the tooth was in that time, a mark of a man affecting foreign fashions.

JOHNSON.

So, Fletcher :

" — You that trust in travel ;

" You that enhance the daily price of *tooth-picks*."

Again, in Shirley's *Grateful Servant*, 1630 : " I will continue my state-posture, use my *tooth-pick* with discretion," &c. So again, in *Cynthia's Revels*, by B. Jonson, 1601 : " — A traveller, one so made out of the mixture and shreds of forms, that himself is truly deformed. He walks most commonly with a clove or *pick-tooth* in his mouth."

STEVENS.

So, in Sir Thomas Overbury's *Characters*, 1616 [Article, *An affected Traveller*] : " He censures all things by countenances and shrugs, and speaks

And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,
 Why then I suck my teeth, and catechise
 My picked man of countries :—*My dear sir,*
 (Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin,)
I shall beseech you—That is question now;
 And then comes answer like an ABC-book :—
O sir, says answer, *at your best command*;
At your employment ; *at your service, sir* :—
No, sir, says question ; *I, sweet sir, at yours* :
 And so, ere answer knows what question would,
 (Saving in dialogue of compliment 4 ;

speaks his own language with shame and lisping ; he will choke rather than confess beere good drinke ; and his *tooth-pick* is a main part of his behaviour."

At my worship's *mes*, means, at that part of the table where I, as a *knight*, shall be placed.

Your *worship* was the regular address to a knight or esquire, in our author's time, as your *honour* was to a lord. MALONE.

2 *My picked man of countries* :—] The word *piked* may not refer to the beard, but to the *shoes*, which were once worn of an immoderate length. To this fashion our author has alluded in *King Lear*, where the reader will find a more ample explanation. *Piked* may, however, mean only spruce in dress. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost* : "He is too *picked*, too spruce," &c. Again, in Greene's *Defence of Cony-catching*, 1592, in the description of a pretended traveller : "There be in England, especially about London, certain quaint, *pickt*, and neat companions, attired, &c. a-la-mode de France," &c.

If a comma be placed after the word *man* :—"I catechize

"*My picked man, of countries* ;"

the passage will seem to mean, "I catechise my selected man, about the countries through which he travelled." STEEVENS.

The last interpretation of *picked*, offered by Mr Steevens, is undoubtedly the true one. So, in Willon's *Arte of Rhetorique*, 1553 : "—such riot, dicyng, cardyng, *pikyng*," &c. *Piked* or *picked*, (for the word is variously spelt,) in the writings of our author and his contemporaries, generally means, *spruce, affected, effeminate*. See Minshew's Dict. 1617 ; "To *picke* or *trimme*. Vid. *Trimme*." MALONE.

3 — *like an ABC book* :—] An *ABC-book*, or, as they spoke and wrote it, an *absy book*, is a *catechism*. JOHNSON.

So, in Thomas Nash's dedication to Greene's *Arcadia*, 1616 : "—make a patrimony of *In speech*, and more than a younger brother's inheritance of their *Abbie*." STEEVENS.

4 (*Saving in dialogue of compliment* ;] Sir W. Cornwallis's 28th essay thus ridicules the extravagance of compliments in our poet's days, 1601 : "We spend even at his (i. e. a friend's or a stranger's) entrance, a whole volume of words.—What a deal of synamon and ginger is sacrificed to dissimulation ! *Oh, how blessed do I take mine eyes for presenting me with this sight ! O Signior, the star that governs my life in contentment, give me leave to interre myself in your arms !—Not so, sir, it is too unworthy an inclosure to contain such preciousness*, &c. &c. This, and a cup of drink, makes the time as fit for a departure as can be." TOLLET.

And

And talking of the Alps, and Apennines,
 The Pyrenean, and the river Po,) . . .
 It draws toward supper in conclusion so.
 But this is worshipful society,
 And fits the mounting spirit, like myself :
 For he is but a bastard to the time ⁵,
 That doth not smack of observation ;
 (And so am I, whether I smack, or no ;)
 And not alone in habit and device,
 Exterior form, outward accoutrement ;
 But from the inward motion to deliver
 Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth :
 Which, though I will not practise to deceive ⁶,
 Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn ;
 For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.—
 But who comes in such haste ⁷, in riding robes ?
 What woman-post is this ? hath she no husband,
 That will take pains to blow a horn ⁸ before her ?

*Enter Lady FAULCONBRIDGE and James Gurney **

O me ! it is my mother :—How now, good lady ?
 What brings you here to court so hastily ?

Lady F. Where is that slave, thy brother ? where is he ?
 That holds in chase mine honour up and down ?

Phil. My brother Robert ? old sir Robert's son ?
 Colbrand ⁹ the giant, that same mighty man ?
 Is it sir Robert's son, that you seek so ?

⁵ *For he is but a bastard to the time, &c.]* He is accounted but a mean man in the present age, who does not shew by his dress, his deportment, and his talk, that he has travelled, and made observations in foreign countries. The old copy in the next line reads—*smack*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

⁶ *Which, though, &c.]* The construction will be amended, if instead of *Which, though*, we read *This though*. JOHNSON.

⁷ *But who comes, &c.]* Milton, in his tragedy, introduces Dalilah with such an interrogatory exclamation. JOHNSON.

⁸ *— to blow a horn—]* He means, that a woman who travelled about like a post, was likely to horn her husband. JOHNSON.

* *— James Gurney]* Our author found this name in perusing the history of King John ; who not long before his victory at Mirabeau over the French, headed by young Arthur, seized the lands and castle of Hugh Gorney, near Butevant in Normandy. MALONE.

⁹ *Colbrand—]* *Colbrand* was a Danish giant, whom Guy of Warwick discomfited in the presence of king Athelstan. The combat is very pompously described by Drayton in his *Polyolbion*. JOHNSON.

Lady F.

Lady F. Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou unreverend boy,
Sir Robert's son: Why scorn'st thou at fir Robert?
He is fir Robert's son; and so art thou.

Bast. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a while?

Gur. Good leave ¹, good Philip.

Bast. Philip?—sparrow ²!—James,
There's toys abroad ³; anon I'll tell thee more.

[*Exit GURNEY.*]

Madam, I was not old fir Robert's son;
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
Upon Good-friday, and ne'er broke his fast ⁴:
Sir Robert could do well; Marry, (to confess!)
Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it;
We know his handy-work:—Therefore, good mother,
To whom am I beholding for these limbs?
Sir Robert never help to make this leg.

Lady F. Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,
That for thine own gain should'st defend mine honour?
What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?

Bast. Knight, knight, good mother,—Basilisco-like ⁵:

What!

¹ *Good leave, &c.] Good leave means a ready assent. So, in King Henry VI. P. III. Act III. sc. ii:*

"*K. Edw.* Lords, give us leave; I'll try this widow's wit.

"*Glo.* Ay, *good leave* have you, for you will have leave."

STEEVENS.

² *Philip?—sparrow!—]* Dr. Grey observes, that Skelton has a poem to the memory of Philip Sparrow; and Mr. Pope in a short note remarks that a sparrow is called Philip. JOHNSON.

Again, in *Magnificence*, an ancient *Interlude* by Skelton, published by Rastell:

"With me in kepyng such a *Phylip Sparrowe*." STEEVENS.
The Bastard means: *Philip!* Do you take me for a sparrow?

HAWKINS.

³ *There's toys abroad; &c.] i. e. rumours, idle reports. So, in a postscript to a letter from the counts of Essex to Dr. Forman, in relation to the trial of Anne Turner for the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury: "—they may tell my father and mother, and fill their ears full of toys." State Trials, Vol. I. p. 322. STEEVENS.*

⁴ *— might have eat his part in me*

Upon Good-friday, and ne'er broke his fast:] This thought occurs in Heywood's *Dialogues upon Proverbs*, 1562:

"— he may his parte on good Fridaie eate,

"And fast never the wurs, for ought he shall geate." STEEV.

⁵ *Lady F. What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?*

Bast. Knight, knight, good mother,—*Basilisco-like:] I say, like Basilisco in the play, call me not knave, but knight, good mother.*

What! I am dubb'd; I have it on my shoulder.

But, mother, I am not sir Robert's son;

I have disclaim'd sir Robert, and my land;

Legitimation, name, and all is gone:

Then, good my mother, let me know my father;

Some proper man, I hope; Who was it, mother?

Lady F. Hast thou deny'd thyself a Faulconbridge?

Bast. As faithfully as I deny the devil.

Lady F. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father;

By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd

To make room for him in my husband's bed:—

Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge!—

Thou art the issue of my dear offence,

Which was so strongly urg'd, past my defence.

Bast. Now, by this light, were I to get again,

Madam, I would not with a better father.

Some sins do bear their privilege on earth ⁶,

And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly:

Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose ⁷,—

Subjected tribute to commanding love,—

Against whose fury and unmatched force

The awless lion could not wage the fight,

Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.

The play alluded to, is *Solyman and Perseda*, a tragedy, which was entered on the Stationers' books in 1592, and printed in 1599. In this play Basilisco is compelled to take an oath which is dictated to him by Piron:

"*Bis.* O, I swear, I wear.

"*Fist* I, the aforesaid Basilisco,—

"*Bas* I, the aforesaid Basilisco,—*knight*, good fellow, *knight*.

"*Fist* *Knave*, good fellow, knave, knave." MALONE.

* Thou art:—] Old Copy—*That* art. Corrected by Mr. Rowe.

MALONE.

⁶ *Some sins*, &c.] There are *sins*, that whatever be determined of them above, are not much censured *on earth*. JOHNSON.

⁷ *Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose*,—

Against whose fury and unmatched force

The awless lion could not wage the fight, &c.] Shakspeare here alludes to the old metrical romance of *Richard Cœur de Lion*, wherein this once celebrated monarch is related to have acquired his distinguishing appellation, by having plucked out a lion's heart to whose fury he was exposed by the duke of Austria, for having slain his son with a blow of his fist. From this ancient romance the story has crept into some of our old chronicles: but the original passasse may be seen at large in the introduction to the third Vol. of *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*.

PERCY.

He,

He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts,
 May easily win a woman's. Ah, my mother,
 With all my heart I thank thee for my father !
 Who lives and dares but say, thou did'st not well
 When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.
 Come, lady, I will shew thee to my kin ;
 And they shall say, when Richard me begot,
 If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin :
 Who says, it was, he lies ; I say, 'twas not.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T II. S C E N E I.

France. *Before the walls of Angiers.*

Enter, on one side, the Archduke of Austria, and forces ; on the other, PHILIP, King of France, and forces, LEWIS, CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and Attendants.

Lew. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.—
 Arthur, that great fore-runner of thy blood,
 Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart *,
 And fought the holy wars in Palestine,

* *Richard, that robb'd, &c.*] So, Rastal in his *Chronicle*: " It is sayd that a *lyon* was put to kynge *Richard*, beyng in prison, to have devoured him ; and when the *lyon* was gapyng, he put his arme in his mouth, and pulled the *lyon* by the harte so hard that he slewe the *lyon*, and therefore some say he is called *Rycharde Cure de Lyon* ; but some say he is called *Cure de Lyon*, because of his bol netis and hardy stomake." GREY.

I have an old black-lettered history of lord Fauconbridge, whence Shakspeare might pick up this circumstance. FARMER.

In Heywood's *Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601, there is a long description of this fabulous achievement.

The same story is told by Knighton, inter *Decem Scriptores*, and by Fabian, who calls it a *fable*. It probably took its rise from Hugh de Neville, one of Richard's followers, having killed a lion, when they were in the Holy land : a circumstance recorded by Matthew Paris.

MADONE.

By

By this brave duke came early to his grave⁹ :
 And, for amends to his posterity,
 At our importance¹ hither is he come,
 To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf ;
 And to rebuke the usurpation
 Of thy unnatural uncle, English John :
 Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arth. God shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death,
 The rather, that you give his offspring life,
 Shadowing their right under your wings of war :
 I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
 But with a heart full of unstained love :
 Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

Lew. A noble boy ! Who would not do thee right ?

Auf. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,
 As seal to this indenture of my love ;
 That to my home I will no more return,
 Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,
 Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore²,

⁹ *By this brave duke came early to his grave :*] The old play led Shakſpeare into this error of aſcribing to the duke of Auſtria the death of Richard, who loſt his life at the ſiege of Chaluz, long after he had been ranſom'd out of Auſtria's power. STEEVENS.

The producing *Auſtria* on the ſcene is alſo contrary to the truth of hiſtory, into which anachroniſm our author was led by the old play. Leopold Duke of Auſtria, by whom Richard I. had been thrown into priſon in 1193, died in conſequence of a fall from his horſe in 1195, ſome years before the commencement of the preſent play.

The original cauſe of the enmity between Richard the Firſt, and the duke of Auſtria, was, according to Fabian, that Richard “ took from a knight of the Duke of *Oſtriche* the ſaid duke's banner, and in deſpice of the ſaid duke, trade it under foot, and did unto it all the ſpite he might.” Harding ſays, in his Chronicle, that the cauſe of quarrel was Richard's taking down the Duke of Auſtria's arms and banner, which he had ſet up above thoſe of the king of France and the king of Jeruſalem. The affront was given, when they lay before Acre in Paleſtine. This circumſtance is alluded to in the old *King John*, where the Baſtard, after killing Auſtria, ſays,

“ And as my father triumph'd in thy ſpoils,

“ And trod thine enſigns underneath his feet,” &c.

Other hiſtorians ſay, that the duke ſuſpected Richard to have been concerned in the aſſaſſination of his kiſman, the Marquis of Montſerrat, who was ſtabbed in Tyre, ſoon after he had been elected king of Jeruſalem; but this was a calumny, propagated by Richard's enemies for political purpoſes. MALONE.

¹ *At our importance—*] At our *importance*. JOHNSON.

² — *that pale, that white-fac'd ſhore,*] England is ſuppoſed to be called Albion from the *white rocks* facing France. JOHNSON.

Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
 And coops from other lands her islanders,
 Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main,
 That water-walled bulwark, still secure
 And confident from foreign purposes,
 Even till that utmost corner of the west,
 Salute thee for her king: till then, fair boy,
 Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Const. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
 Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength,
 To make a more requital ³ to your love.

Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs, that lift their swords
 In such a just and charitable war.

K. Phi. Well then, to work; our cannon shall be bent
 Against the brows of this resisting town,—
 Call for our chiefest men of discipline,
 To cull the plots ^{*} of best advantages:—
 We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
 Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,
 But we will make it subject to this boy.

Const. Stay for an answer to your embassy,
 Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood:
 My lord Chatillon may from England bring
 That right in peace, which here we urge in war;
 And then we shall repent each drop of blood,
 That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter CHATILLON.

K. Phi. A wonder, lady ⁴!—lo, upon thy wish,
 Our messenger Chatillon is arriv'd.—
 What England says, say briefly, gentle lord,
 We coldly pause for thee; Chatillon, speak.

Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege,
 And stir them-up against a mightier task.

³ — a more requital,] I believe it has been already observed, that more signified in our author's time, greater. STEVENS.

^{*} — the plots—] i. e. the ground, or posts. MALONE.

⁴ A wonder, lady!—] The wonder is only that Chatillon happened to arrive at the moment when Constance mentioned him; which the French king, according to a superstition which prevails more or less in every mind agitated by great affairs, turns into a miraculous interposition, or omen of good. JOHNSON.

England,

England, impatient of your just demands,
 Hath put himself in arms; the adverse winds,
 Whose leisure I have staid, have given him time
 To land his legions all as soon as I :
 His marches are expedient ⁵ to this town,
 His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
 With him along is come the mother-queen,
 An Até, stirring him to blood and strife ⁶ ;
 With her her niece, the lady Blanch of Spain ;
 With them a bastard of the king's deceas'd ⁷ :
 And all the unsettled humours of the land,—
 Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
 With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' spleens,—
 Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
 Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs ⁸ ,
 To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
 In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
 Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er ⁹ ,
 Did never float upon the swelling tide,
 To do offence and scath ¹ in Christendom.
 The interruption of their churlish drums [Drums beat.
 Cuts off more circumstance : they are at hand,
 'To parly, or to fight ; therefore, prepare.
K. Phi. How much unlook'd for is this expedition !
Aufl. By how much unexpected, by so much
 We must awake endeavour for defence ;

⁵ — *expedient*—] Immediate, *expeditions*. JOHNSON.

⁶ *An Até, stirring him, &c.*] *Aid* was the Goddess of Revenge. This image might have been borrowed from the celebrated libel, called *Leicester's Commonwealth*, originally published about the year 1584 :—she standeth like a fiend or *fury*, at the elbow of her Amadis, to *stirre* him forward when occasion shall serve." STEEVENS.

The old copy reads—*An Ace*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

⁷ *With them a bastard of the king's deceas'd* :] This line, except the word *with*, is borrowed from the old play of *King John*, already mentioned. Our author should have written—*king*, and so the modern editors read. But there is certainly no corruption, for we have the same phraseology elsewhere. See also the original line, p. 181, n. 8.

MALONE.

⁸ *Bearing their birth-rights, &c.*] So, *King Henry VIII* :

" Many broke their backs with bearing manors on them."

JOHNSON.

⁹ — *have waft o'er*,] *Waft* for *wafted*. So again, in this play :

" The iron of itself, though *heat* red hot,"—

i. e. heated. STEEVENS.

¹ — *scath*—] Destruction, harm. JOHNSON.

For courage mounteth with occasion :
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

*Enter King JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, the BASTARD,
PEMBROKE, and Forces.*

K. John. Peace be to France; if France in peace
permit

Our just and lineal entrance to our own !
If not ; bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven !
Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beat his peace to heaven.

K. Phi. Peace be to England ; if that war return
From France to England, there to live in peace !
England we love ; and, for that England's sake,
With burthen of our armour here we sweat :
This toil of ours should be a work of thine ;
But thou from loving England art so far,
That thou hast under-wrought ² his lawful king,
Cut off the sequence of posterity,
Out-faced infant state, and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face ;—
These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his :
His little abstract doth contain that large,
Which dy'd in Geffrey ; and the hand of time
Shall draw this brief ³ into as huge a volume.
That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his son ; England was Geffrey's right,
And this is Geffrey's : In the name of God,
How comes it then, that thou art call'd a king,
When living blood doth in these temples beat,
Which owe the crown that thou o'er-maisterest ?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great comm
France,
To draw my answer from thy articles ?

K. Phi. From that supernal judge, that stirs good
thoughts
In any breast of strong authority,

² — *under-wrought*—] i. e. underworked, undermined. STEVENS.
³ — *this brief*—] Our author has elsewhere used *brief* for a short
note, or description. MALONE.

To look into the blots and stains of right 3.
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy :
Under whose warrant, I impeach thy wrong ;
And, by whose help, I mean to chastise it.

K. John. Alack, thou dost usurp authority.

K. Phi. Excuse ; it is to beat usurping down.

Eli. Who is it, thou dost call usurper, France ?

Const. Let me make answer ;—thy usurping son.

Eli. Out, insolent ! thy bastard shall be king ;
That thou may'st be a queen, and check the world 4 !

Const. My bed was ever to thy son as true,
As thine was to thy husband : and this boy
Liker in feature to his father Geffrey,
Than thou and John in manners ; being as like,
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.

My boy a bastard ! By my soul, I think,
His father never was so true begot ;

It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother *.

Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.

Const. There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.

Aust. Peace !

Bast. Hear the crier 5.

3 *To look into the blots and stains of right.*] The illegitimate branch of a family always carried the arms of it with what in ancient heraldry was called a *blot* or *difference*. So, in Drayton's *Epistle from Q. Isha's to King Richard II.*

“ No bastard's mark doth blot his conqu'ring shield.”

Blots and stains occur again together in Act III. sc. i. STEEVENS.

Blot had certainly the heraldical sense mentioned by Mr. Steevens. But it here, I think, means only *blemishes*. So again, in Act III.

MALONE.

4 *That thou may'st be a queen, and check the world !*] “ Surely (says Holinshed) Queen Eleanor, the kyngs mother, was fore against her nephew Arthur, rather moved thereto by envye conceyved agaynst his mother, than upon any just occasion, given in the behalfe of the childe ; for that she saw, if he were king, how his mother Constance would look to beare the most rule within the realme of Englande, till her sonne shou'd come to lawfull age, to govern of himselfe. So hard a thing it is, to bring women to agree in one minde, their natures commonly being to contrary.” MALONE.

* — *an if thou wert his mother.*] Constance alludes to Elinor's infidelity to her husband Lewis the Seventh, when they were in the Holy Land ; on account of which he was divorced from her. She afterwards (1151) married our King Henry II. MALONE.

5 *Hear the crier.*] Alluding to the usual proclamation for *silence*, made by criers in courts of justice, beginning *Oyez*, corruptly pronounced *O-yes*. Austria has just said, *Peace*. MALONE.

Aust.

Aust. What the devil art thou?

Basl. One that will play the devil, fir, with you,
An 'a may catch your hide and you alone ⁶.

You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard ⁷;
I'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right;
Sirrah, look to't; i'faith, I will, i'faith.

Blanch. O, well did he become that lion's robe,
That did disrobe the lion of that robe!

Basl. It lies as lightly on the back of him,
As great Alcides' shoes upon an afs ⁸ :—

But,

⁶ *One that will play the devil, fir, with you,*

An 'a may catch your hide, and you alone.] The ground of the quarrel of the Battard to Austria is no where specified in the present play. But the story is, that Austria, who killed king Richard *Cœur-de-lion*, wore as the spoil of that prince, a lion's hide, which had belonged to him. This circumstance renders the anger of the bastard very natural, and ought not to have been omitted. POPE.

See p. 191, n. 7; and p. 192, n. 8. This circumstance (as Mr. Pope likewise observes) is particularly alluded to in the old play of *K. John*, Sign. C. 1. K. Richard, however, was not killed (as has been already mentioned) by the duke of Austria, but by Bertrand de Courdon at the siege of Chaluz, a castle belonging to the Viscount de Lymoges. Mr. Pope's note, which is on a passage in the third act, I have placed here, because the allusion to Austria's wearing the lion's hide here first occurs.

MALONE.

The omission of this incident was natural. Shakspeare having familiarized the story to his own imagination, forgot that it was obscure to his audience; or what is equally probable, the story was then so popular that a hint was sufficient at that time to bring it to mind; and these plays were written with very little care for the approbation of posterity. JOHNSON.

⁷ *You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,*

Whose valour plucks dead lions, &c.] So, in the *Spanish Tragedy* :

“He hunted well that was a lion's death;

“Not he that in a garment wore his skin:

“So hares may pull dead lions by the beard.” STEEVENS.

The *Spanish Tragedy* was exhibited on the stage about the year 1590. The proverb alluded to is, “*Mortuo leoni et lepores insultant.*” ERASMI ADAG. MALONE.

⁸ *It lies as lightly on the back of him,*

As great Alcides' shoes upon an afs:] i. e. upon the hoofs of an afs. Mr. Theobald thought the *shoes* must be placed on the back of the afs; and, therefore, to avoid this incongruity, reads—Alcides *shoes*. This endeavour to make our author's similes correspond exactly on both sides, is, as has been more than once observed, the source of many errors.

MALONE.

The *shoes* of Hercules are more than once introduced in the old comedies on much the same occasions. So, in *The Life of Gullib*, by J. Day,

1606 :

But, aſs, I'll take that burden from your back ;
Or lay on that, ſhall make your ſhoulders crack.

Auſt. What cracker is this ſame, that deafs our ears
With this abundance of ſuperfluous breath ?

K. Phi. Lewis, determine ⁹ what we ſhall do ſtraight.

Lew. Women and fools, break off your conference.—
King John, this is the very ſum of all,—
England, and Ireland, Anjou *, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee :
Wilt thou reſign them, and lay down thy arms ?

K. John. My life as ſoon :—I do defy thee, France.
Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand ;
And, out of my dear love, I'll give thee more
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win :
Submit thee, boy.

Eli. Come to thy grandam, child !

Conſt. Do, child, go to it' grandam, child :
Give grandam kingdom, and it' grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig :
There's a good grandam.

Arth. Good my mother, peace !
I would, that I were low laid in my grave ;
I am not worth this coil, that's made for me.

1606: "— are as fit, as Hercules's *ſhoe* for the foot of a pigmy." Again, in Goffin's *School of Abuse*, 1579: "— to draw the lyon's ſkin upon *Æſop's* aſſe, or *Hercules's ſhoe* on a child's ſeete." STREEVENS.

A double alluſion was intended; firſt, to the fable of the aſs in the lion's ſkin; then Richard I. is finely ſet in competition with Alcides, as Austria is ſatirically coupled with the aſs. THEOBALD.

9 *K. Phi. Lewis, determine, &c.*] In the old copy this line ſtands thus: King Lewis, determine what we ſhall do ſtraight.

To the firſt three ſpeeches ſpoken in this ſcene by King Philip, the word *King* only is prefixed. I have therefore given this line to him. The tranſcriber or compoſitor having, I imagine, forgotten to diſtinguiſh the word *King* by Italicks, and to put a full point after it, theſe words have been printed as part of Austria's ſpeech: "King Lewis;" &c. but ſuch an arrangement muſt be erroneous, for Lewis was not king. Some of our author's editors have left Austria in poſſeſſion of the line, and corrected the error by reading here, "King Philip, determine," &c. and giving the next ſpeech to him, inſtead of Lewis.

I once thought that the line before us might ſtand as part of Austria's ſpeech, and that he might have addreſſed *Philip* and *the Dauphin* by the words, King.—Lewis, &c. but the addreſſing Philip by the title of King, without any addition, ſeems too familiar, and I therefore think it more probable that the error happened in the way above ſtated.

MALONE.

* — *Anjou*,] Old Copy—*Angiers*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald.

MALONE.

Eli.

Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.

Const. Now shame upon you, whe'r she does, or no¹!
His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,
Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee;
Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be brib'd
To do him justice, and revenge on you.

Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth!

Const. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth!
Call not me slanderer; thou, and thine, usurp
The dominations, royalties, and rights,
Of this oppress'd boy: This is thy eldest son's son,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee;
Thy sins are visited in this poor child;
The canon of the law is laid on him,
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

K. John. Bedlam, have done.

Const. I have but this to say,—
That he's not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin and her the plague²

On

¹ *New shame upon you, whe'r she does or no!* *Whe'r for whether.*
See, in an *Epigram*, by B. Jonson:

“Who shall doubt, Donne, *whe'r* I a poet be,

“When I dare send my epigrams to thee?”

Again, in Gower's *De Confessione Amantis*, 1532:

“That maugre *where* she wolde or not,—”. MALONE.

² *I have but this to say,—*

That he's not only plagued for her sin,

But, God hath made her sin and her the plague, &c.] This passage appears to me very ob'scure. The chief difficulty arises from this, that Constance having told Elinor of her *sin-conceiving womb*, pursues the thought, and uses *sin* through the next lines in an ambiguous sense, sometimes for *crime*, and sometimes for *offspring*.

He's not plagued for her sin, &c. He is not only made miserable by vengeance for her *sin* or *crime*; but her *sin*, her *offspring*, and she, are made the instruments of that vengeance, on this descendant; who, though of the second generation, is *plagued for her and with her*; to whom she is not only the cause but the instrument of evil.

The next clause is more perplexed. All the editions read:

— *plagu'd for her,*
And with her plague her sin; his injury
Her injury, the beadle to her sin,
All punish'd in the person of this child.

I point thus:

— *plagu'd for her*
And with her.—Plague her son! his injury
Her injury, the beadle to her sin.

Tha

On this removed issue, plagu'd for her,
 And with her plague, her sin ; his injury
 Her injury,—the beadle to her sin ;
 All punish'd in the person of this child,
 And all for her ; A plague upon her !

Eli. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
 A will, that bars the title of thy son.

Confl. Ay, who doubts that ? a will ! a wicked will ;
 A woman's will ; a canker'd grandam's will !

That is ; instead of inflicting vengeance on this innocent and remote descendant, *punish her son*, her immediate offspring : then the affliction will fall where it is deserved ; *his injury* will be *her injury*, and the misery of her *sin* ; her son will be a *beadle*, or chastiser, to her *crimes*, which are now *all punish'd in the person of this child*. JOHNSON.

Mr. Roderick reads :

— *plagu'd for her,*
And with her plagu'd ; her sin, his injury.—

We may read :

But God hath made her sin and her the plague
On this removed issue, plagu'd for her ;
And, with her sin, her plague, his injury
Her injury, the beadle to her sin.

i. e. *God hath made her and her sin together, the plague of her most remote descendants, who are plagued for her ;* the same power hath likewise made *her sin her own plague, and the injury she has done to him her own injury, as a beadle to lash that sin.* i. e. Providence has so order'd it, that she who is made the instrument of punishment to another, has, in the end, converted that other into an instrument of punishment for herself. STEVENS.

Constance observes that *he* (*is*se, pointing to *King John*, “whom from the flow of gall she names not,”) is not only plagued [with the present war] for his mother's sin, but God hath made her sin and her the plague also on this removed issue, [Arthur,] plagued on her account, and by the means of her sinful offspring, whose injury [the usurpation of Arthur's rights] may be considered as her injury, or the injury of her sin-conceiving womb ; and John's injury may also be considered as the beadle or officer of correction employed by her crimes to inflict all the punishments on the person of this child. TOLLET.

Plagued in these plays generally means *punished*. So, in *King Richard III.*

“And God, not we, hath *plagu'd* thy bloody deed.”

So Holinshed : “— they for very remorse and dread of the divine *plague*, will either shamefully flee.” &c.

Not being satisfied with any of the emendations proposed, I have adhered to the original copy. I suspect that two half lines have been left after the words—And with her—. If the text be right, *with*, I think, means *by*, (as in many other passages.) and Mr. Tollet's interpretation the true one. *Removed*, I believe, here signifies *remote*. So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* :

“From Athens is her house *remov'd* seven leagues.” MALONE.

K. Phi. Peace, lady; pause, or be more temperate :
 It ill beseems this presence, to cry aim
 To these ill-tuned repetitions ³.—
 Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
 These men of Angiers; let us hear them speak,
 Whose title they admit, Arthur's, or John's.

Trumpets sound. Enter Citizens upon the walls.

1. *Cit.* Who is it, that hath warn'd us to the walls?

K. Phi. 'Tis France, for England.

K. John. England, for itself:

You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—

K. Phi. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,
 Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.

K. John. For our advantage;—I therefore, hear us first ⁴.
 These flags of France, that are advanced here
 Before the eye and prospect of your town,
 Have hither march'd to your endamagement :
 The cannons have their bowels full of wrath ;
 And ready mounted are they, to spit forth
 Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls :
 All preparation for a bloody siege,
 And merciless proceeding by these French,
 Confronts your city's eyes ⁵; your winking gates ⁶ ;
 And, but for our approach, those sleeping stones,
 That as a waist do girdle you about,
 By the compulsion of their ordnance

³ *It ill beseems this presence, to cry aim*

To these ill-tuned repetitions.—] Dr. Warburton has well observed
 on one of the former plays, that to *cry aim* is to encourage. JOHNSON.

The phrase (as Dr. Johnson has suggested,) “ was borrowed from archery, *aim* having been the word of command as we now say *present*.”

MALONE.

So, in our author's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, where Ford says:
 “ — and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall *cry aim*.”
 See the note on that passage. STEEVENS.

⁴ *For our advantage;—Therefore hear us first.*] If we read—*For your advantage*, it would be a more specious reason for interrupting Philip TYRWHITT.

⁵ *Confronts your city's eyes.*] The old copy reads—*Comfort*, &c. Mr. Rowe made this necessary change. STEEVENS.

⁶ — *your winking gates*;] i. e. gates hastily closed from an apprehension of danger. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II:

“ And winking leap's into destruction.” MALONE.

By

By this time from their fixed beds of lime
 Had been dishabited, and wide havock made
 For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
 But, on the sight of us, your lawful kings,—
 Who painfully, with much expedient march,
 Have brought a countercheck before your gates,
 To save unscratch'd your city's threaten'd cheeks,—
 Behold, the French, amaz'd, vouchsafe a parle:
 And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,
 To make a shaking fever in your walls,
 They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,
 To make a faithless error in your ears:
 Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
 And let us in, your king; whose labour'd spirits,
 Forweary'd in this action of swift speed,
 Crave harbourage within your city walls.

K. Phi. When I have said, make answer to us both.
 Lo, in this right hand, whose protection
 Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
 Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet;
 Son to the elder brother of this man,
 And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys:
 For this down-trodden equity, we tread
 In warlike march these greens before your town;
 Being no further enemy to you,
 Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,
 In the relief of this oppressed child,
 Religiously provokes. Be pleased then
 To pay that duty, which you truly owe,
 To him that owes it?; namely, this young prince:
 And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
 Save in aspect, have all offence seal'd up;
 Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
 Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven;
 And, with a blessed and unrev'd retire,
 With unhack'd swords, and helmets all unbruised,
 We will bear home that lusty blood again,
 Which here we came to spout against your town,
 And leave your children, wives, and you, in peace.

O 'They shoot but calm words folded up in smoke,] So, in our author's
Notes of Lucrece:

"This helpless *smoke of words* doth me no right." MALONE:
 7 — *that owes it;*] *Owe* is here, as in other books of our author's
 time, used for *own*. MALONE.

But

But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
 'Tis not the roundure⁸ of your old-fac'd walls
 Can hide you from our messengers of war;
 Though all these English, and their discipline,
 Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
 Then, tell us, shall your city call us lord,
 In that behalf which we have challeng'd it?
 Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
 And stalk in blood to our possession?

1. *Cit.* In brief, we are the king of England's subjects;
 For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.

1. *Cit.* That can we not: but he that proves the king,
 To him will we prove loyal; till that time,
 Have we ramn'd up our gates against the world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove the king?
 And, if not that, I bring you witnesses,
 Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,—

Bast. Bastards, and else.

K. John. To verify our title with their lives.

K. Phi. As many, and as well-born bloods as those,—

Bast. Some bastards too.

K. Phi. Stand in his face, to contradict his claim.

1. *Cit.* Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
 We, for the worthiest, hold the right from both.

K. John. Then God forgive the sin of all those souls,
 That to their everlasting residence,
 Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,
 In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

K. Phi. Amen, Amen!—Mount, chevaliers! to arms!

Bast. Saint George,—that swing'd the dragon, and e'er
 since,

Sits on his horseback at mine hostess's door,
 Teach us some fence!—Sirrah, were I at home,
 At your den, sirrah, [to Aust.] with your lioness,
 I'd set an ox-head to your lion's hide⁹,

⁸ 'Tis not the roundure, &c.] *Roundure* means the same as the French *rondeur*, i. e. the circle. So, in Shakspeare's 21st Sonnet:

" ——— all things rare,

" That heaven's air in this huge *rondeur* hems." STEEVENS.

⁹ I'd set an ox-head to your lion's hide,] So, in the old play of *King John*:

" But let the frolick Frenchman take no scorn,

" If Philip front him with an English horn." STEEVENS.

And

And make a monster of you.—

Aust. Peace ; no more.

Bast. O, tremble ; for you hear the lion roar.

K. John. Up higher to the plain ; where we'll set forth
In best appointment, all our regiments.

Bast. Speed then, to take advantage of the field.

K. Phi. It shall be so ;—[*to Lewis.*] and at the other
hill

Command the rest to stand.—God, and our right !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same.

*Alarums and Excursions ; then a Retreat. Enter a French
Herald, with trumpets, to the gates.*

F. Her. You men of Angiers ¹, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, duke of Bretagne, in ;
Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground :
Many a widow's husband groveling lies,
Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth ;
And victory, with little loss, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French ;
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne, England's king, and yours.

Enter an English Herald, with trumpets.

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers ², ring your bells ;
King John, your king and England's, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day !

¹ *You men of Angiers, &c.]* This speech is very poetical and smooth, and except the conceit of the *widow's husband embracing the earth*, is just and beautiful. JOHNSON.

² *Rejoice, you men of Angiers, &c.]* The English herald falls somewhat below his antagonist. *Silver armour gilt with blood* is a poor image. Yet our author has it again in *Macbeth* :

“ ——— Here lay Duncan,

“ His *silver skin* lac'd with his *golden blood.*” JOHNSON.

Their

Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,
 Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood ;
 There stuck no plume in any English crest,
 That is remov'd by a staff of France ;
 Our colours do return in those same hands
 That did display them when we first march'd forth ;
 And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen ³, come
 Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
 Dy'd in the dying slaughter of their foes :
 Open your gates, and give the victors way.

1. *Cit.* Heralds, from off our towers ⁴ we might behold,
 From first to last, the onset and retire
 Of both your armies ; whose equality
 By our best eyes cannot be censured * :
 Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd blows ;
 Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted
 power :
 Both are alike ; and both alike we like.
 One must prove greatest : while they weigh so even,
 We hold our town for neither ; yet for both.

*Enter, at one side, King JOHN, with his power ; ELINOR,
 BLANCH, and the BASTARD ; at the other, King PHILIP,
 LEWIS, AUSTIN, and forces.*

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away ?
 Say, shall the current of our right roam on ?
 Whose passage vex'd with thy impediment,
 Shall leave his native channel, and o'er-swell
 With course disturb'd even thy confining shores ;
 Unless thou let his silver water keep
 A peaceful progress to the ocean.

³ *And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen,*] It was, I think, one of the
 savage practices of the chase, for all to stain their hands in the blood of
 the deer, as a trophy. JOHNSON.

⁴ *Heralds, from off our towers, &c.*] These three speeches seem to
 have been laboured. The citizen's is the best ; yet both alike are hkt
 a poor jingle. JOHNSON.

* — *cannot be censured* :] i. e. cannot be estimated. Our author
 ought rather to have written—whose superiority, or whose inequality,
 cannot be censured. MALONE.

⁵ *Say, shall the current of our right roam on ?*] Thus the old copy.
 The editor of the second folio substituted *run*, which has been adopted
 in the subsequent editions. I do not perceive any need of change. In
 the *Tempest* we have—"the wandering brooks." MALONE.

K. Phi.

K. Phi. England, thou hast not sav'd one drop of blood,
 In this hot trial, more than we of France ;
 Rather, lost more : And by this hand I swear,
 That sways the earth this climate overlooks,—
 Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,
 We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we bear,
 Or add a royal number to the dead ;
 Gracing the scrowl, that tells of this war's loss,
 With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Bast. Ha, majesty ! how high thy glory towers,
 When the rich blood of kings is set on fire !
 O, now doth death line his dead chaps with steel ;
 The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs ;
 And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men ⁶,
 In undetermin'd differences of kings.—
 Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus ?
 Cry, havoc, kings ⁷ ! back to the stained field,
 You equal potents ⁸, fire-kindled spirits !
 Then let confusion of one past confirm

The other's peace ; till then, blows, blood, and death !

K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit ?

K. Phi. Speak, citizens, for England ; who's your king ?

1. *Cit.* The king of England, when we know the king.

K. Phi. Know him in us, that here hold up his right.

K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,
 And bear possession of our person here ;
 Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

1. *Cit.* A greater power than we, denies all this ⁹ ;

And,

⁶ — *mousing the flesh of men.*] *Mousing*, like many other ancient and now uncouth expressions, was expelled from our author's text by Mr. Pope ; and *mouthing*, which he substituted in its room, has been adopted in the subsequent editions, without any sufficient reason, in my apprehension. *Mousing* is, I suppose, mamocking, and devouring eagerly, as a cat devours a mouse. So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* : " Well mous'd, Lion ! " Again, in *The Wonderful Year*, by Thomas Decker, 1603 : " Whilst Troy was swilling sack and sugar, and mousing fat venison, the mad Greekes made bonfires of their houses."

⁷ *Cry, havoc, kings !*] That is, *command slaughter to proceed*. So, in another place : " He with Até by his side, Cries, havoc ! "

⁸ *You equal potents.*] *Potents* for potentates. So, in *An everis excellent and delectabil Treatise intituled PNELOTUS*, &c. 1603 : " Are of the potentes of the town,— " STEEVENS.

⁹ *A greater power than we, denies all this, &c.*] i. e. the Lord of hosts, who has not yet decided the superiority of either army ; and till it be

And, till it be undoubted, we do lock
 Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates :
 King'd of our fears ¹, until our fears, resolv'd,
 Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.

Bast. By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers ² flout you,
 kings ;

be undoubted, the people of Angiers will not open their gates.

TOLLET.

¹ King'd of our fears,] i. e. Our fears being our kings, or rulers. The old copy reads—*Kings*. The emendation, as the reader will find in the following note, was proposed by Mr. Tyrwhitt. *King'd* is again used in *King Richard II.*

"Then I am king'd again."

It is manifest that the passage in the old copy is corrupt, and that it must have been so worded, that their *fears* should be styled their *kings* or masters, and not they, kings or masters of their fears ; because in the next line mention is made of these *fears* being *depos'd*. Mr. Tyrwhitt's emendation produces this meaning by a very slight alteration, and is therefore, I think, entitled to a place in the text.

The following passage in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*, strongly, in my opinion, confirms this conjecture :

"So shall these *slaves* [Tarquin's unruly *passions*] be *kings*,
 and thou their slave."

Again, in *King Lear* :

"—— It seems, she was a queen

"Over her *passion*, *who*, most rebel-like,

"Sought to be *king* o'er her."

This passage in the folio is given to King Philip, and in a subsequent part of this scene, all the speeches of the citizens are given to Hubert ; which I mention, because these, and innumerable other instances, where the same error has been committed in that edition, justify some licence in transferring speeches from one person to another. MALONE.

Dr. Warburton saw what was requisite to make this passage sense ; and Dr. Johnson, rather too hastily, I think, has received his emendation into the text. He reads :

Kings are our fears,—

which he explains to mean, "our fears are the kings which at present rule us."

As the same sense may be obtained by a much slighter alteration, I am more inclined to read :

King'd of our fears,—.

King'd is used as a participle passive by Shakspeare more than once, I believe. I remember one instance in *Henry the Fifth*, Act II. sc. v. The Dauphin says of England :

"— she is so idly *king'd*."

It is scarce necessary to add, that, of, here (as in numberless other places) has the signification of, by. TYRWHITT.

² — these scroyles of Angiers—] *Escrouelles*, Fr. i. e. scabby, scrofulous fellows. Ben Jonson uses the word in *Every Man in his Humour* :

"—— hang them *scroyles*!" STEEVENS.

And

And stand securely on their battlements,
 As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
 At your industrious scenes³ and acts of death.
 Your royal presences be rul'd by me ;
 Do like the mutines of Jerusalem⁴,

³ *At your industrious scenes—*] I once wished to read—*illustrious* ;
 but I now believe the text to be right. So, in *Macbeth* :

“ ——— and put we on

“ *Industrious* soldier-ship.” MALONE.

⁴ *Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,*] The *mutines* are the *mutineers*,
 the seditious. So again, in *Hamlet* :

“ ——— and lay

“ Worse than the *mutines* in the bilboes.”

Our author had probably read the following passages in *A Compendious and most marvellous History of the latter times of the Jewes Common-weale, &c* Written in Hebrew, by Joseph Ben Gorion,—translated into English, by Peter Morwyn : “ The same yeere the civil warres grew and increased in Jerusalem ; for the citizens slew one another without any truce, rest, or quietnesse.—The people were divided into *three parties* ; whereof the first and best followed Anani, the high priest ; another part followed seditious Jehochanan ; the third most cruel Schimeon.—Anani, being a perfect godly man, and seeing the common-weale of Jerusalem governed by the *seditious*, gave over his third part, that hee should follow him, to Eliasar, his sonne. Eliasar with his companie tooke the Temple, and the courts about it ; appointing of his men, some to bee spies, some to keepe watche and warde—But Jehochanan tooke the market place and streetes, the lower part of the citie. Then Schimeon, the Jerosolomite, tooke the highest part of the towne, wherefore his men annoyed Jehochanan's parte sore with slings and crosse-bowes. Betweene these three there was also most cruel battailes in Jerusalem for the space of foure daies.—

Titus' campe was about sixe furlongs from the towne. The next morrow they of the towne seeing Titus to be encamped upon the mount Olivet, the captaines of the *seditious* assembled together, and fell at argument, every man with another, intending to turne their cruelty upon the *Romaines*, confirming and ratifying the same *atonement* and purpose, by swearing one to another ; and so became peace amongst them. Wherefore, *joyning together*, that before were *three severall parts*, they set open the gates, and all the bell of them issued out with an horrible noyse and shout, that they made the *Romaines* afraide withall, in such wise that they fled before the *seditious*, which sodainly did set upon them unawares.”

The book from which I have transcribed these passages, was printed in 1602, but there was a former edition, as that before me is said to be “ newly corrected and amended by the translatour ” From the spelling and the style, I imagine the first edition of this book had appeared before 1580. This allusion is not found in the old play. MALONE.

Since this note was written, I have met with an edition of the book which Shakspere had here in his thoughts, printed in 1575. MALONE.

Be

Be friends a while ⁵, and both conjointly bend
 Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town :
 By east and west let France and England mount
 Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths ;
 Till their soul-fearing clamours ⁶ have brawl'd down
 The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city :
 I'd play incessantly upon these jades,
 Even till unfenced desolation

Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
 That done, dissever your united strengths,
 And part your mingled colours once again ;
 Turn face to face, and bloody point to point :
 Then, in a moment, fortune shall cull forth
 Out of one side her happy minion ;
 To whom in favour she shall give the day,
 And kiss him with a glorious victory.
 How like you this wild counsel, mighty states ?
 Smacks it not something of the policy ?

K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,
 I like it well :—France, shall we knit our powers,
 And lay this Angiers even with the ground ;
 Then, after, fight who shall be king of it ?

Bass. An if thou hast the mettle of a king,—
 Being wrong'd, as we are, by this peevish town,—
 Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,
 As we will ours, against these saucy walls :
 And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
 Why, then defy each other ; and, pell mell,
 Make work upon ourselves, for heaven, or hell.

K. Phi. Let it be so :—Say, where will you assault ?

K. John. We from the west will send destruction
 Into this city's bosom.

Aust. I from the north.

K. Phi. Our thunder from the south,
 Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

Bass. O prudent discipline ! From north to south ;
 Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth : [Aside.]
 I'll stir them to it :—Come, away, away !

1. *Cit.* Hear us, great kings : vouchsafe a while to stay,
 And I shall shew you peace, and fair-fac'd league ;
 Win you this city without stroke, or wound ;

⁵ *Be friends a while, &c.* This advice is given by the Bassard in the old play, though comprized in fewer and less spirited lines. STEEVENS.

⁶ — *soul-fearing clamours*—] i. e. *soul-appalling*. MALONE.

Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come sacrifices for the field:
Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.

K. John. Speak on, with favour; we are bent to hear.

1. *Cit.* That daughter there of Spain, the lady Blanch,⁷
Is near to England; Look upon the years
Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid:
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?
If zealous love⁸ should go in search of virtue,
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?
If love ambitious fought a match of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood than lady Blanch?
Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dauphin every way complete:
If not complete, O say⁹, he is not she;
And she again wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not, that she is nor he:
He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such a she¹;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
O, two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in:
And two such shores to two such streams made one,
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
To these two princes, if you marry them.
This union shall do more than battery can,
To our fast-closed gates; for, at this match,
With swifter spleen² than powder can enforce,

7 — *the lady Blanch.*] The lady *Blanch* was daughter to Alphonso the Ninth, king of Castile, and was niece to king John by his sister Eleanor.

STEEVENS.

8 *If zealous love, &c.*] *Zealous* seems here to signify *pious*, or influenced by motives of religion. JOHNSON.

9 *If not complete, O say,*] The old copy reads—*If not complete of, say, &c.* Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.

1 — *such a she;*] Old copy—as she. Corrected by Dr. Thirby.

MALONE.

2 — *at this match,*

With swifter spleen, &c.] Our author uses *spleen* for any violent hurry, or tumultuous speed. So, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* he applies *spleen* to the lightning. I am loath to think that Shakspeare meant to play with the double of *match* for *suprial*, and the *match* of a gun. JOHNSON.

The

The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
 And give you entrance : but, without this match,
 The sea enraged is not half so deaf,
 Lions more confident, mountains and rocks
 More free from motion ; no, not death himself
 In mortal fury half so peremptory,
 As we to keep this city.

Bast. Here's a stay,
 That shakes the rotten carcases of old death ;
 Out of his rags ! Here's a large mouth, indeed,
 That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and seas ;
 Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,
 As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs !

3 *Here's a stay,*

That shakes the rotten carcases of old death, &c. *Stay*, I apprehend, here signifies a *supporter of a cause*. Here's an extraordinary partizan, that shakes, &c. So, in the last act of this play :

"What surety in the world, what hopes, what *stay*,

"When this was now a king, and now is clay ?"

Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III.

"Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no *stay*."

Again, in *K. Richard III.*

"What *stay* had I but Edward, and he's gone."

Again, in Davies's *Scourge of Folly*, printed about the year 1611 :

"England's last friend, and Ireland's constant *stay*."

It is observable that *partizan* in like manner, though now generally used to signify an *adherent* to a party, originally meant a pike or halberd.

Perhaps, however, our author meant by the words, *Here's a stay*, "Here's a fellow, who whilst he makes a proposition as a *stay* or *obstacle*, to prevent the effusion of blood, shakes," &c. The Citizen has just said :

"Hear us, great kings, vouchsafe a while to *stay*,

"And I shall shew you peace," &c.

It is, I conceive, no objection to this interpretation, that an *impediment* or *obstacle* could not shake death, &c. though the *person* who endeavoured to *stay* or prevent the attack of the two kings, might. Shakspeare seldom attends to such *minutiae*.—But the first explanation appears to me more probable.—Dr. Johnson would read—*Here's a stay*, &c. i. e. Here's a *gust* of bravery, a *blast* of menace. MALONE.

Shakspeare seems to have taken the hint of this speech from the following in the *Famous History of Thomas Stukely*, 1605. bl. l.

"*Why here's a gallant, here's a king indeed !*

"*He speaks all Mars :—but, let me follow such*

"*A lad as this :—This is pure fire :*

"*Ev'ry look he casts, flasheth like lightning ;*

"*There's mettle in this boy.*

"*He brings a breath that sets our sails on fire :*

"*Why now I see we shall have cuffs indeed.*" STEEVENS.

What

What cannoneer begot this lusty blood ?
 He speaks plain cannon, fire, and smoke, and bounce ;
 He gives the bastinado with his tongue ;
 Our ears are cudgel'd ; not a word of his,
 But buffets better than a fist of France :
 Zounds ! I was never so bethump'd with words,
 Since I first call'd my brother's father, dad.

Eli. Son, list to this conjunction, make this match ;
 Give with our niece a dowry large enough :
 For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie
 Thy now unsur'd assurance to the crown,
 That yon green boy shall have no fun to ripe
 The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.
 I see a yielding in the looks of France ;
 Mark, how they whisper : urge them, while their souls
 Are capable of this ambition ;
 Left zeal, now melted ⁴, by the windy breath
 Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,

Cool

4 *Left zeal, now melted, &c.*] We have here a very unusual, and, I think, not very just image of *zeal*, which, in its highest degree, is represented by others as a flame, but by Shakspeare, as a frost. To *represent zeal*, in the language of others, is to *cool*, in Shakspeare's to *melt* it ; when it exerts its utmost power it is commonly said to *flame*, but by Shakspeare to be *congealed*. JOHNSON.

Sure the poet means to compare *zeal* to metal in a state of fusion, and not to dissolving ice. STEEVENS.

The allusion, I apprehend, is to dissolving ice ; and if this passage be compared with others in our author's plays, it will not, I think, appear liable to Dr. Johnson's objection.—The sense, I conceive, is, *Left the now zealous and to you well-affected heart of Philip, which but lately was cold and hard as ice, and has newly been melted and softened, should by the soft petitions of Constance, and pity for Arthur, again become congealed and frozen*. I once thought that "the windy breath of soft petitions," &c. should be coupled with the preceding words, and related to the proposal made by the citizen of Angiers ; but I now believe that they were intended to be connected, in construction, with the following line. In a subsequent scene we find a similar thought couched in nearly the same expressions :

" This act, so evilly born, shall cool the hearts
 " Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal."

Here Shakspeare does not say that *zeal*, when "congealed, exerts its utmost power," but, on the contrary, that when it is congealed or frozen, it ceases to exert itself at all ; it is no longer zeal.

We again meet with the same allusion in *King Henry VIII.* :

" — This makes bold mouths ;
 " Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
 " Allegiance in them."

Both

Cool and congeal again to what it was.

1. *Cit.* Why answer not the double majesties
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?

K. Phi. Speak England, first, that hath been forward first
To speak unto this city: What say you?

K. John. If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son,
Can in this book of beauty read⁵, I love,
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:
For Anjou⁶, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poitiers,
And all that we upon this side the sea
(Except this city now by us besieg'd)
Find liable to our crown and dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed; and make her rich
In titles, honours, and promotions,
As she in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any princess of the world.

K. Phi. What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's face.

Lew. I do, my lord; and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;
Which, being but the shadow of your son,
Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow:
I do protest, I never lov'd myself,
Till now infixed I beheld myself,

Both zeal and allegiance therefore, we see, in the language of Shakespeare, are in their highest state of exertion, when *melted*; and repressed or diminished, when *frozen*. The word *freeze* in the passages just quoted, shews that the allusion is not, as has been suggested, to *metals*, but to *ice*.

The obscurity of the present passage arises from our author's use of the word *zeal*, which is, as it were, personified. *Zeal*, if it be understood strictly, cannot "cool and congeal again to what it was," (for when it cools, it ceases to be *zeal*;) though a *person* who is become warm and zealous in a cause, may afterwards become cool and indifferent, *as he was*, before he was warmed—"To what it was," however, in our author's licentious language, may mean, "to what it was, *before it was zeal*," MALONE.

5 *Can in this book of beauty read;*] So, in *Pericles*, 1609:

"Her face, the book of praises," &c.

Again, in *Macbeth*:

"Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men

"May read strange matters." MALONE.

6 *For Anjou;*] The old copy reads—*Angiers*. Mr. Theobald made the emendation; which is confirmed both by the context and by the anonymous *K. John*, printed in 1591. See also p. 199, n. *.

MALONE.

Drawn

Drawn in the flattering table of her eye ?

[*Whispers with Blanch.*

Bast. Drawn in the flattering table of her eye !—

Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow !—

And quarter'd in her heart !—he doth spy

Himself love's traitor : This is pity now,

That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there should be,

In such a love, so vile a lout as he.

Blanch. My uncle's will, in this respect, is mine :

If he see aught in you, that makes him like,

That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,

I can with ease translate it to my will ;

Or, if you will, (to speak more properly,)

I will enforce it easily to my love.

Further I will not flatter you, my lord,

That all I see in you is worthy love,

Than this,—that nothing do I see in you,

(Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your judge,)

That I can find should merit any here.

K. John. What say these young ones ? What say you, my niece ?

Blanch. That she is bound in honour still to do
What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

K. John. Speak then, prince Dauphin ; can you love
this lady ?

Lew. Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love ;
For I do love her most unfeignedly.

K. John. Then do I give Volquessen's, Touraine,
Maine,

Poitiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,

With her to thee ; and this addition more,

Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.—

Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,

Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

K. Phi. It likes us well ;—Young princes, close your hands ?

7 — *in the flattering table of her eye :*] *Table*, it has already been observed, was in our author's time a term for a picture. *Tableau*, Fr. MALONE.

8 — *Volquessen,*] This is the ancient name for the country now called the *Vexin* ; in Latin, *Regni Volocassini*. That part of it called the *Norman Vexin*, was in dispute between Philip and John. STEEVENS.

This and the subsequent line (except the words, "do I give") are taken from the old play. MALONE.

9 — *Young princes, close your hands.*] See *The Winter's Tale*. MALONE.

Aust.

Aust. And your lips too; for, I am well assur'd,
That I did so, when I was first assur'd ¹.

K. Phi. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made;
For at saint Mary's chapel, presently,
The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd.—
Is not the lady Constance in this troop?—
I know, she is not; for this match, made up,
Her presence would have interrupted much:—
Where is she and her son; tell me, who knows?

Lew. She is sad and passionate at your highness' tent *.

K. Phi. And, by my faith, this league, that we have
made,

Will give her sadness very little cure.—
Brother of England, how may we content
This widow lady? In her right we came;
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,
To our own vantage.

K. John. We will heal up all:
For we'll create young Arthur duke of Bretagne,
And earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town
We make him lord of.—Call the lady Constance;
Some speedy messenger bid her repair
To our solemnity:—I trust we shall,
If not fill up the measure of her will,
Yet in some measure satisfy her so,
'That we shall stop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlook'd for unprepared pomp.
[*Exeunt all but the Baitard. The Citizens retire
from the walls.*]

¹ — I am well assur'd,

That I did so when I was first assur'd.] *Assur'd* is here used both in its common sense, and in an uncommon one, where it signifies *affianced, contracted*. So, in the *Comedy of Errors*.

“ — called me *Dromio*, swore I was *assur'd* to her.” STEEVENS.

* *She is sad and passionate at your highness' tent*] *Passionate* in this instance does not signify *disposed to anger*, but a prey to mournful sensations. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit without Money*:

“ — Thou art *passionate*,

“ Hast been brought up *with girls*.” STEEVENS.

Again, in the old play entitled *The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke*, 1600:

“ Tell me, good madam,

“ Why is your grace so *passionate* of late? MALONE.

Bas. Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!
 John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
 Hath willingly departed with a part ² :
 And France, (whose armour conscience buckled on ;
 Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,
 As God's own foldier,) rounded in the ear ³
 With that same purpose-changer, that fly devil ;
 That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith ;
 That daily break-vow ; he that wins of all,
 Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids ;—
 Who having no external thing to lose
 But the word maid,—cheats the poor maid of that * ;
 That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling commodity,—
 Commodity, the bias of the world ⁴ ;
 The world, who of itself is peised well,
 Made to run even, upon even ground ;
 Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,
 This sway of motion, this commodity,
 Makes it take head from all indifferency,
 From all direction, purpose, course, intent :

² — departed *with a part* :] To *part* and to *depart* were formerly synonymous. So, in *Every Man in his Humour* : “ Faith, sir, I can hardly *depart* with ready money.” Again in *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609 : “ She'll serve under him til death us *depart*.”

STEEVENS.

³ — rounded in the ear] i. e. whispered in the ear. STEEVENS.

* *Who having no external thing to lose*

But the good maid,—cheats the poor maid of that :] The construction here appears extremely harsh to our ears, yet I do not believe there is any corruption ; for I have observed a similar phraseology in other places in these plays. The construction is,—Commodity, he that wins of all,—*he that* cheats the poor maid of that only external thing she has to lose, namely the word maid, i. e. her chastity. *Who having* is used as the absolute case, in the sense of “ *they having*—;” and the words “ who having no external thing to lose but the word maid,” are in some measure parenthetical ; yet they cannot with propriety be included in a parenthesis, because then there would remain nothing to which the relative *that* at the end of the line could be referred. In the *Winter's Tale*, are the following lines, in which we find a similar phraseology :

“ — This your son-in-law,

“ And son unto the king, (*whom* heavens directing,)

“ Is troth-plight to your daughter.”

Here the pronoun *whom* is used for *him*, as *who*, in the passage before us, is used for *they*. MALONE.

⁴ Commodity, *the bias of the world* ;] *Commodity* is interest. So, in *Damon and Pythias*, 1582 :

“ I will use his friendship to mine own *commoditie*.” STEEVENS.

And this same bias, this commodity,
 'Tis his bawd, this broker⁵, this all-changing word,
 Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
 Hath drawn him from his own-determin'd aid,
 From a resolv'd and honourable war,
 To a most base and vile-concluded peace.—
 And why rail I on this commodity?
 But for because he hath not woo'd me yet:
 Not that I have the power to clutch my hand⁶,
 When his fair angels would salute my palm;
 But for my hand⁷, as unattempted yet,
 Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
 Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,
 And say,—there is no sin, but to be rich;
 And being rich, my virtue then shall be,
 To say,—there is no vice, but beggary:
 Since kings break faith upon commodity,
 Gain, be my lord; for I will worship thee!

[Exit⁸.

A C T III. S C E N E I.

*The same. The French king's Tent.**Enter CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and SALISBURY.*

Const. Gone to be marry'd! gone to swear a peace!
 False blood to false blood join'd! Gone to be friends!

Shall

5 — *this broker,*] A *broker* in old language meant a *pimp* or *procuress*.
 See a note on *Hamlet*, Act II.

"Do not believe his vows, for they are *brokers*," &c. MALONE.

6 — *clutch my hand,*] To *clutch* my hand, is to clasp it close.

STEEVENS.

7 *But for my hand,*] *For* has here, as in many other places, the signification of *because*. So, in *Othello*:

"—or *for* I am declin'd

"Into the vale of years." MALONE.

8 In the old copy the second act extends to the end of the speech of Lady Constance in the next scene, at the conclusion of which she throws herself

Shall Lewis have Blanch? and Blanch those provinces?
 It is not so; thou hast mis-spoke, mis-heard;
 Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again:
 It cannot be; thou dost but say, 'tis so;
 I trust, I may not trust thee; for thy word
 Is but the vain breath of a common man:
 Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;
 I have a king's oath to the contrary.
 Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,
 For I am sick, and capable of fears;
 Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;
 A widow¹, husbandless, subject to fears;
 A woman, naturally born to fears:
 And though thou now confess, thou didst but jest,
 With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,
 But they will quake and tremble all this day.
 What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
 Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
 What means that hand upon that breast of thine
 Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
 Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds²?
 Be these sad signs³ confirmers of thy words?

herself on the ground. The present division, which was made by Mr. Theobald, and has been adopted by the subsequent editors, is certainly right. By this means (as he has observed) a proper interval is made for Salisbury's going to Lady Constance, and for the solemnization of the marriage between the Dauphin and Blanch; and the chasm which the former division produced in the action of the play, is avoided.

MALONE.

⁹ *For I am sick, and capable of fears;*] i. e. I have a strong *sensibility*; I am tremblingly alive to apprehension. So, in *Hamlet*:

"His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,

"Would make them *capable*." MALONE.

¹ *A widow,*] This was not the fact. Constance, was at this time married to a third husband Guido, brother to the Viscount of Touars. She had been divorced from her second husband, Ranulph, Earl of Chester. MALONE.

² *Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?*] This seems to have been imitated by Marston in his *Insatiate Countess*, 1603:

"Then how much more in me, whose youthful veins,

"*Like a proud river, overflow their bounds*." MALONE.

³ *Be these sad signs—*] The *sad signs* are, the *shaking of his head*, the *laying his hand on his breast*, &c. We have again the same words in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"So she, at these *sad signs* exclaims on death."

Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors read—*Be these sad signs—&c.*
 MALONE.

L 2

Then

Then speak again ; not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true, as, I believe, you think them false,
That give you cause to prove my saying true.

Const. O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die ;
And let belief and life encounter so,
As doth the fury of two desperate men,
Which, in the very meeting, fall, and die.—
Lewis marry Blanch ! O, boy, then where art thou ?
France friend with England ! what becomes of me ?—
Fellow, be gone ; I cannot brook thy sight ;
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done,
But spoke the harm that is by others done ?

Const. Which harm within itself so heinous is,
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

Arth. I do beseech you, madam, be content.

Const. If thou, that bid'st me be content, were grim,
Ugly, and stand'rous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots, and sightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content ;
For then I should not love thee ; no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
But thou art fair ; and at thy birth, dear boy !
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great :
Of nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown rose : but fortune, O !
She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee ;
She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John ;
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France

4 Ugly, and stand'rous to thy mother's womb,

Full of unpleasing blots,] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*,

1594 :

" The blemish that will never be forgot,

" Worse than a slavish wipe, or birth hour's blot." MALONE.

5 — sightless—] The poet uses *sightless* for that which we now express by *unsightly*, disagreeable to the eyes. JOHNSON,

7 — prodigious,] That is, *portentous*, so deformed as to be taken for a foretoken of evil. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Revenger's Tragedy*, 1607 :

" Over whoie roof hang this *prodigious* comet." STEEVENS.

To

To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
 And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
 France is a bawd to fortune, and king John ;
 That strumpet fortune, that usurping John :—
 Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn ?
 Envenom him with words ; or get thee gone,
 And leave those woes alone, which I alone
 Am bound to under-bear.

Sal. Pardon me, madam,
 I may not go without you to the kings.

Const. Thou may'st, thou shalt, I will not go with thee :
 I will instruct my sorrows to be proud ;
 For grief is proud, and makes his owner sloop ⁸.
 To me, and to the state of my great grief,
 Let kings assemble ⁹ ; for my grief's so great,

That

⁸ *For grief is proud, and makes his owner sloop.*] Our author has rendered this passage obscure, by indulging himself in one of those conceits in which he too much delights, and by bounding rapidly, with his usual licence, from one idea to another. This obscurity induced Sir T. Hanmer for *sloop* to substitute *stout* ; a reading that appears to me to have been too hastily adopted in the subsequent editions.

The confusion arises from the poet's having personified grief in the first part of the passage, and supposing the afflicted person to be *bow'd* to the earth by that pride or haughtiness which Grief is said to possess ; and by making the afflicted person, in the latter part of the passage, actuated by this very pride, and exacting the same kind of obedience from others, that Grief has exacted from her —“ I will not go (says Constance) to these kings ; I will teach my sorrows to be proud ; for Grief is proud, and makes the afflicted *sloop* ; therefore here I throw myself, and let them come to me ” Here, had she stopped, and thrown herself on the ground, and had nothing more been added, however we might have disapproved of the conceit, we should have had no temptation to disturb the text. But the idea of throwing herself on the ground suggests a new image ; and because her *stately* grief is so great that nothing but the huge earth can support it, she considers the ground as her *throne* ; and having thus invested herself with regal dignity, she as queen in *miser*y, as possessing (like Imogen) “ the supreme *crown* of grief,” calls on the princes of the world to bow down before her, as she has herself been *bow'd down* by affliction.

Such, I think, was the process that passed in the poet's mind ; which appears to me so clearly to explain the text, that I see no reason for departing from it. MALONE.

⁹ *To me, and to the state of my great grief,*

Let kings assemble ;—] In *Much ado about Nothing*, the father of Hero, depressed by her disgrace, declares himself so subdued by grief that a *thread* may lead him. How is it that grief in Leonato and lady Constance produces effects directly opposite, and yet both agreeable to nature? Sorrow softens the mind while it is yet warmed by hope, but hardens

That no supporter but the huge firm earth
 Can hold it up : here I and sorrows sit ¹ ;
 Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.
[She throws herself on the ground.]

*Enter King JOHN, King PHILIP, LEWIS, BLANCH,
 ELINOR, BASTARD, AUSTRIA, and Attendants.*

K. Phi. 'Tis true, fair daughter ; and this blessed day
 Ever in France shall be kept festival :
 'To solemnize this day ², the glorious sun
 Stays in his course, and plays the alchymist ³ :

hardens it when it is congealed by despair. Distress, while there remains any prospect of relief, is weak and flexible, but when no succour remains, is fearless and stubborn ; angry alike at those that injure, and at those that do not help ; careless to please where nothing can be gained, and fearless to offend when there is nothing further to be dreaded. Such was this writer's knowledge of the passions. JOHNSON.

¹ — *here I and sorrows sit* ; —] Perhaps we should read — " Here I and sorrow sit. Our author might have intended to personify sorrow, as Marlowe had done before him, in his *King Edward II* :

" While I am lodg'd within this cave of care,

" Where Sorrow at my elbow still attends."

The transcriber's ear might easily have deceived him, the two readings, when spoken, sounding exactly alike. So, we find in the quarto copy of *K. Henry IV.* P. 1 :

" The mailed Mars shall on his *altars* sit, —
 instead of — shall on his *altar* sit. Again, in the quarto copy of the same play we have — monstrous *scantle*, instead of — monstrous *cattle*.

In this conjecture I had once great confidence ; but, a preceding line, — I will instruct my *sorrows* to be proud, — now appears to me to render it somewhat disputable.

Perhaps our author here remembered the description of Elizabeth, the widow of King Edward IV. given in an old book, that, I believe, he had read : " The Queen sat alone *below on the rushes*, all desolate and dismaide ; whom the Archbishop comforted in the best manner that he coulede." Continuation of Harding's Chronicle, 1543. So also, in a book already quoted, that Shakspeare appears to have read, *A Compendious and most marvellous history of the latter times of the Jewes Commonwealth* : " All those things when I Joseph heard tydings of, I tare my head with my hand, and cast ashes upon my beard, *sitting in great sorrow upon the ground.*" MALONE

² *To solemnize this day, &c.*] From this passage Rowe seems to have borrowed the first lines of his *Fair Penitent*. JOHNSON.

³ — *and plays the alchymist* ;] Milton has borrowed this thought :

" — — — — — when with one virtuous touch

" *Th' arch-chemic sun, &c.*" *Paradise Lost*, b. iii. STEEVENS.

So, in our author's 33d Sonnet :

" *Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchymy.*" MALONE.

'Turning,

Turning, with splendour of his precious eye,
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold :
The yearly course, that brings this day about,
Shall never see it but a holy-day ⁴.

Const. A wicked day, and not a holy-day! — [rising.
What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done ;
That it in golden letters should be set,
Among the high tides ⁵, in the calendar?
Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week ;
'This day of shame, oppression, perjury :
Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child
Pray, that their burthens may not fall this day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd ⁶ :
But on this day ⁷, let seamen fear no wreck ;
No bargains break, that are not this day made :
This day, all things begun come to ill end ;
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change !

K. Phi. By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the fair proceedings of this day :
Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty ?

Const. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit,
Resembling majesty ⁸ ; which, being touch'd, and try'd,
Proves

⁴ *Shall never see it but a holy-day.*] So, in the *Famous Historie of George Lord Fauconbridge*, 1616 : " This joyful day of their arrival [that of Richard I. and his mistress, Clarabel,] was by the king and his counsell *canonized for a holy-day.*" MALONE.

⁵ — *high tides*,] i. e. solemn seasons, times to be observed above others. STEEVENS.

⁶ *Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week ;*] In allusion (as Mr. Upton has observed) to Job iii. 3. " Let the day perish," &c. and v. 6. " Let it not be joined to the days of the year, let it not come into the number of the months." MALONE.

⁷ — *prodigiously be cross'd*,] i. e. be disappointed by the production of a prodigy, a monster. So, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* :

" Nor mark *prodigious*, such as are

" Despised in nativity." STEEVENS.

⁸ *But on this day*,] That is, *except* on this day. JOHNSON.

In the ancient almanacks (one of which I have in my possession, dated 1562) the days supposed to be favourable or unfavourable to bargains, are distinguished among a number of other particulars of the like importance. This circumstance is alluded to in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy*, 1623 :

" By the almanac, I think

" To choose good days and shun the critical." STEEVENS.

See also *Macbeth*, p. 127, n. 8. MALONE.

⁸ *You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit*,

Resembling majesty ;] i. e. a false coin. A counterfeit formerly signified

Proves valueless : You are forsworn, forsworn ;
 You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
 But now in arms you strengthen it with yours :
 The grappling vigour and rough frown of war,
 Is cold in amity and painted peace,
 And our oppression hath made up this league :—
 Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd kings !
 A widow cries ; be husband to me, heavens !
 Let not the hours of this ungodly day
 Wear out the day ¹ in peace ; but, ere sun-set,
 Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd kings ² !
 Hear me, O, hear me !

Aust. Lady Constance, peace.

Const. War ! war ! no peace ! peace is to me a war.

O Lymoges ! O Austria ³ ! thou dost shame
 That bloody spoil : Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward ;
 Thou little valiant, great in villainy !

Thou

signified also a portrait.—A representation of the king being usually impressed on his coin, the word seems to be here used equivocally.

MALONE.

9 *You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,*

But now in arms you strengthen it with yours :] I am afraid here is a clinch intended : *You came in war to destroy my enemies, but now you encompass them in embrace.* JOHNSON.

Wear out the day—] Old Copy —days. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

² *Set armed discord, &c.*] Shakspeare makes this bitter curse effectual.

JOHNSON.

³ *O Lymoges ! O Austria !*] The propriety or impropriety of these titles, which every editor has suffered to pass unnoted, deserves a little consideration. Shakspeare has, on this occasion, followed the old play, which at once furnished him with the character of Faulconbridge, and ascribed the death of Richard I. to the duke of Austria. In the person of Austria, he has conjoined the two well-known enemies of Cœur-de-lion. Leopold, duke of Austria, threw him into prison, in a former expedition [in 1193] ; but the castle of Chalus, before which he fell, [in 1199] belonged to Vidomar, viscount of Limoges ; and the archer, who pierced his shoulder with an arrow (of which wound he died) was Bertrand de Gourdon. The editors seem hitherto to have understood *Lymoges* as being an appendage to the title of Austria, and therefore enquired no further about it.

Holinshed says on this occasion : “ The same yere, Philip, bastard sonne to king Richard, to whome his father had given the castell and honor of Coinacke, killed the viscount of *Lymoges*, in revenge of his father's death, &c.” Austria, in the old play [printed in 1591,] is called *Lymoges, the Austrich duke.*”

With

Thou ever strong upon the stronger side !
 Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight
 But when her humourous ladyship is by
 To teach thee safety ! thou art perjur'd too,
 And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,
 A ramping fool ; to brag, and stamp, and swear,
 Upon my party ! Thou cold-blooded slave,
 Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side ?
 Been sworn my foldier ? bidding me depend
 Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength ?
 And dost thou now fall over to my foes ?
 Thou wear a lion's hide ! doff it for shame ⁴,
 And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs ⁵.

Auf. O, that a man should speak those words to me !

Bas. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Auf. Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.

With this note, I was favoured by a gentleman to whom I have yet more considerable obligations in regard to Shakspeare. His extensive knowledge of history and manners has frequently supplied me with apt and necessary illustrations, at the same time that his judgment has corrected my errors ; yet such has been his constant solicitude to remain concealed, that I know not but I may give offence while I indulge my own vanity in affixing to this note the name of my friend HENRY BLAKE, Esq. STEEVENS.

4 — doff it for shame,] To doff is to do off, to put off. STEEVENS.

5 And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs.] When fools were kept for diversion in great families, they were distinguished by a *calf-skin coat*, which had the buttons down the back ; and this they wore that they might be known for fools, and escape the resentment of those whom they provoked with their waggeries.

In a little penny book, intituled *The Birth, Life, and Death of John Franks, with the Pranks he played though a meer Fool*, mention is made in several places of a *calf's-skin* — In chap. x. of this book, Jack is said to have made his appearance at his lord's table, having then a new *calf skin* suit, red and white spotted. This fact will explain the sarcasm of Constance and Faulconbridge, who mean to call Austria a *fool*.

SIR J. HAWKINS.

I may add, that the custom is still preserved in Ireland ; and the fool, in any of the legends which the minstrels act at Christmas, always appears in a *calf's* or *cow's skin*. In the prologue to *Wily Beguiled*, 1606, is the following passage : " I'll make him do penance upon the stage in a *calf's skin*." Again, in the play : " I'll wrap me in a rousing *calf skin* suit, and come like some Hobgoblin," — " I mean my *Christmas calf-skin* suit." STEEVENS.

The speaker in the play is *Robin Goodfellow*. Perhaps, as has been suggested, Constance, by cloathing Austria in a calf's-skin, means only to insinuate that he is a *coward*. The word *recreant* seems to favour such a supposition. MALONE.

Bast. And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs.
K. John. We like not this; thou dost forget thyself.

Enter PANDULPH.

K. Phi. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven!—
 To thee, king John, my holy errand is.
 I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,
 And from pope Innocent the legate here,
 Do, in his name, religiously demand,
 Why thou against the church, our holy mother,
 So wilfully dost spurn; and, force perforce,
 Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop
 Of Canterbury, from that holy see?
 'This, in our 'foresaid holy father's name,
 Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthly name to interrogatories,
 Can talk the free breath of a sacred king⁶?

Thou

⁶ *What earthly name to interrogatories.*

Can talk the free breath, &c.] i. e. What earthly name, subjoined to interrogatories, can force a king to *speak* and answer them? The old copy reads—*earthly*. The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. It has also *task* instead of *task*, which was substituted by Mr. Theobald. *Breath* for speech is common in our author. So, in a subsequent scene in this play:

“The latest *breath* that gave the sound of words.”

Again, in the *Merchant of Venice*, “*breathing* courtesy,” for *verbal* courtesy. MALONE.

The emendation [*task*] may be justified by the following passage in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.

“How shew'd his *tasking*? seem'd it in contempt?”

Again, in *K. Henry V.*

“That *task* our thoughts concerning us and France.”

STEVENS.

This must have been at the time when it was written, in our struggles with popery, a very captivating scene.

So many passages remain in which Shakspeare evidently takes his advantage of the facts then recent, and of the passions then in motion, that I can but suspect that time has obscured much of his art, and that many allusion yet remain undiscovered, which perhaps may be gradually retrieved by succeeding commentators. JOHNSON.

The speech stands thus in the old play: “And what hast thou or the pope thy master to do, to demand of me how I employ mine own? Know, sir priest, as I honour the church and holy churchmen, so I scorn
 to

Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
 So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
 To charge me to an answer, as the pope.
 Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England,
 Add thus much more,—That no Italian priest
 Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;
 But as we under heaven are supreme head,
 So, under him, that great supremacy,
 Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
 Without the assistance of a mortal hand:
 So tell the pope; all reverence set apart,
 To him, and his usurp'd authority.

K. Phi. Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

K. John. Though you, and all the kings of Christendom,

Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,
 Dreading the curse that money may buy out;
 And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
 Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
 Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself:
 Though you, and all the rest, so grossly led,
 This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish;
 Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose
 Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then, by the lawful power that I have,
 Thou shalt stand curs'd, and excommunicate;
 And blessed shall he be, that doth revolt
 From his allegiance to an heretick;
 And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
 Canonized, and worship'd as a saint,
 That takes away by any secret course
 Thy hateful life 7.

Const.

to be subject to the greatest prelate in the world. Tell thy master so from me; and say, John of England said it, that never an Italian priest of them all shall either have tythe, toll, or polling penny out of England; but as I am king, so will I reign next under God, supreme head both over spiritual and temporal: and he that contradicts me in this, I'll make him hop headless." STEEVENS

7 *That takes away by any secret course*

Thy hateful life.] This may allude to the bull published against queen Elizabeth. Or we may suppose, since we have no proof that this play appeared in its present state before the reign of king James, that it was exhibited soon after the popish plot. I have seen a Spanish book in which Garnet, Faux, and their accomplices are registered as saints. JOHNS. N.

Const. O, lawful let it be,
That I have room with Rome to curse a while !
Good father cardinal, cry thou, amen,
To my keen curses ; for, without my wrong,
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

Pand. There's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.

Const. And for mine too ; when law can do no right,
Let it be lawful, that law bar no wrong :
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here ;
For he, that holds his kingdom, holds the law :
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse ?

Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretick ;
And raise the power of France upon his head,
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

Eli. Look'st thou pale, France ? do not let go thy hand.

Const. Look to that, devil ! lest that France repent,
And, by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.

Aust. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.

Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,
Because—

Bast. Your breeches best may carry them.

K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal ?

Const. What should he say, but as the cardinal ?

Lew. Bethink you, father ; for the difference
Is, purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,³
Or the light loss of England for a friend :
Forgo the easier.

Blanch. That's the curse of Rome.

If any allusion to his own times was intended by the author of the old play, (for this speech is formed on one in *K. John*, 1591,) it must have been to the bull of Pope Pius the Fifth, 1569 : " Then I Pandulph of Padua, legate from the Apostolike see, doe in the name of Saint Peter, and his successor, our holy father Pope Innocent, pronounce thee *accursed*, discharging every of thy subjects of all dutie and fealtie that they do owe to thee, and pardon and forgiveness of sinne to those or them whatsoever which shall *carrie armes* against thee or *murder* thee. This I pronounce, and charge all good men to abhorre thee as an *excommunicate* person." MALONE.

³ *Is, purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,*] It is a political maxim, that *kingdoms are never married*. Lewis, upon the wedding, is for making war upon his new relations. JOHNSON.

Const.

Const. O Lewis, stand fast ; the devil tempts thee here,
In likeness of a new untrimmed bride⁹.

⁹ *In likeness of a new untrimmed bride.*] *Trim* is *dress*. An *untrimmed* bride is a bride *undress*. Could the tempter of mankind assume a semblance in which he was more likely to be successful? The devil (says Constance) raises to your imagination your bride disencumber'd of the forbidding forms of dress, and the memory of my wrongs is lost in the anticipation of future enjoyment. Ben Jonson, in his *New Inn*, says :

" *Bur.* Here's a lady gay.

" *Tip.* A well trimm'd lady!"

Again, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* :

" And I was trimm'd in madam Julia's gown."

Mr. Collins inclines to a colder interpretation, and is willing to suppose that by an *untrimmed* bride is meant a bride *unadorned with the usual pomp and formality of a nuptial habit*. The propriety of this epithet he infers from the haste in which the match was made, and further justifies it from *K. John's* preceding words :

" Go we, as well as *haste* will suffer us,

" To this unlook'd for, *unprepared* pomp."

Mr. Tollet is of the same opinion, and offers two instances in which *untrimmed* indicates a deshabille or a frugal vesture. In *Minshieu's Dict.* it signifies one not finely dress'd or attired. *STEVENS*.

I incline to think that the transcriber's ear deceived him, and that we should read, as Mr. Theobald has proposed,—a new and *trimmed* bride. The following passage in *K. Henry IV. P. I.* appears to me strongly to support his conjecture :

" When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil.—

" Came there a certain lord, neat, *trimly* dress'd,

" Fresh as a *bridegroom*.—"

Again, more appositely, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

" Go, waken Juliet ; go, and *trim* her up ;

" Make haste ; the *bridegroom* he is come already."

Again, in *Cymbeline* :

" ——— and forget

" Your laboursome and dainty *trims*, wherein

" You made great Juno angry."

Again, in our author's *Venus and Adonis* :

" The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and *trim*—"

The freshness which our author has connected with the word *trim*, in the first and last of the passages, and the "laboursome and dainty *trims* that made great Juno angry," which surely a bride may be supposed most likely to indulge in, (however scantily Blanch's toilet may have been furnished in a camp,) prove, either that this emendation is right, or that Mr. Collins's interpretation of the word *untrimmed* is the true one. *Minshieu's* definition of *untrimmed*, "*qui n'est point orné, —inornatus, incultus,*" as well as his explanation of the verb "*to trim,*" which, according to him, means the same as "*to prank up,*" may also be adduced to the same point. See his *Dict.* 1617. Mr. Mason justly observes, that "*to trim* means to *dress out*, but not to *clothe* ; and consequently, though it might mean *unadorned*, it can not mean *undid*, or *naked*." MALONE.

Blanch.

Blanch. The lady Constance speaks not from her faith,
But from her need.

Const. O, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle,—
That faith will live again by death of need :
O, then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up ;
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.

K. John. The king is mov'd, and answers not to this.

Const. O, be remov'd from him, and answer well.

Aust. Do so, king Philip ; hang no more in doubt.

Bas. Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet lout.

K. Phi. I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.

Pand. What canst thou say, but will perplex thee more,
If thou stand excommunicate, and curs'd ?

K. Phi. Good reverend father, make my person yours,
And tell me, how you would bestow yourself.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit ;
And the conjunction of our inward souls
Marry'd in league, coupled and link'd together
With all religious strength of sacred vows ;
The latest breath, that gave the sound of words,
Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,
Between our kingdoms, and our royal selves ;
And even before this truce, but new before,—
No longer than we well could wash our hands,
To clap this royal bargain up of peace,—
Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and over-stain'd
With slaughter's pencil ; where revenge did paint
The fearful difference of incensed kings :
And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,
So newly join'd in love, so strong in both ¹,
Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regret ² ?
Play fast and loose with faith ? so jest with heaven,
Make such unconstant children of ourselves,
As now again to snatch our palm from palm ;
Unswear faith sworn ; and on the marriage bed
Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,

¹ — *so strong in both,*] I believe the meaning is, *love so strong in both parties* JOHNSON.

Rather, in *hatred* and in *love* ; in deeds of *amity* or *blood*. HENLEY.

² — *this kind regret ?*] A *regret* is an exchange of salutation. So, in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632 :

“ So bear our kind *regrets* to Hecuba.” STEVENS.

And

And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true sincerity? O holy sir,
My reverend father, let it not be so:
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
Some gentle order; and then we shall be blest
To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formless, order orderless,
Save what is opposite to England's love.
Therefore, to arms! be champion of our church!
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,
A mother's curse, on her revolting son.
France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the tongue,
A cased lion³ by the mortal paw,
A fasting tyger safer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

K. Phi. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

Pand. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith;
And, like a civil war, set'st oath to oath,
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow
First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd;
That is, to be the champion of our church!
What since thou swor'st, is sworn against thyself,
And may not be performed by thyself:
For that, which thou hast sworn to do amiss,
Is not amiss, when it is truly done⁴;

And

³ *A cased lion*—] A cased lion, is a lion irritated by confinement. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III. Act I sc. iii:

"So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch

"That trembles under his devouring paws;" &c. STEEVENS.

So, in Rowley's *When you see me you know me*, 1605:

"The lyon in his cage is not so sterne

"As royal Henry in his wrathful spleene."

Our author was probably thinking on the lions, which in his time, as at present, were kept in the Tower, in dens so small as fully to justify the epithet he has used MALONE

⁴ *Is not amiss*, when it is truly done:] That is, (as an anonymous writer has suggested,) *when it is not done*; for such is the meaning of *truly*; and the licentiousness of the expression is certainly sufficiently suitable to the other riddling terms used by the legate. In support of this interpretation the next line but one has been quoted:

"The TRUTH is then most done, NOT doing it."

So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

"It is religion, to be thus forsworn."

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

"——— she is fool'd

"With a most false effect, and I the truer,

"So to be false with her."

By

And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
 The truth is then most done, not doing it :
 The better act of purposes mistook
 Is, to mistake again ; though indirect,
 Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
 And falshood falshood cures ; as fire cools fire,
 Within the scorched veins of one new burn'd.
 It is religion, that doth make vows kept ;
 But thou hast sworn against religion ;

By

By placing the second couplet of this sentence before the first, the passage will appear perfectly clear. *Where doing tends to ill*, where an intended act is criminal, the *truth is, most done*, by *not doing* the act. The criminal act therefore which thou hast sworn to do, *is not amiss*, will not be imputed to you as a crime, if it be done *truly*, in the sense I have now affixed to *truth* ; that is, if you do *not* do it." MALONE.

5 *But thou hast sworn against religion ; &c.*] The propositions, that the *voice of the church is the voice of heaven*, and that *the pope utters the voice of the church*, neither of which Pandolph's auditors would deny, being once granted, the argument here used is irresistible ; nor is it easy, notwithstanding the gingle, to enforce it with greater brevity or propriety :

" *But thou hast sworn against religion :*

" *By what thou swear'st, &c.*

By *what*. Sir T. Hanmer reads, By *that*. I think it should be rather By *which*. That is, *thou swear'st against the thing, by which thou swear'st* ; that is, *against religion*.

The most formidable difficulty is in these lines :

*And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth,
 Against an oath the truth thou art unsure, &c.*

I know not whether there is any corruption beyond the omission of a point. The siple, alter I had considered it, appeared to me only this : *In swearing by religion against religion, to which thou hast already sworn, thou mak'st an oath the security for thy faith against an oath already taken*. I will give, says he, a rule for conscience in these cases. Thou may'st be in doubt about the matter of an oath ; *when thou swear'st thou may'st not be always sure to swear rightly* ; but let this be thy settled principle, *swear only not to be forsworn* ; let not the latter oaths be at variance with the former.

Truth, through this whole speech, means *rectitude* of conduct.

JOHNSON.

I believe the old reading is right, and that the line "By *what*," &c. is put in apposition with that which precedes it : "But thou hast sworn against religion ; thou hast sworn, *by what thou swear'st*, i. e. in that which thou hast sworn, *against the thing thou swear'st by* ; i. e. religion. Our author has many such elliptical expressions.

So, in *King Henry VIII.*

" ——— Whoever the king favours,

" The cardinal will quickly find employment [*for*],

" And far enough from court too."

Again,

By what thou swear'st, against the thing thou swear'st;
 And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth
 Against an oath: The truth thou art unsure
 To swear, swear only not to be forsworn⁶;
 Else, what a mockery should it be to swear?
 But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;
 And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.
 Therefore, thy latter vows, against thy first,
 Is in thyself rebellion to thyself:
 And better conquest never canst thou make,
 Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts
 Against these giddy loose suggestions:
 Upon which better part our prayers come in,
 If thou vouchsafe them: but, if not, then know,
 The peril of our curses light on thee;
 So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off,
 But, in despair, die under their black weight.

Auf. Rebellion, flat rebellion!

Bas. Will't not be?

Will not a calf's skin stop that mouth of thine?

Lew. Father, to arms!

Blanch. Upon thy wedding day?

Against the blood that thou hast married?

What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men?

Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish drums,—
 Clamours of hell,—be measures⁷ to our pomp?

O husband,

Again, *ibidem*:

"This is about that which the bishop spake" [*of*].

Again, in *King Richard III.*

"True ornaments to know a holy man" [*by*].

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"A bed swerver, even as bad as those

"That vulgars give bold'st titles" [*to*].

Again, *ibidem*:

"—— the queen is spotless—

"In this that you accuse her" [*of*]. MALONE.

6 — swear only not to be forsworn;] The old copy reads—*swears*, which in my apprehension shews that two half lines have been lost, in which the person supposed to *swear*, was mentioned. When the same word is repeated in two succeeding lines, the eye of the compositor often glances from the first to the second, and in consequence the intermediate words are omitted. For what has been lost, it is now in vain to seek; I have therefore adopted the emendation made by Mr. Pope, which makes some kind of sense. MALONE.

7 — be measures—] The *measures*, it has already been more than once observed, were a species of solemn dance in our author's time.

This

O husband, hear me !—ah, alack, how new
Is husband in my mouth !—even for that name,
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Against mine uncle.

Const. O, upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom
Fore thought by heaven.

Blanch. Now shall I see thy love ; What motive may
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife ?

Const. That which upholdeth him that thee upholds,
His honour : O, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour !

Lew. I muse^s, your majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound respects do pull you on.

Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

K. Phi. Thou shalt not need :—England, I'll fall from
thee.

Const. O fair return of banish'd majesty !

Eli. O foul revolt of French inconstancy !

K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within this
hour.

Basl. Old time the clock-setter, that bald sexton time,
Is it as he will ? well then, France shall rue.

Blanch. The sun's o'ercast with blood : Fair day, adieu !
Which is the side that I must go withal ?

I am with both : each army hath a hand ;
And, in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whirl asunder, and dismember me.

Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'st win ;
Uncle, I needs must pray that thou may'st lose ;
Father, I may not wish the fortune thine ;
Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive :
Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose ;
Assured loss, before the match be play'd.

Lew. Lady, with me ; with me thy fortune lies.

Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my life
dies.

This speech is formed on the following lines in the old play :

" *Blanch.* And will your grace upon your wedding day

" Forake your bride, and follow dreadful drums ?

" *Phil.* Drums shall be musick to this wedding day." MALONE.

^s I muse,] I wonder. See p. 107, n. 8. MALONE.

K. John.

K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance together.—

[*Exit Bastard.*]

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;
A rage, whose heat hath this condition,
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood, and dearest-valu'd blood, of France.

K. Phi. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt
turn

To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:
Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he that threatens.—To arms, let's
hie!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. Plains near Angiers.

Alarums, Excursions. Enter the BASTARD, with AUSTRIA'S head.

Bast. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;
(Some airy devil hovers in the sky⁹,

⁹ *Some airy devil*—] Shakspeare here probably alludes to the distinctions and divisions of some of the demonologists, so much read and regarded in his time. They distributed the devils into different tribes and classes, each of which had its peculiar properties, attributes, &c. These are described at length in Burton's *Anatomic of Melancholy*, Part I sect. ii. p. 45, 1632: "Of these sublunary devils—Pisellus makes six kinds; fiery, aeriall, terrestriall, watery, and subterranean devils, besides those faeries, satyres, nymphes," &c.

"Fiery spirits or divells are such as commonly worke by blazing starres, fire drakes, and counterfeit sunnes and moones, and sit on ship's masts," &c. &c.

"Aeriall spirits or divells are such as keep quarter most part in the aire, cause many tempests, thunder and lightnings, teare oakes, fire steeples, houses, strike men and beasts, make it raine stones," &c.

PERCY.

There is a minute description of different devils or spirits, and their different functions in *Pierce Pennileffe his Supplication to the Devill*, 1592. With respect to the passage in question take the following: "—the spirits of the *aire* will mix themselves with thunder and lightning, and so infect the clyme where they raise any tempest, that sodainely great mortalitie shall ensue to the inhabitants. The spirits of *fire* have their mansions under the region of the moone." HENDERSON.

And

And pours down mischief. Austria's head lie there;
While Philip breathes.

Enter King JOHN, ARTHUR, and HUBERT.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy :—Philip ¹, make up;
My mother is assailed in our tent ²,
And ta'en, I fear.

Bast. My lord, I rescu'd her;
Her highness is in safety, fear you not:
But, on, my liege; for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

The same.

Alarums; Excursions; Retreat. Enter King JOHN, ELINOR, ARTHUR, the BASTARD, HUBERT, and Lords.

K. John. So shall it be; your grace shall stay behind,
[*to Elinor.*]

So strongly guarded—Cousin, look not sad:
Thy grandam loves thee; and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.

¹ — *Philip,*] Here the king, who had knighted him by the name of Sir Richard, calls him by his former name. Mr. Tyrwhitt would read:

Hubert, keep [thou] this boy, &c STEEVENS.

² *My mother is assailed in our tent,*] The author has not attended closely to the history. The Queen-mother, whom King John had made Regent in Anjou, was in possession of the town of Mirabeau in that province. On the approach of the French army with Arthur at their head, she sent letters to King John to come to her relief; which he did immediately. As he advanced to the town, he encountered the army that lay before it, routed them, and took Arthur prisoner. The Queen in the mean while remained in perfect security in the castle of Mirabeau.

Such is the best authenticated account. Other historians however say that Arthur took Elinor prisoner. The author of the old play has followed them. In that piece Elinor is taken by Arthur, and rescued by her son. MALONE.

Arth.

Arth. O, this will make my mother die with grief.

K. John. Cousin, [to the Bast.] away for England; haste before:

And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots; imprisoned angels
Set at liberty: the fat ribs of peace
Must, by the hungry, now be fed upon³:
Use our commission in his utmost force.

Bast. Bell, book, and candle⁴ shall not drive me back,
When gold and silver beck me to come on.
I leave your highness:—Grandam, I will pray
(If ever I remember to be holy)
For your fair safety; so I kiss your hand.

Eli. Farewel, gentle cousin.

K. John. Coz, farewell.

[Exit Bast.]

³ — *the fat ribs of peace*

Must, by the hungry, now be fed upon: The meaning, I think, is, “—the fat ribs of peace must now be fed upon by the hungry troops,”—to whom some share of this ecclesiastical spoil would naturally fall. The expression, like many other of our author’s, is taken from the sacred writings: “And there he maketh *the hungry* to dwell, that they may prepare a city for habitation” 107th *Psal.*—Again: “He hath filled *the hungry* with good thing.” See, *St. Luke*, c. i. 53.

This interpretation is supported by the passage in the old play, which is here imitated:

“Philip, I make thee chief in this affair;

“Rantack their abbeyes, cloysters, priories,

“Convert their coin unto my *soldiers’* use.”

When I read this passage in the old play, the first idea that suggested itself was, that a word had dropped out at the press, in the line before us, and that our author went:

Must by the hungry *soldiers* now be fed on.

But the interpretation above given renders any alteration unnecessary.

MALONE.

The *hungry now* is *this hungry instant*. Shakspeare perhaps uses the word *now* as a substantive, in *Measure for Measure*:

“—till this very *now*,

“When men were fond, I smil’d and wonder’d how.”

STEEVENS.

⁴ *Bell, book, and candle*—] In an account of the Romish curse given by Dr. Grey, it appears that three candles were extinguished, one by one, in different parts of the execration. JOHNSON.

In Archbishop Winchelsea’s sentences of excommunication, anno 1298, (see Johnson’s *Ecclesiastical Laws*, Vol. II.) it is directed that the sentence against infringers of certain articles should be “—throughout explained in order in English, with bells tolling, and candles lighted, that it may cause the greater dread; for laymen have greater regard to this solemnity, than to the effect of such sentence.” REED.

Eli.

Eli. Come hither, little kinsman ; hark, a word.

[*She takes Arthur aside.*]

K. John. Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much ; within this wall of flesh
There is a soul, counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love ;
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—
But I will fit it with some better time s.
By heaven, Hubert, I am almost asham'd
To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet :
But thou shalt have ; and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come, for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say,—But let it go :
The sun is in the heaven ; and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds ⁶,
To give me audience :—If the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound one unto the drowsy race of night ? ;

If

⁵ — *with some better time*] The old copy reads—*tune*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. The same mistake has happened in *Twelfth Night*. In *Macbeth*, Act IV. sc. ult. we have—"This *time* goes manly," instead of—"This *tune* goes manly." MALONE.

In the handwriting of Shakspeare's age, the words *time* and *tune* are scarcely to be distinguished from each other. STEEVENS.

⁶ — *full of gawds,*] *Gawds* are any showy ornaments. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Sound one unto the drowsy race of night ;*] The word *one* is here, as in many other passages in these plays, written *on* in the old copy. Mr. Theobald made the correction. He likewise substituted *unto* for *into*, the reading of the original copy ; a change that requires no support. In Chaucer and other old writers *one* is usually written *on*. See Mr. Tyrwhitt's Glossary to the *Canterbury Tales*. So *once* was anciently written *ons*. And it should seem from a quibbling passage in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, that *one*, in some counties at least, was pronounced in our author's time as if written *on*. Hence the transcriber's ear might have easily deceived him.—One of the persons whom I employed to read aloud to me each sheet of the present work before it was printed off, constantly sounded the word *one* in this manner. He was a native of Herefordshire.

The instances that are found in the original editions of our author's plays, in which *on* is printed instead of *one*, are so numerous, that there cannot,

If this same were a church-yard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs ;

Or

cannot, in my apprehension, be the smallest doubt that *one* is the true reading in the line before us. Thus, in *Coriolanus*, edit. 1623, p. 15 :

" ——— This double worship,—

" Where *on* part does disdain with cause, the other

" Insult without all reason."

Again, in *Cymbeline*, 1623, p. 380 :

" ——— perchance he spoke not ; but,

" Like a full-acorn'd boar, a Jarmen *on*," &c.

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*, 1623, p. 66 :

" And thou, and Romeo, prefs *on* heavie bier."

Again, in *the Comedy of Errors*, 1623, p. 94 :

" *On*, whole hard heart is button'd up with steel."

Again, in *All's Well that ends well*, 1623 : " A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner,—but *on* that lies three thirds," &c. Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, quarto, 1598 :

" *On*, whom the musick of his own vain tongue—."

Again, *ibid.* edit. 1623, p. 133 :

" *On*, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes "

The same spelling is found in many other books. So, in Holland's *Suetonius*, 1606, p. 14 : " — he caught from *on* of them a trumpet," &c

I should not have produced so many passages to prove a fact of which no one can be ignorant, who has the *slightest knowledge* of the early editions of these plays, or of our old writers, had not the author of *Remarks*, &c. *on the last edition of Shakspeare*, asserted, with that *modesty and accuracy* by which his pamphlet is distinguished, that the observation contained in the former part of this note was made by one totally unacquainted with the old copies, and that " it would be difficult to find a *single instance*" in which *on* and *one* are confounded in those copies.

Mr. Steevens justly observes, that " the repeated strokes have less of solemnity than the single notice, as they take from the horror and awful silence here described as so propitious to the dreadful purposes of the king. Though (he adds) the hour of *one* be not the natural midnight, it is yet the most solemn moment of the poetical one, and Shakspeare himself has chosen to introduce his ghost in *Hamlet*,

" The bell then beating *one*—."

I suspect that we have too hastily in this line substituted *unto* for *into* ; for *into* seems to have been frequently used for *unto* in Shakspeare's time. So, in Harfnet's *Declaration*, &c. 1603 : " — when the nimble Vice would skip up nimbly—*into* the devil's neck."

Again, in Daniel's *Civil Wars*, B. IV. folio, 1602 :

" She doth conspire to have him made away,

" Thrust *thereinto* not only with her pride,

" But by her father's counsell and consent."

Again, in our poet's *K. Henry V.*

" Which to reduce *into* our former favour—."

Again, in his Will :—" I commend my soul *into* the hands of God, my creator."

Again,

Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,
 Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick;
 (Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins,
 Making that ideot, laughter, keep men's eyes,
 And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
 A passion hateful to my purposes;)
 Or if that thou could'st see me without eyes,
 Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
 Without a tongue, using conceit alone ⁸,
 Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;
 Then, in despite of brooded watchful day ⁹,
 I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:
 But, ah, I will not:—Yet I love thee well;
 And, by my troth, I think, thou lov'st me well.

Again, in *K. Henry VIII.*

“ — Yes, that goodness

“ Of gleanings all the land's wealth *into* one.”

i. e. *into one man*. Here we should now certainly write “ — *unto* one.” Independently indeed of what has been now stated, *into* ought to be restored. So Marlowe in his *K. Edward II.* 1598:

“ I'll thunder such a peal *into* his ears,” &c. MALONE.

8 — *using conceit alone*,] *Conceit* here, as in many other places, signifies *conception*, thought. So, in *King Richard III.*:

“ There's some *conceit* or other likes him well,

“ When that he bids good morrow with such spirit”

MALONE.

9 — *in despite of brooded watchful day*,] *Brooded*, I apprehend, is here used, with our author's usual licence, for *brooding*: i. e. day, who is as vigilant, as ready with open eye to mark what is done in his presence, as an animal at brood. For the hint of this interpretation I am indebted to Mr. Steevens. Shakspeare appears to have been so fond of domestic and familiar images, that one cannot help being surprized that Mr. Pope in revising these plays should have gained so little knowledge of his manner, as to suppose any corruption here in the text. He however, instead of *brooded*, substituted *brood-ey'd*, a more poetical epithet perhaps, but certainly an unnecessary emendation; though it has been adopted in all the subsequent editions. Had this alteration been made by Theobald, and had Pope been better acquainted with our author's manner and the language of his time, such a change would have afforded him an abundant topic for merriment; for it is very similar to many of those which he has introduced, by way of ridicule on all *restorers* and annotators, in his *VIRGILIUS RESTAURATUS*: “ — pronusque *magister*,” for *pronusque magister*; “ et breviter *Troja*,” for “ breviter *Troja*—”; “ *Infantum regina*,” instead of “ *Infandum regina*,” &c. MALONE.

All animals while *brooded*, i. e. with a brood of young under their protection, are remarkably vigilant. The king says of Hamlet,

“ — something's in his soul,

“ O'er which his melancholy sits at brood.” STEEVENS.

Hub.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
By heaven, I would do it.

K. John. Do not I know, thou would'st?
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way;
And, wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me: Dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I'll keep him so,
That he shall not offend your majesty.

K. John. Death.

Hub. My lord?

K. John. A grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

K. John. Enough.

I could be merry now: Hubert, I love thee;
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:
Remember¹.—Madam, fare you well:
I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.

Eli. My blessing go with thee!

K. John. For England, cousin, go:²
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho!

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ *Remember.*—] This is one of the scenes to which may be promised a lasting commendation. Art could add little to its perfection, and time itself can sub'tract nothing from its beauties. STEEVENS.

² *For England, cousin, go.*] King John, after he had taken Arthur prisoner, sent him to the town of Falaise in Normandy, under the care of Hubert, his Chamberlain; from whence he was afterwards removed to Rouen, and delivered to the custody of Robert de Veypont. Here he was secretly put to death. MALONE.

S C E N E IV.

'The same. 'The French King's Tent.

Enter King PHILIP, LEWIS, PANDULPH, and Attendants.

K. Phi. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
A whole armado³ of convicted sail⁴
Is scatter'd, and disjoin'd from fellowship.

Pand. Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.

K. Phi. What can go well, when we have run so ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?
And bloody England into England gone,
O'er-bearing interruption, spite of France?

Lew. What he hath won, that hath he fortify'd:
So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,
Doth want example: Who hath read, or heard,
Of any kindred action like to this?

K. Phi. Well could I bear that England had this praise,
So we could find some pattern of our shame.

³ *A whole armado—*] *Armado* is a Spanish word signifying a *fleet of war*. The *armado* in 1598 was called so by way of distinction.

STEVENS.

⁴ *— of convicted sail—*] Overpowered, baffled, destroyed. To *convict* and to *convince* were in our author's time synonymous. See Minshew's Dict. 1617: "To *convict*, or convince, a lit. *convictas*, overcome." See also Florio's Italian Dict. 1595. "*Convitto*. Vanquished, *convicted*, convinced."

So, in *Macbeth*:

"— their malady *convinces*

"The great assay of art."

Mr. Pope, who ejected from the text almost every word that he did not understand, reads—*collected sail*; and the change was too hastily adopted by the subsequent editors. MALONE.

⁵ *in so fierce a cause,*] A *fierce cause* is a cause conducted with precipitation. „ *Fierce wretchedness,* in *Timon*, is, *hasty, sudden misery*.

STEVENS.

Enter

Enter CONSTANCE.

Look, who comes here ! a grave unto a soul ;
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath ⁶ :—
I pr'ythee, lady, go away with me.

Const. Lo, now ! now see the issue of your peace !

K. Phi. Patience, good lady ! comfort, gentle Constance !

Const. No, I defy all counsel ⁷, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death :—O amiable lovely death !
Thou odoriferous stench ! sound rottenness !
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy detestable bones ;
And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows ;

⁶ ——— a grave unto a soul ;
*Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath.*] I think we should read—
earth. The passage seems to have been copied from Sir Thomas More :
“ If the *body* be to the *soule* a *prison*, how strait a prison maketh he the
body, that stuffeth it with *ruff-raff*, that the soul can have no room to
stirre itself—but is, as it were, enclosed not in a prison, but in a *grave*.”

FARMER.

There is surely no need of change. “ The vile prison of afflicted
breath,” is the body, the prison in which the *distressed soul* is confined.
So, in a subsequent scene, John speaking of himself says,

“ Nay, in the body of this fleshy land,

“ This kingdom, this *confine* of blood and *breath*,—”

Here the body is called the *confine* of *breath*, as in the text it is called
the *prison* of *breath*. Again :

“ If I in act, content, or sin of thought,

“ Be guilty of the stealing that sweet *breath*

“ Which was *embounded* in this beauteous clay ;” &c.

We have the same image in *K. Henry VI.* P. III.

“ Now my *soul's* palace is become her *prison*.”

Again, more aptly, in his *Rape of Lucrece* :

“ Even here she sheathed in her harmless breast

“ A harmful knife, that thence her soul unsheath'd ;

“ That blow did bail it from the deep unrest

“ Of that polluted *prison* where it *breath'd*.” MALONE.

Perhaps the old reading is justifiable. So, in *Measure for Measure* :

“ To be *imprison'd* in the viewless winds.” STEEVENS.

⁷ No, I defy, &c.] To *defy* anciently signified to *refuse*. So, in
Romeo and Juliet :

“ I do *defy* thy commiseration.” STEEVENS.

M 2

An

And ring these fingers with thy household worms ;
 And stop this gap of breath ⁸ with fulsome dust,
 And be a carrion monster like thyself :
 Come, grin on me ; and I will think thou smil'st,
 And buls thee as thy wife !—Mifery's love ⁹,
 O, come to me !

K. Phi. O fair affliction, peace.

Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry :—
 O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth !
 Then with a passion would I shake the world ;
 And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,
 Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
 Which scorns a modern invocation ¹.

Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Const. Thou art not holy ² to belie me so ;
 I am not mad : this hair I tear, is mine ;
 My name is Constance ; I was Geffrey's wife ;
 Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost :
 I am not mad ;—I would to heaven, I were !
 For then, 'tis like I should forget myself :
 O, if I could, what grief should I forget !—
 Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
 And thou shalt be canoniz'd, cardinal ;
 For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
 My reasonable part produces reason
 How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
 And teaches me to kill or hang myself :
 If I were mad, I should forget my son ;
 Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he :
 I am not mad ; too well, too well I feel
 The different plague of each calamity.

⁸ — *this gap of breath*—] The *gap of breath* is the mouth; the outlet from whence the breath issues. MALONE.

⁹ *Mifery's love*, &c.] Thou, death, who art courted by *Mifery* to come to his relief, O come to me. So before :

"Thou late and terror to prosperity." MALONE.

¹ — *modern invocation*.] It is hard to say what Shakespeare meant by *modern* : it is not opposed to *ancient*. In *All's Well that ends well*, speaking of a girl in contempt, he uses this word : "her *modern* grace." It apparently means something *slight* and *inconsiderable*. JOHNSON.

Modern, I believe, is *trite*, *common*. So, in *As you like it* :

"Full of wise saws and *modern* instances." STEEVENS.

² *Thou art not holy*—] The word *not*, which is not in the old copy, evidently omitted by the carelessness of the transcriber, or compositor, was inserted in the fourth folio. MALONE.

K. Phi.

K. Phi. Bind up those tresses : O, what love I note
In the fair multitude of those her hairs !
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,
Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends *
Do glew themselves in sociable grief ;
Like true, inséparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.

Const. To England, if you will †.

K. Phi. Bind up your hairs.

Const. Yes, that I will ; And wherefore will I do it ?
I tore them from their bonds ; and cry'd aloud,
O that these hands could so redeem my son,
As they have given these hairs their liberty !
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds,
Because my poor child is a prisoner.—
And, father cardinal, I have heard you say,
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven :
If that be true, I shall see my boy again ;
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male-child,
To him that did but yesterday suspire ‡,
There was not such a gracious creature born §.

* *Bind up these tresses :*] It was necessary that Constance should be interrupted, because a passion so violent cannot be borne long. For the following speeches had been equally happy : but they only serve to shew, how difficult it is to maintain the pathetick long. JOHNSON.

† — *wiry friends*] The old copy reads—*wiry fiends*. STEEVENS.

Mr Pope made the emendation. MALONE.

‡ *To England, if you will.*] Neither the French king, nor Pandulph, has said a word of England, since the entry of Constance. Perhaps therefore, in despair, she means to address the absent King John : “ Take my son to England, if you will ;”—now that he is in your power, I have no prospect of seeing him again. It is therefore of no consequence to me where he is. MALONE.

§ — *but yesterday suspire,*] *To suspire* in Shakspeare, I believe, only means to breathe. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II :

“ Did he *suspire*, that light and weightless down

“ Perforce must move.” STEEVENS.

¶ — *a gracious creature born.*] *Gracious*, in this instance, as in some others, signifies *graceful*. So, in *Albion's Triumph*, a Masque, 1631 : “ — they stood about him, not in set ranks, but in several *gracious* postures.” STEEVENS.

A passage quoted by Mr. Steevens from Marston's *Malecontent*, 1604. induces me to think that *gracious* likewise in our author's time included the idea of *beauty* : “ — he is the most exquisite in forging of veins, spright'ning of eyes,—sleeking of skinned, blanching of cheeks,—blanching and bleaching of teeth, that ever made an ould lady *gracious* by torch-light.” MALONE.

But

But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
 And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
 And he will look as hollow as a ghost ;
 As dim and meagre as an ague's fit ;
 And so he'll die ; and, rising so again,
 When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
 I shall not know him : therefore never, never
 Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Const. He talks to me, that never had a son.

K. Phi. You are as fond of grief, as of your child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child⁸,
 Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me ;
 Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
 Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
 Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form ;
 Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.
 Fare you well : had you such a loss as I,
 I could give better comfort than you do⁹.—
 I will not keep this form upon my head.

[*Tearing off her head-dress.*]

When there is such disorder in my wit.
 O lord ! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son !
 My life, my joy, my food, my all the world !
 My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure !

[*Exit.*]

K. Phi. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her. [Exit.]

Lew. There's nothing in this world, can make me
 joy¹ :

⁸ *Grief fills the room up of my absent child.*]

" *Perstruitur lachrymis, et amat pro conjuge luctum.*"

Lucan. lib. ix.

Maynard, a French poet, has the same thought :

" *Qui me console, excite ma colere,*

" *Et le repos est un bien que je crains :*

" *Mon deuil me plaît, et me doit toujours plaire,*

" *Il me tient lieu de celle que je plains.*" *MALONE.*

⁹ — *had you such a loss as I,*

I could give better comfort than you do.] This is a sentiment which great sorrow always dictates. Whoever cannot help himself casts his eyes on others for assistance, and often mistakes their inability for coldness. *JOHNSON.*

¹ *There's nothing in this world, &c.*] The young prince feels his defeat with more sensibility than his father. Shame operates most strongly in the earlier years ; and when can disgrace be less welcome than when a man is going to his bride ? *JOHNSON.*

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale ²,
 Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man ;
 And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet word's taste ³,
 That it yields nought, but shame, and bitterness.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,
 Even in the instant of repair and health,
 The fit is strongest ; evils, that take leave,
 On their departure most of all shew evil :
 What have you lost by losing of this day ?

Lew. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

Pan. If you had won it, certainly, you had.
 No, no : when fortune means to men most good,
 She looks upon them with a threat'ning eye.
 'Tis strange, to think how much king John hath lost
 In this which he accounts so clearly won :
 Are not you griev'd, that Arthur is his prisoner ?

Lew. As heartily, as he is glad he hath him.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
 Now hear me speak, with a prophetick spirit ;
 For even the breath of what I mean to speak
 Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,
 Out of the path which shall directly lead
 Thy foot to England's throne ; and, therefore, mark.
 John hath seiz'd Arthur ; and it cannot be,
 That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,
 The misplac'd John should entertain an hour,
 One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest :
 A scepter, snatch'd with an unruly hand,
 Must be as boist'rously maintain'd as gain'd :
 And he, that stands upon a slippery place,
 Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up :
 That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall ;
 So be it, for it cannot be but so.

² *Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,*] Our author, here and in another play, seems to have had the 90th Psalm in his thoughts : " For when thou art angry, all our days are gone, we bring our years to an end, as it were a tale that is told." So again, in *Macbeth* :

" Life's but a walking shadow ;—

" ————— it is a tale

" Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,

" Signifying nothing." MALONE.

³ — *the sweet word's taste,*] The *sweet word* is *life* ; which, says the speaker, is no longer sweet, yielding now nothing but shame and bitterness. Mr. Pope, with some plausibility, but certainly without necessity, reads,—the *sweet world's taste*. MALONE.

Lew.

Lew. But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?

Pand. You, in the right of lady Blanch your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

Lew. And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

Pand. How green you are, and fresh in this old world!

John lays you plots ⁴; the times conspire with you:

For he, that sleeps his safety in true blood ⁵,

Shall find but bloody safety, and untrue.

This act, so evilly born, shall cool the hearts

Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal;

That none so small advantage shall step forth,

To check his reign, but they will cherish it:

No natural exhalation in the sky,

No scape of nature ⁶, no distemper'd day,

No common wind, no custom'd event,

But they will pluck away his natural cause,

And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,

Abortives, presages, and tongues of heaven,

Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

Lew. May be, he will not touch young Arthur's life,

But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

Pand. O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,

If that young Arthur be not gone already,

Even at that news he dies: and then the hearts

Of all his people shall revolt from him,

And kiss the lips of unacquainted change;

And pick strong matter of revolt, and wrath,

Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.

Methinks, I see this hurly all on foot;

And, O, what better matter breeds for you,

Than I have nam'd!—The bastard Faulconbridge

Is now in England, ransacking the church,

⁴ *John lays you plots;*] That is, lays plots, which must be serviceable to you. Perhaps our author wrote—*your* plots. John is doing your business. MALONE.

⁵ — *true blood,*] The blood of him that has the *just* claim.

JOHNSON.

⁶ *No scape of nature,*] The old copy reads:—*No scope,* &c.

STEEVENS.

It was corrected by Mr. Pope. The word *abortives* in the latter part of this speech, referring apparently to these *scapes of nature*, confirms the emendation that has been made. MALONE.

The author very finely calls a *monstrous birth*, an *escape of nature*. As if it were produced while she was busy elsewhere, or intent on some other thing. WARBURTON.

Offending charity : If but a dozen French
 Were there in arms, they would be as a call ⁷
 To train ten thousand English to their side ;
 Or, as a little snow ⁸, tumbled about,
 Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,
 Go with me to the king : 'Tis wonderful,
 What may be wrought out of their discontent ;
 Now that their souls are top-full of offence,
 For England go ; I will whet on the king.

Lew. Strong reasons make strange actions ⁹ : Let us go ;
 If you say, ay, the king will not say, no. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Northampton ¹. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter HUBERT, and two Attendants.

Hub. Heat me these irons hot ; and, look thou stand
 Within the arras : when I strike my foot
 Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth ;

M 5

And

⁷ — *they would be as a call*—] The image is taken from the manner in which birds are sometimes caught ; one being placed for the purpose of drawing others to the net, by his note or call. MALONE.

⁸ Or, as a little snow,] Bacon, in his *History of Henry VII.* speaking of Simnel's march, observes, that " their snow-ball did not gather as it went." JOHNSON.

⁹ — *strange actions* :] Thus the old copy. The editor of the second folio for *strange* substituted *strong* ; and the two words so nearly resemble each other that they might certainly have been easily confounded. But in the present instance I see no reason for departing from the reading of the original copy ; which is perfectly intelligible. MALONE.

¹ Northampton] The fact is, as has been already stated, that Arthur was first confined at Falaise, and afterwards at Rouen in Normandy, where he was put to death.—Our author has deviated in this particular from the history, and brought King John's nephew to England ; but there is no circumstance, either in the original play, or in this

And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair : be heedful : hence, and watch.

1. *Attend.* I hope, your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples ! Fear not you : look to't.—

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

Young lad, come forth ; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince (having so great a title
To be more prince) as may be.—You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me !

Methinks, no body should be sad, but I :

Yet, I remember, when I was in France,

Young gentlemen would be as sad as night²,

Only for wantonness. By my christendom³,

So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,

I should be as merry as the day is long ;

And so I would be here, but that I doubt

My uncle practises more harm to me :

this of Shakspeare, to point out the particular castle in which he is supposed to be confined. The castle of Northampton has been mentioned in some modern editions as the place, merely because in the first act King John seems to have been in that town. In the old copy there is no where any notice of place. MALONE.

² *Young gentlemen, &c.*] It should seem that this affectation had found its way into England, as it is ridiculed by Ben Jonson in the character of Master Stephen in *Every Man in his Humour*, 1601. Again in Lilly's *Midas*, 1592 : "*Melancholy!* is *melancholy* a word for a barber's mouth? Thou should'st say, heavy, dull, and doltish; *melancholy* is the crest of courtiers, and now every base companion, &c. says he is *melancholy*." STEVENS.

I doubt whether our author had any authority for attributing this species of affectation to the French. He generally ascribes the manners of England to all other countries. MALONE.

³ *By my christendom.*] This word is used both here and in *All's Well that ends well*, for *baptism*, or rather the *baptismal name* : nor is this use of the word peculiar to our author. Lilly, his predecessor, has employed the word in the same way : "Concerning the body, as there is no gentlewoman so curious to have him in print, so there is no one so careless to have him a wretch,—only his right shape to shew him a man, his *christendom* to prove his faith." *Expheus and his England*, 1581.

MALONE.

He

He is afraid of me, and I of him :
 Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's son ?
 No, indeed, is't not ; And I would to heaven,
 I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
 He will awake my mercy, which lies dead :
 Therefore I will be sudden, and dispatch. [*Aside.*]

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert ? you look pale to-day :
 In sooth, I would you were a little sick ;
 That I might sit all night, and watch with you :
 I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

Hub. His words do take possession of my bosom.—
 Read here, young Arthur. [*Shewing a paper.*] How now,
 foolish rheum ! [*Aside.*]

Turning dispiteous torture out of door !
 I must be brief ; lest resolution drop
 Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.—
 Can you not read it ? is it not fair writ ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect :
 Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes ?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you ?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart ? When your head did but
 ake,

I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
 (The best I had, a princess wrought it me,)
 And I did never ask it you again :
 And with my hand at midnight held your head ;
 And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
 Still and anon chear'd up the heavy time ;
 Saying, What lack you ? and, Where lies your grief ?
 Or, What good love may I perform for you ?
 Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
 And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you ;
 But you at your sick service had a prince.
 Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,
 And call it, cunning ; Do, an if you will :
 If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
 Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes ?
 These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
 So much as frown on you ?

Hub. I have sworn to do it ;
 And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth.

Arth. Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it !
 The iron of itself, though heat red-hot ⁴,
 Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
 And quench this fiery indignation ⁵,
 Even in the matter of mine innocence :
 Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
 But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
 Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron ?
 An if an angel should have come to me,
 And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,
 I would not have believ'd him ; no tongue, but Hubert's ⁶.
Hub. Come forth. [*flamps.*

Re-enter Attendants, with cord, irons, &c.

Do as I bid you.

Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me ! my eyes are out,
 Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be so boist'rous-rough ?

I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.

For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound !

Nay, hear me, Hubert ! drive these men away,

And I will sit as quiet as a lamb ;

I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,

Nor look upon the iron angerly :

⁴ — *though heat red-hot,*] The participle *beat*, though now obsolete, was in use in our author's time.

So, in the sacred writings : " He commanded that they should heat the furnace one seven times more than it was wont to be *beat*." *Dan.* ch. iii. v. 19. MALONE.

⁵ — *and quench this fiery indignation,*] As the iron is not yet produced, perhaps our author wrote—*his* fiery indignation. By *this* fiery indignation, however, he might mean,—the indignation *thus* produced by the iron being made red-hot for such an inhuman purpose.

MALONE.

These last words are taken from the Bible. In the Epistle to the Hebrews, we read—" a certain fearful looking-for of judgment and *fiery indignation*." WHALLEY.

⁶ *I would not have believ'd him ; no tongue but Hubert's.*] Shakespeare very probably meant this line to have been broken off imperfectly ; thus :

I would not have believ'd him : no tongue, but Hubert's—

The old reading is, however, sense. STEEVENS.

Thrust

Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

1. *Attend.* I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed.

Exeunt Attendants.

Arth. Alas, I then have chid away my friend;
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:—
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O heaven!—that there were but a mote in yours 7,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boist'rous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue 8,
So I may keep mine eyes; O, spare mine eyes;
Though to no use, but still to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

7 — *a mote in yours,*] Our author, who has borrowed so much from the sacred writings, without doubt remembered,—“And why beholdest thou the *mote* that is in thy brother's eye,” &c. *Matth.* c. vii. v. 3. So, in *Hamlet*:

“A *mote* it is, to trouble the mind's eye.”

A *mote* is a small particle of straw or chaff. It is likewise used by old writers for an *atom*. MALONE.

In my note on this passage I mentioned that I thought we ought to read *mote*, and I have since found my conjecture confirmed. *Moth* was merely the old spelling of *mote*. In the passage quoted from *Hamlet*,

“A *mote* it is to trouble the mind's eye,”

the word is spelt *moth* in the original copy, as it is here. So also, in the preface to Lodge's *Incarnate Devils of the age*, 4to. 1596: “—they are in the aire, like *atomi* in *sole*, *MOTHS* in the sonne.” See also Florio's Italian Dict. 1598. “*Festucco*.—a *moth*, a little beam.”

MALONE.

8 *Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,*] This is according to nature. We imagine no evil so great as that which is near us.

JOHNSON.

Arth.

Arth. No, in good sooth ; the fire is dead with grief ⁹,
 Being create for comfort, to be us'd
 In undeserv'd extiemes : See else yourself ;
 'T here is no malice in this burning coal ¹ ;
 The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
 And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it blush,
 And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert :
 Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes ;
 And, like a dog, that is compell'd to fight,
 Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.
 All things, that you should use to do me wrong,
 Deny their office : only you do lack
 That mercy, which fierce fire, and iron, extends,
 Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live ² ; I will not touch thine eye
 For all the treasure that thine uncle owes :
 Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
 With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert ! all this while
 You were disguised.

Hub. Peace : no more. Adieu ;
 Your uncle must not know but you are dead :
 I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.
 And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,
 That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
 Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heaven !—I thank you, Hubert.

⁹ *the fire is dead with grief, &c.*] The sense is: *the fire*, being created not to hurt, but to comfort, is dead with grief for finding itself used in acts of cruelty, which, being innocent, I have not deserved.

JOHNSON.

¹ *There is no malice in this burning coal;*] Dr. Grey says, "that no malice in a burning coal is certainly absurd, and that we should read:

"*There is no malice burning in this coal.*" STEEVENS.

Dr. Grey's remark in this passage is an hyper-criticism. The coal was still burning, for Hubert says, "he could revive it with his breath:" but it had lost for a time its power of injuring by the abatement of its heat. MASON.

² — *see to live;*] The meaning is not, I believe,—keep your eyesight, that you may live (for he might have lived though blind). The words, agreeably to a common idiom of our language, mean, I conceive, no more than *live*. MALONE.

Hub.

Hub. Silence; no more: Go closely in with me;
 Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

The same. A Room of state in the Palace.

*Enter King JOHN, crown'd; PEMBROKE, SALISBURY,
 and other Lords. The king takes his state.*

K. John. Here once again we sit, once again crown'd *,
 And look'd upon, I hope, with chearful eyes.

Pemb. This once again, but that your highness pleas'd,
 Was once superfluous †: you were crown'd before,
 And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off;
 The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt;
 Fresh expectation troubled not the land,
 With any long'd-for change, or better state.

Sal. Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,
 To guard a title ‡ that was rich before,
 To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
 To throw a perfume on the violet,
 To smooth the ice, or add another hue
 Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
 To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
 Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

3 *Go closely in with me;*] i. e. secretly, privately. So, in the *Atterbury's Tragedy*, 1612, Act IV. sc. i. "Enter Frisco *closely*.—Again, in Sir Henry Wotton's *Parallel*: "—that when he was free from restraint, he should *closely* take out a lodging at Greenwich." RE D.

* — *once again*—] Old copy—*against*. Corrected in the fourth folio. MALONE.

† *This once again,—was once superfluous;*] *This one time more was one time more than enough.* JOHNSON.

John's second coronation was at Canterbury in the year 1201. He was crowned a third time at the same place, after the murder of his nephew, in April 1202; probably with a view of confirming his title to the throne, his competitor no longer standing in his way. MALONE.

‡ *To guard a title*—] *To guard*, is to *fringe*. JOHNSON.

Rather, to ornament with a border, or lace MALONE.

Pemb.

Pemb. But that your royal pleasure must be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told⁶;
And, in the last repeating, troublesome,
Being urged at a time unseasonable.

Sal. In this, the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured:
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about;
Startles and frights consideration;
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Pemb. When workmen strive to do better than well,
They do confound their skill in covetousness⁷:
And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse;
As patches, set upon a little breach,
Discredit more in hiding of the fault⁸,
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,
We breath'd our counsel: but it pleas'd your highness
To over-bear it; and we are all well pleas'd;
Since all and every part of what we would⁹,
Doth make a stand at what your highness will.

K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possess'd you with, and think them strong;
And more, more strong (when lesser is my fear¹)
I shall indue you with: Mean time, but ask
What you would have reform'd, that is not well;

6 — *an ancient tale new told*:] We have already had this allusion in a former scene. See p. 247, n. 2 MALONE.

7 *When workmen strive to do better than well, They do confound their skill in covetousness*:] So, in our author's 103d Sonnet:

"Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,

"To mar the subject that before was well?"

Again, in *King Lear*:

"Striving to better, oft we mar what's well." MALONE.

— *in covetousness*] i. e. Not by their avarice, but in an eager emulation, an intense desire of excelling; as in *King Henry V.*

"But if it be a sin to covet honour,

"I am the most offending soul alive." THEOBALD.

8 — *in hiding of the fault*.] *Fault* means *blemish*. STEEVENS.

9 *Since all and every part of what we would*.] Since the whole and each particular part of our wishes, &c. MALONE.

1 — *(when lesser is my fear)*] The old copy reads—*then lesser*. Corrected by Mr. Tyrwhitt. MALONE.

And

And well shall you perceive, how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

Pemb. Then I, (as one that am the tongue of these,
To sound the purposes ² of all their hearts,)
Both for myself and them, (but, chief of all,
Your safety, for the which myself and them
Bend their best studies,) heartily request
The enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument,—
If, what in rest you have, in right you hold,
Why then your fears ³ (which, as they say, attend
The steps of wrong) should move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise ⁴?
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions; let it be our suit,
That you have bid us ask his liberty;
Which for our goods we do no further ask,
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal, he have his liberty.

K. John. Let it be so; I do commit his youth

Enter HUBERT.

To your direction.—Hubert, what news with you?

Pemb. This is the man should do the bloody deed;
He shew'd his warrant to a friend of mine:
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his
Does shew the mood of a much-troubled breast;
And I do fearfully believe, 'tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

² *To sound the purposes—*] To declare, to publish the desires of all those. JOHNSON.

³ *Why then your fears, &c.*] The construction is, If you have a good title to what you now quietly possess, why then should your fears move you, &c. MALONE.

⁴ — *good exercise:*] In the middle ages the whole education of princes and noble youths consisted in martial exercises, &c. These could not be easily had in a prison, where mental improvements might have been afforded as well as any where else; but this sort of education never entered into the thoughts of our active, warlike, but illiterate nobility. PARCY.

Sal.

Sal. The colour of the king doth come and go,
Between his purpose and his conscience ⁵,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set ⁶ :
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

Pemb. And, when it breaks ⁷, I fear, will issue thence
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand :—
Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead ;
He tells us, Arthur is deceas'd to-night.

Sal. Indeed, we fear'd, his sickness was past cure. —

Pemb. Indeed, we heard how near his death he was
Before the child himself felt he was sick :
This must be answer'd, either here, or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows on me ?
Think you, I bear the shears of destiny ?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life ?

Sal. It is apparent foul-play ; and 'tis shame,
That greatness should so grossly offer it :—
So thrive it in your game ! and so farewell.

Pemb. Stay yet, lord Salisbury ; I'll go with thee,
And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood, which ow'd the breadth of all this isle,
Three foot of it doth hold ; Bad world the while !
This must not be thus borne : this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt. [*Exeunt Lords.*]

⁵ *Between his purpose and his conscience,*] Between the criminal act
that he *planned* and commanded to be executed, and the reproaches of
his conscience consequent on the execution of it. So, in the next scene :

" It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand ;

" The practice, and the *purpose*, of the king."

Again, in *Coriolanus* :

" It is a *purpos'd* thing, and grows by plot."

We have nearly the same expressions afterwards :

" Nay, in the body of this fleshly land, [in John's own person]

" Hostility, and civil tumult, reigns

" *Between my conscience and my cousin's death.*" MALONE.

⁶ *Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set* :] But heralds are not
planted, I presume, in the midst betwixt two lines of battle ; though
they, and trumpets, are often sent over from party to party, to propose
terms, demand a parley, &c. I have therefore ventured to read—
sent. THEOBALD.

Set is not *fixed*, but only *placed* ; heralds must be *set* between battles
in order to be *sent* between them. JOHNSON.

⁷ *And, when it breaks,*] This is but an indelicate metaphor, taken
from an impostumated tumour. JOHNSON.

K. John.

K. John. They burn in indignation ; I repent :
There is no sure foundation set on blood ;
No certain life atchiev'd by others' death.—

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast ; Where is that blood,
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks ?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm :
Pour down thy weather :—How goes all in France ?

Mef. From France to England⁸.—Never such a power
For any foreign preparation,
Was levy'd in the body of a land !
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them ;
For, when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings come, that they are all arriv'd.

K. John. O, where hath our intelligence been drunk ?
Where hath it slept⁹ ? Where is my mother's care ;
That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it ?

Mef. My liege, her ear
Is stopp'd with dust ; the first of April, dy'd
Your noble mother : And, as I hear, my lord,
The lady Constance in a frenzy dy'd
Three days before : but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard ; if true, or false, I know not.

K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion !
O, make a league with me, till I have pleas'd
My discontented peers !—What ! mother dead ?
How wildly then walks my estate in France !—

⁸ *From France to England.*—] The king asks *how all goes in France* ; the messenger catches the word *goes*, and answers, that *whatever* is in France *goes* now into England. JOHNSON.

⁹ *O, where hath our intelligence been drunk ?*

Where hath it slept ? So, in *Macbeth* :

“ — Was the hope drunk

“ Wherein you dress'd yourself ? hath it slept since ?”

MALONE.

¹ *How wildly then walks my estate in France !*—] i. e. How ill my affairs go in France !—The verb, to *walk*, is used with great licence by old writers. It often means to *go* ; to *move*. So, in the *Continuation of Harding's Chronicle*, 1543 : “ Evil words *walke* far.” Again, in *Fenner's Compter's Commonwealth*, 1618 : “ The keeper, admiring he could not hear his prisoner's tongue *walk* all this while,” &c. MALONE.

Under whose conduct came those powers of France,
That thou for truth giv'st out, are landed here?

Mef. Under the Dauphin.

Enter the BASTARD, and Peter of Pomfret.

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings.—Now, what says the world
To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

Bast. But, if you be afraid to hear the worst,
Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.

K. John. Bear with me, cousin; for I was amaz'd
Under the tide: but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood; and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

Bast. How I have sped among the clergymen,
The sums I have collected shall express.

But, as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasy'd;
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams;
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear:
And here's a prophet, that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels;
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhimes,
That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
Your highness should deliver up your crown.

K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore did'st thou say
so?

Pet. Fore-knowing that the truth will fall out so.

K. John. Hubert, away with him; imprison him;
And on that day at noon, whereon, he says,
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd:
Deliver him to safety¹, and return,
For I must use thee.—O my gentle cousin,

[*Exit HUBERT, with Peter.*

Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?

Bast. The French, my lord; men's mouths are full of it:
Besides, I met lord Bigot, and lord Salisbury,
(With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,)

¹ *Deliver him to safety,]* That is, *Give him into safe custody.*

And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, who, they say *, is kill'd to-night
On your suggestion.

K. John. Gentle kinsman, go,
And thrust thyself into their companies :
I have a way to win their loves again ;
Bring them before me.

Bast. I will seek them out.

K. John. Nay, but make haste ; the better foot before.—
O, let me have no subject enemies,
When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion !—
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels ;
And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

Bast. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.

[*Exit.*

K. John. Spoke like a sprightly noble gentleman.—
Go after him ; for he, perhaps, shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers ;
And be thou he.

Mef. With all my heart, my liege.

[*Exit.*

K. John. My mother dead !

Re-enter HUBERT.

Hub. My lord, they say, five moons were seen to-night² :

Four fixed ; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four, in wondrous motion.

K. John. Five moons ?

Hub. Old men, and beldams, in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously :
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths :
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear ;
And he, that speaks, doth gripe the hearer's wrist ;
Whilst he, that hears, makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.

* — who, they say,] Old copy—*whom*. Corrected by Mr. Pope.

MALONE.

² — five moons were seen to-night : &c.] This incident is mentioned in the old *King John*. STEEVENS.

I saw

I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
 The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
 With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
 Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
 Standing on slippers, (which his nimble haste
 Had fallſely thruſt upon contráry feet ³),
 Told of a many thouſand warlike French,
 That were embatteled and rank'd in Kent:
 Another lean unwafh'd artificer
 Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why ſeek'ſt thou to poſſeſs me with theſe fears?
 Why urgeſt thou ſo oft young Arthur's death?
 Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a mighty cauſe
 To wiſh him dead, but thou haſt none to kill him.

3 — *ſlippers, (which his nimble haſte*

Had fallſely thruſt upon contráry feet,)] Shakspeare ſeems to have confounded the man's ſhoes with his gloves. He that is frighted or hurried may put his hand into the wrong glove, but either ſhoe will equally admit either foot. The author ſeems to be diſturbed by the diſorder which he deſcribes. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson forgets that ancient *ſlippers* might poſſibly be very different from modern ones. Scott in his *Discoverie of Witchcraft* tells us: "He that receiveth a miſchance, will conſider, whether he put not on his ſhirt the wrong ſide outwards, or his *left ſhoe* on his *right foot*." One of the jeſts of Scogan by Andrew Borde, is how he defrauded two ſhoemakers, one of a *right foot* boot, and the other of a *left foot* one.

FARMER.

Barrett in his *Alvearie*, 1580, as an inſtance of the word *wrong*, ſays: "— to put on his *ſhoes wrong*." Again, in *A merye Jeſt of a Man that was called Howleglas*, bl. l. no date. "Howleglas had cut all the lether for the *lefte foote*. Then when his maſter ſawe all his lether cut for the *lefte foote*, then aſked he Howleglas if there belonged not to the *left foote* a *right foote*. Then ſayd Howleglas to his maſter, If that he had tolde that to me before, I would have cut them; but an it pleaſe you I ſhall cut as mani *right ſhoone* unto them." STEEVENS.

See the *Philofophical Tranſactions abridged*, Vol. III. p. 432, and Vol. VII. p. 23, where are exhibited ſhoes and ſantals ſhaped to the feet, ſpre ding more to the outside than the inſide. TOLLER.

So, in Holland's tranſlation of *Suetonius*, 1606: "— if in a morning his ſhoes weré put one [*r. on*] wrong, and name y the *left for the right*, he held it unlucky." Our author himſelf alſo furniſhes an authority to the ſame point. Speed in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* ſpeaks of a *left ſhoe*.—It ſhould be remembered that tailors generally work barefooted: a circumſtance which Shakspeare probably had in his thoughts when he wrote this paſſage. I believe the word *contráry* in his time was frequently accented on the ſecond ſyllable, and that it was intended to be ſo accented here. So Spenſer, in his *Faery Queen*:

"That with the wind *contráry* courſes ſew." MALONE.

Hub.

Hub. Had none, my lord ⁴! why, did you not provoke me?

K. John. It is the curse of kings ⁵, to be attended
By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life:
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law: to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour than advis'd respect.

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. John. O, when the last account 'twixt heaven and
earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation!
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,
Makes deeds ill done? Hadst not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted ⁶, and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind:
But, taking note of thy abhorr'd aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,
Apt, liable, to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub. My lord,—

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head ⁷, or made a
pause,

When

⁴ Had none; *my lord*!] Old copy—*No had.* Corrected by Mr. Pope.
MALONE.

⁵ *It is the curse of kings, &c.*] This plainly hints at Davison's case, in the affair of Mary queen of Scots. WARBURTON.

It is extremely probable that our author meant to pay his court to Elizabeth by this covert apology for her conduct to Mary. The queen of Scots was beheaded in 1587, some years, I believe, before he had produced any play on the stage. MALONE.

⁶ *Quoted,*—] i. e. observed, distinguish'd. So, in *Hamlet*:

"I am sorry, that with better heed and judgment

"I had not *quoted* him." STEEVENS.

⁷ *Hadst thou but shook thy head, &c.*] There are many touches of nature in this conference of John with Hubert. A man engaged in wickedness would keep the profit to himself, and transfer the guilt to his accomplice. These reproaches vented against Hubert are not the words of art or policy, but the eruptions of a mind swelling with consciousness of a crime, and desirous of discharging its misery on another.

This account of the timidity of guilt is drawn *ab ipsis recessibus mentis*, from the intimate knowledge of mankind; particularly that line in which

When I spake darkly what I purpos'd ;
 Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
 And bid ^s me tell my tale in exprefs words ;
 Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
 And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me :
 But thou didst understand me by my signs,
 And didst in signs again parley with sin ;
 Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
 And, consequently, thy rude hand to act
 The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.—
 Out of my sight, and never see me more !
 My nobles leave me ; and my state is brav'd,
 Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers :
 Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
 This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
 Hostility and civil tumult reigns
 Between my conscience, and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
 I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
 Young Arthur is alive : This hand of mine
 Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
 Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
 Within this bosom never enter'd yet
 The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought,
 And you have slander'd nature in my form ;
 Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
 Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
 Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

which he says, that *to have bid him tell his tale in exprefs words*, would have struck him dumb : nothing is more certain, than that bad men use all the arts of fallacy upon themselves, palliate their actions to their own minds by gentle terms, and hide themselves from their own detection in ambiguities and subterfuges. JOHNSON.

⁸ And *bid*—] The old copy reads—*As bid*—. For the present emendation I am answerable. Mr. Pope reads—*Or bid me*, &c. but *As* is very unlikely to have been printed for *Or*.

As we have here *As* printed instead of *And*, so *vice versa* in *King Henry V.* 4to. 1600, we find *And* misprinted for *As* :

“ *And* in this glorious and well foughten field

“ We kept together in our chivalry.” MALLOWE.

⁹ *The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought*,] Nothing can be falser than what Hubert here says in his own vindication ; for we find, from a preceding scene, the motion of a murd'rous thought had entered into him, and that very deeply : and it was with difficulty that the tears, the intreaties, and the innocence of Arthur had diverted and suppressed it.

WARRBURTON.

K. John. Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to the peers,
 Throw this report on their incensed rage,
 And make them tame to their obedience!
 Forgive the comment that my passion made,
 Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
 And foul imaginary eyes of blood
 Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
 O, answer not; but to my closet bring
 The angry lords, with all expedient haste:
 I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast.⁶

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

*The same. Before the Castle.**Enter ARTHUR on the walls.*

Arth. The wall is high; and yet will I leap down:⁷—
 Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!—
 There's few, or none, do know me; if they did,
 This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite.
 I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.
 If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
 I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:
 As good to die, and go, as die, and stay. [leaps down.]

⁶ The old play is divided into two parts, the first of which concludes with the king's dispatch of Hubert on this message; the second begins with "Enter Arthur, &c." as in the following scene. STEEVENS.

⁷ *The wall is high, and yet will I leap down:—*] Our author has here followed the old play. In what manner Arthur was deprived of his life, is not ascertained. Matthew Paris, relating the event, uses the word *evanuit*; and indeed as King Philip afterwards publicly accused King John of putting his nephew to death, without mentioning either the manner of it or his accomplices, we may conclude that it was conducted with impenetrable secrecy. The French historians however say, that John coming, in a boat, during the night-time, to the castle of Rouen, where the young prince was confined, ordered him to be brought forth, and having stabbed him, while supplicating for mercy, the king fastened a stone to the dead body, and threw it into the Seine, in order to give some colour to a report, which he afterwards caused to be spread, that the prince attempting to escape out of a window of the tower of the castle, fell into the river, and was drowned. MALONE.

O me ! my uncle's spirit is in these stones :—
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones ! *[dies.*

Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at saint Edmund's-bury ;
It is our safety, and we must embrace
'This gentle offer of the perilous time.

Pemb. Who brought that letter from the cardinal ?

Sal. The count Melun, a noble lord of France ;
Whose private with me ⁸, of the Dauphin's love,
Is much more general than these lines import.

Big. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.

Sal. Or, rather, then set forward : for 'twill be
'Two long days' journey, lords, or e'er we meet ⁹.

Enter the BASTARD.

Bast. Once more to-day well met, distemper'd lords !
The king, by me, requests your presence straight.

Sal. The king hath dispossest himself of us ;
We will not line his thin bestained cloak
With our pure honours, nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where-e'er it walks :
Return, and tell him so ; we know the worst.

Bast. What e'er you think, good words, I think, were
best.

⁸ *Whose private, &c.*] i. e. whose private account of the Dauphin's affliction to our cause, is much more ample than the letters. *POPE.*

⁹ — or e'er we meet.] This phrase, so frequent in our old writers, is not well understood. *Or* is here the same as *ere*, i. e. *before*. The addition of *ever*, or *e'er*, is merely augmentative.

That *or* has the full sense of *before*, and that *e'er* when joined with it is merely augmentative, is proved from innumerable passages in our ancient writers, wherein *or* occurs simply without *e'er*, and must bear that signification. Thus, in the old tragedy of *Master Arden of Feversham*, 1599, quarto, (attributed by some, though falsely, to Shakespeare) the wife says,

"He shall be murdered *or* the guests come in." Sig. H. 3. b.

PERCY.

Again, in *Every man, a Morality*, no date :

"As, *or* we departe, thou shalt know."

Again, in the interlude of the *Disobedient Child*, bl. l. no date :

"To send for victuals *or* I came away." STEEVENS.

Sal.

Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now ¹.

Basf. But there is little reason in your grief;
Therefore, 'twere reason, you had manners now.

Pemb. Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.

Basf. 'Tis true; to hurt his master, no man else ².

Sal. This is the prison: What is he lies here?

[*Seeing* ARTHUR.]

Pemb. O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!

The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

Sal. Murder, as hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.

Big. Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.

Sal. Sir Richard, what think you? Have you beheld;
Or have you read, or heard? or could you think?
Or do you almost think, although you see,
That you do see? could thought, without this object,
Form such another? This is the very top,
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest savag'ry, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage,
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

Pemb. All murders past do stand excus'd in this;
And this, so sole, and so unmatchable,
Shall give a holiness, a purity,
To the yet-unbegotten sin of times ⁴;

¹ — *reason now.*] To *reason*, in Shakspeare, is not so often to *argue*, as to *talk*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Coriolanus*:

“ — *reason* with the fellow,

“ Before you punish him.” STEEVENS.

² — *no man else*] Old Copy—*no man's*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

³ Have you *beheld*,—] Old Copy—*You have*, &c. Corrected by the editor of the third folio. MALONE.

⁴ — *sin of times*;) That is, of all future times. So, in *K. Henry V.*

“ By custom and the ordinance of *times*.

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

“ For now against himself he sounds his doom.

“ That through the length of *times* he stands disgrac'd.”

Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors more elegantly read—*as of times*; but the peculiarities of Shakspeare's diet on ought, in my apprehension, to be faithfully preserved. MALONE.

And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
 Exemplified by this heinous spectacle.

Bast. It is a damned and a bloody work ;
 The graceless action of a heavy hand,
 If that it be the work of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand ?—
 We had a kind of light, what would ensue :
 It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand ;
 The practice, and the purpose, of the king :—
 From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
 Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
 And breathing to his breathless excellence
 The incense of a vow, a holy vow ;
 Never to taste the pleasures of the world ⁵,
 Never to be infected with delight,
 Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
 Till I have set a glory to this hand,
 By giving it the worship of revenge ⁶.

Pemb. Big. Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

Enter HUBERT.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you :
 Arthur doth live ; the king hath sent for you.

Sal.

⁵ — a holy vow ;

Never to taste the pleasures of the world,] This is a copy of the
 vows made in the ages of superstition and chivalry. JOHNSON.

⁶ *Till I have set a glory to this hand,*

By giving it the worship of revenge.] The *worship* is the dignity,
 the *honour*. We still say *worshipful* of magistrates. JOHNSON.

I think it should be—*a glory to this hand* ;—pointing to the dead
 prince, and using the word *worship* in its common acceptation. *A glory*
 is a frequent term :

“ Round a quaker's beaver cast a *glory*,”

says Mr. Pope : the solemn confirmation of the other lords seems to re-
 quire this sense. The late Mr. Gray was much pleased with this cor-
 rection. FARMER.

The old reading seems right to me, and means,—*till I have famed*
and renowned my own hand by giving it the honour of revenge for so foul
a deed. *Glory* means *splendor* and *magnificence* in St. Matthew, vi. 29.
 A thought almost similar to the present, occurs in Ben Jonson's *Cati-*
line, who, Act IV. sc. iv. says to Cethegus : “ When we meet again
 we'll sacrifice to liberty. *Cet.* And revenge. That we may praise our
 hands once !” i. e. O ! that we may set a *glory*, or procure honour and
 praise, to our *hands*, which are the instruments of action. TOLLET.

I think

Sal. O, he is bold, and blushes not at death :—
Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone !

Hub. I am no villain.

Sal. Must I rob the law ? [drawing his sword.

Basl. Your sword is bright, sir ; put it up again *.

Sal. Not till I sheath it in a murderer's skin.

Hub. Stand back, lord Salisbury, stand back, I say ;
By heaven, I think, my sword's as sharp as yours :
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence 7 ;
Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

Big. Out, dunghill ! dar'st thou brave a nobleman ?

Hub. Not for my life : but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an emperor.

Sal. Thou art a murderer.

Hub. Do not prove me so ;

Yet, I am none 8 : Whose tongue foe'er speaks false,
Not truly speaks ; who speaks not truly, lies.

Pemb. Cut him to pieces.

Basl. Keep the peace, I say.

Sal. Stand by, or I shall gaul you, Faulconbridge.

Basl. Thou wert better gaul the devil, Salisbury :
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime ;

I think the old reading the true one. In the next act we have the following lines :

" ——— I will not return,

" Till my attempt so much be glorify'd

" As to my ample hope was promised." MALONE.

* Your sword is bright, sir ; put it up again.] i. e. lest it lose its brightness. So, in *Othello* :

" Put up your bright swords ; the dew will rust them."

The following passage in *Troilus and Cressida* is decisive in support of the old reading :

" ——— Jove, let *Aeneas* live,

" If to my sword his fate be not the glory,

" A thousand complete courses of the sun." MALONE.

7 — true defence ;] *Honest* defence ; defence in a good cause.

JOHNSON.

8 Do not prove me so ;

Yet, I am none :] Do not make me a murderer by compelling me to kill you ; I am hitherto not a murderer. JOHNSON.

Or

Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron 9,
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

Big. What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge?
Second a villain, and a murderer?

Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.

Big. Who kill'd this prince?

Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well:
I honour'd him, I lov'd him; and will weep
My date of life out, for his sweet life's loss.

Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villainy is not without such rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
Like rivers of remorse 1 and innocency.
Away, with me, all you whose souls abhor
'T he uncleanly favours of a slaughter-house;
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

B.g. Away, toward Bury, to the Dauphin there!

Pemb. There, tell the king, he may enquire us out.

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

Bast. Here's a good world!—Knew you of this fair
work?

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

Hub. Do but hear me, sir.

Bast. Ha! I'll tell thee what;
'Thou art damn'd as black—nay, nothing is so black;
'Thou art more deep damn'd than prince Lucifer 2:
'There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell 3
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

Hub.

9 — *your toasting iron,*] The same thought is found in *K. Henry V.*:
“I dare not fight, but I will wink and hold out mine *iron*. It is a
simple one, but what though? it will *toast cheese*.” STEEVENS.

1 *Like rivers of remorse*—] *Remorse* here, as almost every where in
these plays, and the contemporary books, signifies *pity*. MALONE.

2 *Thou art more deep damn'd than prince Lucifer* :] So, in the old
play:

“Hell, Hubert, trust me, all the plagues of hell

“Hangs on performance of this damned deed;

“This seal, the warrant of the body's bliss,

“Ensareth Satan chieftain of thy soul.” MALONE.

3 *There is not yet,* &c.] I remember once to have met with a book,
printed in the time of Henry VIII. (which Shakspeare possibly might
have seen) where we are told that the deformity of the condemned in
the

Hub. Upon my soul,—

Bast. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair.
And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
That ever spider twisted from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be a beam
To hang thee on; or, would'st thou drown thyself,
Put but a little water in a spoon,
And it shall be as all the ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villain up.—
I do suspect thee very grievously.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me!
I left him well.

Bast. Go, bear him in thine arms.—
I am amaz'd, methinks; and lose my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.—
How easy dost thou take all England up!
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
The life, the right, and truth of all this realm
Is fled to heaven; and England now is left
To tug, and scramble⁴, and to part by the teeth
The unow'd interests of proud-swelling state.
Now, for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty,
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:
Now powers from home, and discontents at home,
Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits
(As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast)
The imminent decay of wrested pomp⁵.

the other world is exactly proportioned to the degrees of their guilt. The author of it observes how difficult it would be, on this account, to distinguish between Belzebub and Judas Iscariot. STEEVENS.

⁴ — and scramble,] i. e. *scramble*. MALONE.

⁵ *The unow'd interest*—] That is, the interest which is not at this moment legally possessed by any one, however rightfully entitled to it. On the death of Arthur, the *right* to the English crown devolved to his sister, Eleanor. MALONE.

⁶ *The imminent decay of wrested pomp.*] *Wrested pomp* is greatness obtained by violence. JOHNSON.

Rather, greatness wrested from its possessor. MALONE.

Now

Now happy he, whose cloak and cincture can
Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child,
And follow me with speed; I'll to the king:
A thousand businessses are brief in hand,
And heaven itself doth frown upon the land.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King JOHN, PANDULPH with the Crown, and Attendants.

K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory.

Pand. Take again [giving John the crown.
From this my hand, as holding of the pope,
Your sovereign greatness and authority.

K. John. Now keep your holy word: go meet the
French;
And from his holiness use all your power
To stop their marches, 'fore we are inflam'd.
Our discontented counties do revolt;
Our people quarrel with obedience;
Swearing allegiance, and the love of soul,
To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.
'This inundation of mistemper'd humour
Rests by you only to be qualify'd.
Then pause not; for the present time's so sick,
That present medicine must be minister'd,
Or overthrow incurable ensues.

7 — and cincture—] The old copy reads—center, probably for cincture, Fr. STERVENs.

The emendation was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

Pand.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempest up,
 Upon your stubborn usage of the pope :
 But, since you are a gentle convertite⁸,
 My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,
 And make fair weather in your blustering land.
 On this Ascension-day, remember well,
 Upon your oath of service to the pope,
 Go I to make the French lay down their arms. [Exit.

K. John. Is this Ascension-day? Did not the prophet
 Say, that, before Ascension-day at noon,
 My crown I should give off? Even so I have :
 I did suppose, it should be on constraint ;
 But heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter the BASTARD.

Bast. All Kent hath yielded ; nothing there holds out,
 But Dover castle : London hath receiv'd,
 Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers :
 Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
 To offer service to your enemy ;
 And wild amazement hurries up and down
 The little number of your doubtful friends.

⁸ — a gentle convertite,] A *convertite* is a *convert*. So, in Marlowe's
Jew of Malta, 1633 :

" Gov. Why, Barabas, wilt thou be christen'd ?

" Bar. No, governour, I'll be no *convertite*. STEEVENS.

A *convertite* (a word often used by our old writers, where we should
 now use *convert*,) signified either, one converted to the faith, or one
 reclaimed from worldly pursuits, and devoted to penitence and religion.

Mr. Mason says, a *convertite* cannot mean a *convert*, because the lat-
 ter word "in the language of the present times means a person that
 changes from one religion to another." But the question is, not what
 is the language of the present time, but what was the language of Shak-
 speare's age. Marlowe uses the word *convertite* exactly in the sense
 now affixed to *convert*. John, who had in the former part of this play
 asserted in very strong terms the supremacy of the king of England in all
 ecclesiastical matters, and told Pandulph that he had no reverence for
 "the Pope or his usurp'd authority," having now made his peace with
 "holy church," and resigned his crown to the Pope's representative, is
 considered by the legate as one newly converted to the true faith, and
 very properly styled by him a *convertite*. The same term, in the second
 sense above mentioned, is applied to the *usurper*, Duke Frederick, in
As you like it, on his having "put on a religious life, and thrown into
 neglect the pompous court :"

" ——— out of these *convertites* :

" There is much matter to be heard and learn'd." MALONE.

N 5

K. John.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me again,
After they heard young Arthur was alive?

Bast. They found him dead, and cast into the streets;
An empty casket, where the jewel of life⁹
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. John. That villain Hubert told me, he did live.

Bast. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.
But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
Let not the world see fear, and sad distrust,
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threat'ner, and out-face the brow
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution¹.

Away; and glister like the god of war,
When he intendeth to become the field:
Shew boldness, and aspiring confidence.
What, shall they seek the lion in his den?
And fright him there; and make him tremble there?
O, let it not be said!—Forage, and run²
To meet displeasure farther from the doors;
And grapple with him, ere he come so nigh.

K. John. The legate of the pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers
Led by the Dauphin.

Bast. O inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley, and base truce,
To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,

⁹ *An empty casket, where the jewel of life—*] The same kind of imagery is employed in *K. Richard II.*

"A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest

"Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast." MALONE.

¹ — and put on

The dauntless spirit of resolution.] So, in *Macbeth*:

"Let's briefly put on manly readiness,

"And meet it the hall together." MALONE.

² — Forage, and run—] To *forage* is here used in its original sense, for to range abroad. JOHNSON.

A cocker'd

A cocker'd filken wanton brave our fields,
 And flesh his spirit in a warlike foil,
 Mocking the air with colours idly spread;
 And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:
 Perchance, the cardinal cannot make your peace;
 Or if he do, let it at least be said,
 They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this present time.

Bast. Away then, with good courage; yet, I know,
 Our party may well meet a prouder foe.⁴ [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II.

A Plain near St. Edmund's-bury.

Enter, in arms, LEWIS, SALISBURY, MELUN, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, and Soldiers.

Lew. My lord Melun, let this be copied out,
 And keep it safe for our remembrance:
 Return the precedent⁵ to these lords again;

³ *Mocking the air with colours idly spread,*] He has the same image in *Macbeth*:

"Where the Norwegian banners flout the sky,

"And fan our people cold." JOHNSON.

From these two passages Mr. Gray seems to have formed the first stanza of his celebrated ode:

"Ruin seize thee, ruthless king!

"Confusion on thy banners wait!

"Though fann'd by conquest's crimson wing

"They mock the air with idle state." MALONE.

⁴ *Away then, with good courage; yet, I know,*

Our party may well meet a prouder foe.] Faulconbridge means; for all their boasting I know very well that our party is able to cope with one yet prouder and more confident of its strength than theirs.

STEEVENS.

⁵ — *the precedent*—] i. e. the original treaty between the Lausper and the English lords. STEEVENS.

That.

That, having our fair order written down,
Both they, and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal, and an unurg'd faith,
To your proceedings; yet, believe me, prince,
I am not glad that such a fore of time
Should seek a plaister by contemn'd revolt,
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound,
By making many: O, it grieves my soul,
That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker; O, and there,
Where honourable rescue, and defence,
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury:
But such is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and physick of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of stern injustice and confused wrong.—
And is't not pity, O my grieved friends!
That we, the sons and children of this isle,
Were born to see so sad an hour as this;
Wherein we step after a stranger march⁶
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
Her enemies' ranks, (I must withdraw and weep
Upon the spot⁷ of this enforced cause,)
To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours here?
What, here?—O nation, that thou could'st remove!
That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,
And grapple thee⁸ unto a pagan shore⁹;

Where

⁶ — *after a stranger march*] Our author often uses *stranger* as an adjective. MALONE.

⁷ *Upon the spot*—] *Spot* is used here for *stain*. So, in a former passage:

“To look into the *spots* and stains of right.” MALONE.

⁸ *And grapple thee, &c.*] The old copy reads—*And cripple thee, &c.* Perhaps our author wrote *griple*, a word used by Drayton in his *Polyolbion*, song 1:

“That thrusts his *griple* hand into her golden maw.”

STEEVENS.

The emendation was made by Mr. P. pe. MALONE.

⁹ — *unto a pagan shore*:] Our author seems to have been thinking on the wars carried on by Christian princes in the holy land against the Saracens;

Where these two Christian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to spend it so unneighbourly ¹!

Lew. A noble temper dost thou shew in this;
And great affections, wrestling in thy bosom,
Do make an earthquake of nobility.
O, what a noble combat hast thou fought ²,
Between compulsion, and a brave respect ³!
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks:
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
Being an ordinary inundation;
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul ⁴,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.
Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,
And with a great heart heave away this storm;
Commend these waters to those baby eyes,
That never saw the giant world enrag'd;
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.
Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep
Into the purse of rich prosperity,
As Lewis himself:—so, nobles, shall you all,
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.

Saracens; where the united armies of France and England might have laid their mutual animosities aside, and fought in the cause of Christ, instead of fighting against brethren and countrymen, as Salisbury and the other English noblemen who had joined the Dauphin, were about to do. MALONE.

¹ *And not to spend it so unneighbourly!*] This is one of many passages, in which Shakspeare concludes a sentence without attending to the manner in which the former part of it is constructed. MALONE.

² — *Hast thou fought.*] *Thou*, which appears to have been accidentally omitted by the transcriber or compositor, was inserted by the editor of the fourth folio. MALONE.

³ *Between compulsion, and a brave respect!*] This *compulsion* was the necessity of a reformation in the state; which, according to Salisbury's opinion (who, in his speech preceding, calls it an *enforced cause*), could only be procured by foreign arms: and the *brave respect* was the love of his country. WARBURTON.

⁴ *This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul.*] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

“This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,

“Held back his sorrow's tide—.” MALONE.

Enter

Enter PANDULPH, attended.

And even there, methinks, an angel spake :
Look, where the holy legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of heaven ;
And on our actions set the name of right,
With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, noble prince of France !
The next is this,—king John hath reconcil'd
Himself to Rome ; his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy church,
The great metropolis and see of Rome :
Therefore thy threat'ning colours now wind up,
And tame the savage spirit of wild war ;
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmful than in shew.

Lew. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back ;
I am too high-born to be property'd,
To be a secondary at control,
Or useful serving-man, and instrument,
To any sovereign state throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars
Between this chāstis'd kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire ;
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to this land *,
Yea, thrust this enterprize into my heart ;

And

s — *an angel spake :* } Sir T. Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton read here—*an angel speaks*. I think unnecessarily. The Dauphin does not yet hear the legate indeed, nor pretend to hear him ; but seeing him advance, and concluding that he comes to animate and authorize him with the power of the church, he cries out, *at the sight of this holy man, I am encouraged as by the voice of an angel*. JOHNSON.

Rather, *In what I have now said*, an angel spake ; for see, the holy legate approaches, to give a warrant from heaven, and the name of right to our cause. MALONE.

* *You taught me how to know the face of right,*

Acquainted me with interest to this land, } This was the phraseology of Shakspere's time. So again in *King Henry IV.* P. II.

“ He

And come ye now to tell me, John hath made
 His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?
 I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
 After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
 And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back,
 Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
 Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne,
 What men provided, what munition sent,
 To underprop this action? is't not I,
 That undergo this charge? who else but I,
 And such as to my claim are liable,
 Sweat in this business, and maintain this war?
 Have I not heard these islanders shout out,
Vive le roy! as I have bank'd their towns?⁶
 Have I not here the best cards for the game,
 To win this easy match play'd for a crown?
 And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?
 No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said.

Pand. You look but on the outside of this work.

Lew. Outside or inside, I will not return
 Till my attempt so much be glorify'd
 As to my ample hope was promised
 Before I drew this gallant head of war,
 And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,
 To out-look conquest, and to win renown
 Even in the jaws of danger and of death.—

[*Trumpet sounds.*

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

“ He hath more worthy interest to the state,

“ Than thou the shadow of succession.”

Again, in Dugdale's *Antiquities of Warwickshire*, Vol. II. p. 927:
 “ — in 4. R. 2. he had a release from Rose the daughter and heir of Sir
 John de Arden before specified, of all her *interest* to the manor of
 Pedimore.” MALONE.

⁶ — as I have bank'd their towns?] *Bank'd their towns* may mean,
 thrown up entrenchments before their towns.

The old play of *King John*, however, leaves this interpretation extremely disputable. It appears from thence that these salutations were given to the Dauphin as he sailed along the banks of the river. This, I suppose, Shakspeare calls *banking* the towns.

“ — from the hollow holes of Thamesis

“ Echo apace replied, *Vive le roy!*

“ From thence along the wanton rolling glade,

“ To Troynovant, your fair metropolis.”

We still say to *coast* and to *flank*; and to *bank* has no less of propriety, though it is not reconciled to us by modern usage. STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter the BASTARD, attended.

Bast. According to the fair-play of the world,
Let me have audience; I am sent to speak:—
My holy lord of Milan, from the king
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;
And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties;
Hé flatly says, he'll not lay down his arms.

Bast. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
The youth says well:—Now hear our English king;
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.
He is prepar'd; and reason too, he should:
This apish and unmannerly approach,
This harness'd masque, and unadvised revel,
This unhair'd sawciness⁸, and boyish troops,
The king doth smile at; and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,
From out the circle of his territories.
That hand, which had the strength, even at your door,
To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch⁹;

To

7 — *and reason too,*] Old copy—*to*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

8 *This unhair'd sawciness,*] The old copy read—*unheard*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. *Hair* was formerly written *bear*. Hence the mistake might easily happen. Faulconbridge has already in this act exclaimed,

“ — Shall a *beardless* boy.

“ A cocker'd sicken wanton, brave our fields?”

So, in the fifth act of *Macbeth*, Lenox tells Cathness that the English army is near, in which he says, there are

“ — many *unrough* youths, that even now

“ Protest their first of manhood.”

Again, in *King Henry V*:

“ For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd

“ With one appearing *hair*, that will not follow

“ Their cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?”

Another reading has been suggested—this *unhair'd* (i. e. untravell'd) sawciness: but the French troops, who were now in a foreign country, could not be called *untravell'd*. MALONE.

9 — *take the hatch*:] To *take the hatch*, is to *leap the batch*. To *take a hedge* or a *ditch* is the hunter's phrase. BREVENS.

So,

To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells ¹;
 To crouch in litter of your stable planks;
 To lie, like pawns, lock'd up in chests and trunks;
 To hug with swine; to seek sweet safety out
 In vaults and prisons; and to thrill, and shake,
 Even at the crying of your nation's crow ²;
 Thinking this voice an armed Englishman;—
 Shall that victorious hand be feeble here,
 That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
 No: Know, the gallant monarch is in arms;
 And like an eagle o'er his airy towers ³,
 To fouse annoyance that comes near his nest.—
 And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,
 You bloody Neros, ripping up the womb
 Of your dear mother England, blush for shame:
 For your own ladies, and pale-visag'd maids,
 Like Amazons, come tripping after drums;
 Their thimbles into armed gantlets change,
 Their needs to lances ³, and their gentle hearts
 To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lew. There end thy brave, and turn thy face in peace;
 We grant, thou canst out-scold us: fare thee well;
 We hold our time too precious to be spent
 With such a brabler.

Pand. Give me leave to speak.

So, in Massinger's *Fatal Dowry*, 1632:

"I look about and neigh, take hedge and ditch,

"Feed in my neighbour's pastures." MALONE.

¹ — *in concealed wells* ;] I believe our author, with his accustomed licence, used *concealed* for *concealing*; wells that afforded concealment and protection to those who took refuge there. MALONE.

"— *of your nation's crow* ;] Mr. Pope, and some of the subsequent editors, read—*our* nation's crow; not observing, that the Bard is speaking of John's achievements in France. He likewise reads in the next line—*his* voice; but *this* voice, *the* voice or *yaw* of *the* French crow, is sufficiently clear. MALONE.

² — *like an eagle o'er his airy towers* ;] An *airy* is the nest of an eagle. STEEVENS.

³ *Their needs to lances* ;] Here we should read—*neelds*, as in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"Have with our *neelds* created both one flower."

Fairfax has the same contraction of the word. STEEVENS.

In the old copy the word is contractedly written *needl's*, but it was certainly intended to be pronounced *neelds*, as it is frequently written in old English books. Many dissyllables are used by Shakspeare and other writers as monosyllables, as *whether*, *spirit*, &c. though they generally appear at length in the original editions of these plays. MALONE.

Bast.

Basf. No, I will speak.

Lew. We will attend to neither :—

Strike up the drums ; and let the tongue of war
Plead for our interest, and our being here.

Basf. Indèed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out ;
And so shall you, being beaten : Do but start
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd,
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine ;
Sound but another, and another shall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder : for at hand
(Not trusting to this halting legate here,
Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than need,)
Is warlike John ; and in his forehead fits
A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

Lew. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.

Basf. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

The same. A field of battle.

Alarums. Enter King JOHN, and HUBERT.

K. John. How goes the day with us ? O, tell me, Hubert.

Hub. Badly, I fear : How fares your majesty ?

K. John. This fever, that hath troubled me so long,
Lies heavy on me ; O, my heart is sick !

Enter a Messenger.

Mesf. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge,
Desires your majesty to leave the field ;
And send him word by me, which way you go.

K. John.

K. John. Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the abbey there.

Mef. Be of good comfort ; for the great supply,
That was expected by the Dauphin here,
Are wreck'd⁴ three nights ago on Goodwin sands.
This news was brought to Richard⁵ but even now :
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

K. John. Ah me ! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.—
Set on toward Swinstead : to my litter straight ;
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

The same. Another part of the same.

Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, and Others.

Sal. I did not think the king so stor'd with friends.

Pemb. Up once again ; put spirit in the French ;
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

Sal. That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In spite of spight, alone upholds the day.

Pemb. They say, king John, fore sick, hath left the field.

Enter MELUN wounded, and led by soldiers.

Mel. Lead me to the revolts of England here.

Sal. When we were happy, we had other names.

Pemb. It is the count Melun.

Sal. Wounded to death.

⁴ — for the great supply,—

Are wreck'd—] *Supply* is here and in a subsequent passage in Scene V. used as a noun of multitude. MALONE.

⁵ — Richard—] *Sir Richard Faulconbridge* ;—and yet the king a little before (Act III. sc. ii.) calls him by his original name of *Philip*.

STEEVENS.

Mel.

Mel. Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold⁶ ;
 Unthread the rude eye of rebellion⁷ ,
 And welcome home again discarded faith.
 Seek out king John, and fall before his feet ;
 For, if the French be lords of this loud day,
 He means⁸ to recompence the pains you take,
 By cutting off your heads : Thus hath he sworn,
 And I with him, and many more with me,
 Upon the altar at saint Edmund's-bury ;
 Even on that altar, where we swore to you
 Dear amity and everlasting love.

Sal. May this be possible ! may this be true !

Mel. Have I not hideous death within my view,
 Retaining but a quantity of life ;
 Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax⁹
 Resolveth¹ from his figure 'gainst the fire ?
 What in the world should make me now deceive,
 Since I must lose the use of all deceit ?

6 — *you are bought and sold* ;] This expression appears to have been proverbial ; intimating that *soul play* has been used. I have met with it in many old English books, but cannot at present turn to the instances. It is again used in *K. Richard III.*

" Jocky of Norfolk, be not too bold,

" For Dickon, thy master, is *bought and sold*." MALONE.

7 Unthread *the rude eye of rebellion* ;] Shakspeare in *King Lear* uses the same expression, "*threading dark ey'd night*." STEEVENS.

Some one, observing on this passage, has been idle enough to suppose that the *eye of rebellion* was used like the *eye of the mind*, &c. Shakspeare's metaphor is of a much humbler kind. He was evidently thinking of the *eye of a needle*. Undo (says Melun to the English nobles) *what you have done* ; desert the rebellious project in which you have engaged. In *Coriolanus* we have a kindred expression :

" They would not *thread the gates*."

Our author is not always careful that the epithet which he applies to a figurative term should answer on both sides. *Rude* is applicable to *rebellion*, but not to *eye*. He means in fact,—the eye of rude rebellion.

MALONE.

8 He means—] The Frenchman, i. e. Lewis, means, &c. See Melun's next speech : " If Lewis do win the day—" MALONE.

9 — *even as a form of wax*—] This is said in allusion to the images made by witches. Holinshed observes that it was alledged against dame Eleanor Cobham and her confederates, " that they had devised *an image of wax*, representing the king, which by their sorcerie by little and little consumed, intending thereby in conclusion to waste and destroy the king's person." STEEVENS.

1 Resolveth—] i. e. *dissolveth*. So, in *Hamlet* :

" Thaw, and *resolve* itself into a dew." MALONE.

Why

Why should I then be false: since it is true
 That I must die here, and live hence by truth?
 I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
 He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours
 Behold another day break in the east:
 But even this night,—whose black contagious breath
 Already smokes about the burning crest
 Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,—
 Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire;
 Paying the fine of rated treachery²,
 Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
 If Lewis by your assistance win the day.
 Commend me to one Hubert, with your king;
 The love of him,—and this respect besides,
 For that my grandsire was an Englishman³,—
 Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
 In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
 From forth the noise and rumour of the field;
 Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
 In peace, and part this body and my soul
 With contemplation and devout desires:

Sal. We do believe thee,—And bestrew my soul
 But I do love the favour and the form
 Of this most fair occasion, by the which
 We will untread the steps of damned flight;
 And, like a bated and retired flood,
 Leaving our rankness and irregular course⁴,
 Stoop low within those bounds we have o'er-look'd,
 And calmly run on in obedience,
 Even to our ocean, to our great king John.—
 My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence;
 For I do see the cruel pangs of death

² — *rated treachery*.] It were easy to change *rated*, to *bated*, for an easier meaning; but *rated* suits better with *fine*. The Dauphin has *rated* your treachery, and set upon it a *fine* which your lives must pay.

JOHNSON.

³ *For that my grandsire was an Englishman*,—] This line is taken from the old play, printed in quarto, in 1591. MALONE.

⁴ *Leaving our rankness and irregular course*,] *Rank*, as applied to water, here signifies *exuberant*, *ready to overflow*: as applied to the actions of the speaker and his party, it signifies *inordinate*. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

“ Rain added to a river that is *rank*,

“ Perforce will force it overflow the bank.” MALONE.

Right

Right in thine eye ⁵.—Away, my friends ! New flight ;
And happy newness ⁶, that intends old right.

[*Excunt, leading off Melun.*]

SCENE V.

The same. The French Camp.

Enter LEWIS, and his Train.

Lew. The sun of heaven, methought, was loth to set ;
But stay'd, and made the western welkin blush,
When the English measur'd ⁷ backward their own ground
In faint retire : O, bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needfuls shot,
After such bloody toil, we bid good night ;
And wound our tattering colours clearly up ⁸,
Last in the field, and almost lords of it !—

⁵ *Right in thine eye.*] *Right* signifies *immediate*. It is now obsolete.

⁶ —*happy newness*, &c.] Happy innovation, that purposed the restoration of the ancient rightful government. STEEVENS.
JOHNSON.

⁷ *When the English measur'd*—] Old copy—When *English measure*, &c. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

⁸ *And wound our tattering colours clearly up,*] *Tattering*, which in the spelling of our author's time was *tottering*, is used for *tatter'd*. The active and passive participles are employed by him indiscriminately. MALONE.

It is remarkable through such old copies of our author as I have hitherto seen, that wherever the modern editors read *tatter'd*, the old editions give us *totter'd* in its room. Perhaps the present broad pronunciation, almost particular to the Scots, was at that time common to both nations.

So, in Marlowe's *K. Edward II.* 1598 :

“ This *tattered* ensign of my ancestors.”

Again, in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601 :

“ I will not bid my ensign-bearer wave

“ My *totter'd* colours in this worthless air.” STEEVENS.

Enter

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. Where is my prince, the Dauphin?

Lew. Here :—What news?

Mef. The count Melun is slain; the English lords,
By his persuasion, are again fallen off:
And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,
Are cast away, and sunk, on Goodwin sands.

Lew. Ah, foul shrewd news!—Beshrew thy very heart!
I did not think to be so sad to-night,
As this hath made me.—Who was he, that said,
King John did fly, an hour or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary powers?

Mef. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

Lew. Well; keep good quarter, and good care to-night:
The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

An open place in the neighbourhood of Swinstead Abbey.

Enter the BASTARD, and HUBERT, meeting.

Hub. Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I
shoot.

Bast. A friend :—What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Bast. Whither dost thou go?

Hub. What's that to thee? Why may not I demand
Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?

Bast. Hubert, I think.

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:
I will, upon all hazards, well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well:

Who

Who art thou ?

Bast. Who thou wilt : as if thou please,
Thou may'st befriend me so much, as to think
I come one way of the Plantagenets.

Hub. Unkind remembrance ! thou, and eyeless night,
Have done me shame :—Brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent, breaking from thy tongue,
Should scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Bast. Come, come ; fans compliment, what news a-
broad ?

Hub. Why, here walk I, in the black brow of night,
To find you out.

Bast. Brief, then ; and what's the news ?

Hub. O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

Bast. Shew me the very wound of this ill news ;
I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.

Hub. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk :

9 — *thou, and eyeless night,*] The old copy has—*endless* night. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. Dr. Warburton supports it by observing that Pindar calls the moon the *eye of night*. With Pindar our author had certainly no acquaintance ; but, I believe, the correction is right. Shakspeare has, however, twice applied the epithet *endless* to *night*, in *K. Richard II.*

“ Then thus I turn me from my country's light,

“ To dwell in solemn shades o' *endless* night.”

Again :

“ My oil-dry'd lamp—

“ Shall be extinct with age and *endless* night.”

But in the latter of these passages a natural, and in the former, a kind of civil, *death*, is alluded to. In the present passage the epithet *endless* is inadmissible, because, if understood literally, it is false. On the other hand *eyeless* is peculiarly applicable. The emendation is also supported by our author's *Rape of Lucrece* :

“ Poor grooms are *fightless* night ; kirs, glorious day.”

MALONE.

This epithet I find in Jarvis Markham's *Englsh Arcadia*, 1637 :

“ O *eyeless* night, the portraiture of death !”

Again, in Gower *De Confessione Amantis*, lib. v. fol. 102. b. :

“ The daie made ende, and *loste his fight* ;

“ And comen was the darke night,

“ The whiche all the daies *eye blent* ” STEEVENS.

1 *The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk :*] Not one of the historians who wrote within sixty years after the death of King John, mention this very improbable story. The tale is, that a monk, to revenge himself on the king for a saying at which he took offence, poison'd a cup of ale, and having brought it to his majesty, drank some of it himself to induce the king to taste it, and soon afterwards expired. Thomas Wykes is the first who relates it in his *Chronicle*, as a *report*. According to the best accounts John died at Newark, of a fever. MALONE.

I left

I left him almost speechless, and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil; that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this².

Bas. How did he take it? who did taste to him?

Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king
Yet speaks, and, peradventure, may recover.

Bas. Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty?

Hub. Why, know you not? the lords³ are all come
back,

And brought prince Henry in their company;
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his majesty.

Bas. Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power!—
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide,
These Lincoln washes have devoured them;
Myself, well-mounted, hardly have escap'd.
Away, before! conduct me to the king;
I doubt, he will be dead, or ere I come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

The Orchard of Swinstead-Abbey.

Enter Prince HENRY, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.

P. Hen. It is too late; the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly⁴; and his pure brain

² — that you might

The better arm you to the sudden time,

Than if you had at leisure known of this.] That you might be able
to prepare instantly for the sudden revolution in affairs which the king's
death will occasion, in a better manner than you could have done, if
you had not known of it till the event had actually happened, and the
kingdom was reduced to a state of composure and quiet. MALONE.

³ *Why, know you not? the lords, &c.*] Perhaps we ought to point
thus:

Why know you not, the lords are all come back,

And brought prince Henry in their company? MALONE.

⁴ *Is touch'd corruptibly;*] i. e. *corruptively.* Such was the phrase-
ology of Shakspeare's age. So, in his *Rape of Lucrece*:

“The Romans *plausibly* did give consent—”
i. e. with acclamations. Here we should now say—*playfully.*

MALONE.

VOL. VII.

O

(Which

(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house)
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter PEMBROKE.

Pemb. His highness yet doth speak ; and holds belief,
That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard here.—
Doth he still rage ? [Exit Bigot.]

Pemb. He is more patient
Than when you left him ; even now he sung.

P. Hen. O vanity of sickness ! fierce extremes,
In their continuance, will not feel themselves.
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them invisible ; and his siege is now
Against the mind⁶, the which he pricks and wounds

With

[In their continuance,] I suspect our author wrote—In *thy* continuance. In his Sonnets the two words are frequently confounded. If the text be right, *continuance* means *continuity*. Bacon uses the word in that sense. MALONE.

⁶ *Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them invisible ; and his siege is now*

Against the mind.] *Invisible* is here used adverbially. Death, having glutted himself with the ravage of the almost wasted body, and knowing that the disease with which he has assailed it is mortal, before its dissolution, proceeds from mere satiety, to attack the mind, leaving the body *invisibly* ; that is, in such a secret manner that the eye cannot precisely mark his progress, or see when his attack on the vital powers has ended, and that on the mind begins ; or in other words, at what particular moment reason ceases to perform its function, and the understanding, in consequence of a corroding and mortal malady, begins to be disturbed.

Henry is here only pursuing the same train of thought which we find in his first speech in the present scene.

Our author has in many other passages in his plays used adjectives adverbially. So, in *Ali's well that ends well* : " Was it not meant damnable in us," &c. Again, in *K Henry IV* P I. : " — ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old faced ancient." Many other instances of the same kind might be cited from our author.

Mr. Rowe reads—*her* siege—, an error derived from the corruption of the second folio. I suspect, that this strange mistake was Mr. Gray's authority for making *Death* a female ; in which, I believe, he has neither been preceded or followed by any poet :

" The painful family of *Death*,
" More hideous than their queen."

The

With many legions of strange fantasies ;
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,
Confound themselves⁷. 'Tis strange, that death should
sing.—

I am the cygnet⁸ to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death ;
And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort, prince ; for you are born
To set a form upon that indigest
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude⁹.

Re-entree BIGOT, and Attendants, who bring in King JOHN
in a chair.

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow room ;
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is now so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust :
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen

The old copy, in the passage before us, reads—Against the wind ; an evident error of the press, which was corrected by Mr. Pope, and which I should scarcely have mentioned, but that it justifies an emendation made in *Measure for Measure*, where by a similar mistake the word *flawes* appears in the old copy instead of *flames*.

Our poet in his *Venus and Adonis* calls Death, “invisible commander.”
MALONE.

7 *With many legions of strange fantasies ;*

Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,
Confound themselves.] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece* :

“ Much like a press of people at a door,

“ Throng his inventions, which shall go before.”

Again, in *King Henry VIII.* :

“ ——— which fort'd such way,

“ That many maz'd considerations did throng,

“ And press in, with this caution.” MALONE.

— in their throng and press to that last hold,] In their tumult and hurry of resorting to the last tenable part. JOHNSON.

⁸ *I am the cygnet*—] Old Copy—*Symet*. Corrected by Mr. Pope.

MALONE.

9 *To set a form upon that indigest*

Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.] A description of the Chaos almost in the very words of Ovid :

Quem dixere Chaos ; rudis indigestaque moles. *Met. I.*

WHALLEY.

“ Which Chaos hight, a huge rude heap,— :

“ No sunne as yet with lightsome beames the shapeless world did view.” Golding's Translation, 1587. MALONE.

Upon a parchment ; and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

P. Hen. How fares your majesty ?

K. John. Poison'd, — ill fare¹ ; — dead, forsook, cast off :
And none of you will bid the winter come²,
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw³ ;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom ; nor intreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold : — I do not ask you much,
I beg cold comfort ; and you are so strait,
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

P. Hen. O, that there were some virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you !

K. John. The salt in them is hot. —
Within me is a hell ; and there the poison
Is, as a fiend, confined to tyrannize
On unreprieveable condemned blood.

Enter the BASTARD.

Bast. O, I am scalded with my violent motion.
And spleen of speed to see your majesty.

K. John.

¹ *Poison'd ; — ill fare :* The word *fare* is here used as a dissyllable.
So fire, hour, &c. MALONE.

² This scene has been imitated by Beaumont and Fletcher in *The Wife for a Month*, Act IV. STEEVENS.

³ *To thrust his icy fingers in my maw ; &c.* Decker, in the *Gull's Hornet*, 1609, has the same thought : " — the morning waxing cold, thrust his frosty fingers into thy bosom."

Again, in a pamphlet entitled *The great Frost, Cold Doings in London*, 1608 : " The cold hand of winter is thrust into our bosoms."

STEEVENS.

The corresponding passage in the old play runs thus :

" Philip, some drink. O, for the frozen Alps

" To tumble on, and cool this inward heat,

" That rageth as a furnace seven-fold hot "

There is so strong a resemblance, not only in the thought, but in the expression, between the passage before us and the following lines in two of Marlowe's plays, that we may fairly suppose them to have been in our author's thoughts :

" O, I am dull, and the cold hand of sleep

" Hath thrust his icy fingers in my breast,

" And made a frost within me." *Lust's Dominion*.

Again :

" O, poor Zabina, O my queen, my queen,

" Fetch me some water for my burning breast,

" To cool and comfort me with longer date." *Tamburlaine*, 1591.
Lust's

K. John. O cousin, thou art come to set mine eye :
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd ;
And all the shrouds ⁴, wherewith my life should sail,
Are turned to one thread, one little hair :
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered ;
And then all this thou see'st, is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty ⁵.

Bast. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward ;
Where, heaven he knows, how we shall answer him :
For, in a night, the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the washes, all unwarily,
Devoured by the unexpected flood ⁶.

The king dies.

Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.—
My liege ! my lord !—But now a king,—now thus.

P. Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so stop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay !

Bast. Art thou gone so ? I do but stay behind,
To do the office for thee of revenge ;
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.—
Now, now, you stars, that move in your right spheres,
Where be your powers ? Shew now your mended faiths ;
And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction, and perpetual shame,

Out

Lust's Dominion, like many of the plays of that time, remained unpublished for a great number of years, and was first printed in 1657, by Francis Kirkman, a bookseller. It must however have been written before 1593, in which year Marlowe died. MALONE.

⁴ *And all the shrouds.*] Shakspeare here uses the word *shrouds* in its true sense. The *shrouds* are the great ropes, which come from each side of the mast. In modern poetry the word frequently signifies the sails of a ship. MALONE.

⁵ *And module of confounded royalty.*] *Module* and *model*, it has been already observed, were in our author's time only different modes of spelling the same word. *Model* signified not an archetype after which something was to be formed, but the thing formed after an archetype ; and hence it is used by Shakspeare and his contemporaries for a representation. So, in *the London Prodigal*, 1605 :

" Dear copy of my husband ! O let me kiss thee ! [*kissing a picture.*
" How like him is this *model* ?"

MALONE.

⁶ *Were in the washes, all unwarily, &c.*] This untoward accident really happened to king John himself. As he passed from Lynn to Lincolnshire, he lost by an inundation all his treasure, carriages, baggage, and regalia. MALONE.

Out of the weak door of our fainting land :
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be fought ;
The Dauphin rages at our very heels.

Sal. It seems, you know not then so much as we :
The cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin ;
And brings from him such offers of our peace
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.

Bast. He will the rather do it, when he sees
Ourselves well finewed to our defence.

Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already ;
For many carriages he hath dispatch'd
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the cardinal :
With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.

Bast. Let it be so :—And you, my noble prince,
With other princes that may best be spar'd,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

P. Hen. At Worcester must his body be interr'd ;
For so he will'd it.

Bast. Thither shall it then.
And happily may your sweet self put on
The lineal state and glory of the land !
To whom, with all submission, on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful services
And true subjection everlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore.

P. Hen. I have a kind soul, that would give you ⁷ thanks,
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.

Bast. O, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs ⁸.—

⁷ — *that would give you—*] *You*, which is not in the old copy, was added for the sake of the metre, by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

⁸ — *let us pay the time but needful woe,*

Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs —] Let us now indulge in sorrow, since there is abundant cause for it. England has been long a scene of confusion, and its calamities have anticipated our tears. By those which we now shed, we only pay her what is her due.

MALONE.

This England never did (nor never shall)
 Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
 But when it first did help to wound itself.
 Now these her princes are come home again,
 Come the three corners of the world in arms,
 And we shall shock them : Nought shall make us rue,
 If England to itself do rest but true.⁹ [Exeunt.]

9 — *Nought shall make us rue,*
If England to itself do rest but true.] This conclusion seems to
 have been formed on these two lines of the old play :

“ *Let England live but true within itself,*

“ *And all the world can never wrong her state.*” MALONE.

The tragedy of *King John*, though not written with the utmost power
 of Shakspeare, is varied with a very pleasing interchange of incidents
 and characters. The lady's grief is very affecting; and the character
 of the bastard contains that mixture of greatness and levity which this
 author delighted to exhibit. JOHNSON.

THE
HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF
NEW-YORK
FROM
THE
FIRST
SETTLEMENT
TO
THE
PRESENT
TIME
BY
JOHN
BUTLER

VOLUME
I
CONTAINING
THE
FIRST
PERIOD
FROM
THE
FIRST
SETTLEMENT
TO
THE
END
OF
THE
SEVENTEENTH
CENTURY
NEW-YORK
PRINTED
BY
J. B. ALLEN
1854

KING RICHARD II.

Persons Represented.

King Richard the Second.

Edmund of Langley, *duke of York* ; }
 John of Gaunt, *duke of Lancaster* ; } *uncles to the king.*
 Henry, *surnamed Bolingbroke, duke of Hereford, son to*
 John of Gaunt ; afterwards King Henry IV.

Duke of Aumerle ¹, *son to the duke of York.*

Mowbray, *duke of Norfolk.*

Duke of Surrey.

Earl of Salisbury. Earl Berkley ².

Busby, }
 Bagot, } *creatures to king Richard.*
 Green, }

Earl of Northumberland :

Henry Percy, *his son.*

Lord Ross ³. Lord Willoughby. Lord Fitzwater.

Bishop of Carlisle. Abbot of Westminster.

Lord Marshal ; *and another lord.*

Sir Pierce of Exton. Sir Stephen Scroop.

Captain of a band of Welchmen.

Queen to king Richard.

Duchess of Gloster.

Duchess of York.

Lady, attending on the Queen.

*Lords, Herald, Officers, Soldiers, two gardeners. keeper,
 messenger, groom, and other attendants.*

S C E N E, *disperfedly, in England and Wales.*

¹ *Duke of Aumerle.*] *Aumerle*, or *Aumale*, is the French for what we now call *Albemarle*, which is a town in Normandy. The old historians generally use the French title. STEEVENS.

² *Earl Berkley.*] It ought to be *Lord Berkley*. There was no *Earl Berkley* till some ages after.

³ *Lord Ross.*] Now spelt *Ross*, one of the duke of Rutland's titles. STEEVENS.

LIFE AND DEATH OF KING RICHARD II.

ACT I. SCENE I.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter King RICHARD, attended; John of GAUNT, and
other nobles, with him.*

K. Rich. Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster,
Hast thou, according to thy oath and band¹,

Brought

¹ *The life and death of King Richard II.]* But this history comprises little more than the two last years of this prince. The action of the drama begins with Bolingbroke's appealing the duke of Norfolk, on an accusation of high treason, which fell out in the year 1398; and it closes with the murder of king Richard at Pomfret-castle towards the end of the year 1400, or the beginning of the ensuing year.

THEOBALD.

It is evident from a passage in Camden's *Annals*, that there was an old play on the subject of Richard the Second; but I know not in what language. Sir Gillie Merick, who was concerned in the hair-brained business of the earl of Essex, and was hanged for it, with the ingenious Cuffe, in 1601, is accused, amongst other things, "quod exoletam tragediam de tragica abdicatione regis Ricardi Secundi in publico theatro coram conjuratis datâ pecuniâ agi curasset."

I have since met with a passage in my lord Bacon, which proves this play to have been in English. It is in the arraignments of *Cuffe and Merick*, vol. iv. p. 412, of Mallet's edition: "The afternoon before the rebellion, Merick, with a great company of others, that afterwards were all in the action, had procured to be played before them the play of deposing king *Richard the Second*;—when it was told him by one of the players, that the play was *old*, and they should have loss in playing it, because few would come to it, there was forty shillings extraordinary given to play it, and so thereupon played it was."

It may be worth enquiry, whether some of the *rhyming* parts of the present play, which Mr. Pope thought of a different hand, might not be borrowed from the old one. Certainly however, the general tendency
of

Brought hither Henry Hereford thy bold son ;
 Here to make good the boisterous late appeal,
 Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
 Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray ?

Gaunt. I have, my liege.

K. Rich. Tell me moreover, hast thou sounded him,
 If he appeal the duke on ancient malice ;
 Or worthily, as a good subject should,
 On some known ground of treachery in him ?

Gaunt. As near as I could sift him on that argument,—
 On some apparent danger seen in him,
 Aim'd at your highness, no inveterate malice.

K. Rich. Then call them to our presence ; face to face,
 And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
 The accuser, and the accused, freely speak :—

[*Exeunt some attendants.*]

High stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,
 In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.

of it must have been very different ; since, as Dr. Johnson observes, there are some expressions in this of Shakspeare, which strongly inculcate the doctrine of *indefeasible rights*. FARMER.

It is probable, I think, that the play which Sir Gilly Merick procured to be represented, bore the title of HENRY IV. and not of RICHARD II.

Camden calls it—“ *exoletam tragediam de tragica abdicatione regis Richardi secundi* ; and lord Bacon (in his account of *The Effect of that which passed at the arraignment of Merick and others*) says, “ That, the afternoon before the rebellion, *Merick* had procured to be played before them, the play of *deposing King Richard the Second*.” But in a more particular account of the proceeding against *Merick*, which is printed in the *State Trials*, vol. vii. p. 60, the matter is stated thus : that “ the Story of HENRY IV. being set forth in a play, and in that play there being set forth the killing of the king upon a stage ; the Friday before, Sir Gilly Merick and some others of the earl's train having an humour to see a play, they must needs have the play of HENRY IV. The players told them, that was stale ; they should get nothing by playing that ; but no play else would serve : and Sir Gilly Merick gives forty shillings to *Philips* the player to play this, besides what ever he could get.”

Augustine Philipper was one of the patentees of the Globe play-house with Shakspeare in 1603 ; but the play here described was certainly not Shakspeare's HENRY IV. as that commences above a year after the death of Richard. TYRWHITT.

This play of Shakspeare was first entered at Stationers' Hall by Andrew Weir, Aug. 29, 1597. STEVENS.

— thy oath and band,] When these public challenges were accepted, each combatant found a pledge for his appearance at the time and place appointed. STEVENS.

Band and Bond were formerly synonymous. MALONE.

Re-enter Attendants, with BOLINGBROKE and NORFOLK.

Boling. Many years of happy days befall
My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!

Nor. Each day still better other's happiness;
Until the heavens, envying earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!

K. Rich. We thank you both; yet one but flatters us,
As well appeareth by the cause you come;
Namely, to appeal each other of high treason.—
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Boling. First, (heaven be the record of my speech)
In the devotion of a subject's love,
Tendering the precious safety of my prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appellapt to this princely presence.—
Now, Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak,
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soul answer it in heaven.
Thou art a traitor, and a miscreant;
Too good to be so, and too bad to live;
Since, the more fair and crystal is the sky,
The uglier seem the clouds that in it fly.
Once more, the more to aggravate the note,
With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat;
And wish, so please my sovereign, ere I move,
What my tongue speaks, my right-drawn sword may
prove.

Nor. Let not my cold words here accuse my zeal:
'Tis not the trial of a woman's war,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt us twain;
The blood is hot, that must be cool'd for this.
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
As to be hush'd, and nought at all to say:
First, the fair reverence of your highness curbs me
From giving reins and spurs to my free speech;
Which else would pass, until it had return'd
These terms of treason doubled down his throat.

3 — right-down] Drawn in a right or just cause. JOHNSON.

Setting

Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
 And let him be no kinsman to my liege,
 I do defy him, and I spit at him;
 Call him—a slanderous coward, and a villain:
 Which to maintain I would allow him odds;
 And meet him, were I ty'd to run a-foot
 Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
 Or any other ground inhabitable⁴
 Where ever Englishman durst set his foot.
 Mean time, let this defend my loyalty,—
 By all my hopes most falsely doth he lie.

Boling. Pale trembling coward, there I throw my gage,
 Disclaiming here the kindred of the king;
 And lay aside my high blood's royalty,
 Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except:
 If guilty dread hath left thee so much strength,
 As to take up mine honour's pawn, then stoop;
 By that, and all the rites of knighthood else,
 Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
 What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.

Nor. I take it up; and, by that sword I swear,
 Which gently lay'd my knighthood on my shoulder,
 I'll answer thee in any fair degree,
 Or chivalrous design of knightly trial:
 And, when I mount, alive may I not light,
 If I be traitor, or unjustly fight!

K. Rich. What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge?
 It must be great; that can inherit us⁵;
 So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Boling. Look, what I speak, my life shall prove it true;—
 That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles,
 In name of lendings for your highness' soldiers;
 The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments⁶.

4 — *inhabitable*] That is, *not habitable, uninhabitable.* JOHNSON.

Ben Jonson uses the word in the same sense in his *Catiline*:

“And pour'd on some *inhabitable* place.” STEVENS.

So also Braithwaite, in his *Survey of Histories*, 1614: “Others, in imitation of some valiant knights, have frequented deserts and *inhabited* provinces.” MALONE.

5 — *that can inherit us, &c.*] To *inherit* is no more than to *possess*, though such a use of the word may be peculiar to Shakspeare. Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. sc. ii.:

“—— such delight.

“Among fresh female buds shall you this night

“*Inherit* at my house.” STEVENS.

6 — *for lewd employments,*] *Lewd* here signifies *wicked*. It is so used in many of our old statutes, MALONE.

Like a false traitor, and injurious villain.
 Besides I say, and will in battle prove,—
 Or here, or elsewhere, to the furthest verge
 That ever was survey'd by English eye,—
 That all the treasons, for these eighteen years
 Complotted and contrived in this land,
 Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and spring.
 Further I say,—and further will maintain
 Upon his bad life, to make all this good,—
 That he did plot the duke of Gloster's death * ;
 Suggest his soon-believing adversaries ;
 And, consequently, like a traitor coward,
 Slue'd out his innocent soul through streams of blood :
 Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
 Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
 To me, for justice, and rough chastisement ;
 And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
 This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

K. Rich. How high a pitch his resolution soars !
 Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this ?

Nor. O, let my sovereign turn away his face,
 And bid his ears a little while be deaf,
 Till I have told this slander of his blood,
 How God, and good men, hate so foul a liar.

K. Rich. Mowbray, impartial are our eyes, and ears :
 Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,
 (As he is but my father's brother's son,)
 Now by my sceptre's awe ⁷ I make a vow,
 Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood
 Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
 The unstooping firmness of my upright soul :
 He is our subject, Mowbray, so art thou ;
 Free speech, and fearless, I to thee allow.

Nor. Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
 Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest !
 Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais,
 Disburs'd I duly to his highness' soldiers :
 The other part reserv'd I by consent ;
 For that my sovereign liege was in my debt,

* — *the duke of Gloster's death* ;] Thomas of *Woodstock*, the youngest son of Edward III. ; who was murdered at Calais in 1397.

MALONE.

⁷ — *my sceptre's awe*—] The reverence due to my scepter.

JOHNSON.

Upon

Upon remainder of a dear account,
 Since last I went to France to fetch his queen :
 Now swallow down that lie.—For Gloster's death,—
 I slew him not ; but, to my own disgrace,
 Neglected my sworn duty in that case.—
 For you, my noble lord of Lancaster,
 The honourable father to my foe,
 Once did I lay an ambush for your life,
 A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul :
 But, ere I last receiv'd the sacrament,
 I did confess it ; and exactly begg'd
 Your grace's pardon, and, I hope, I had it.
 This is my fault : As for the rest appeal'd,
 It issues from the rancour of a villain,
 A recreant and most degenerate traitor :
 Which in myself I boldly will defend ;
 And interchangeably hurl down my gage
 Upon this over-weeping traitor's foot,
 To prove myself a loyal gentleman
 Even in the best blood chamber'd in his bosom :
 In haste whereof, most heartily I pray
 Your highness to assign our trial day.

K. Rich. Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd by me ;
 Let's purge this choler without letting blood :
 This we prescribe though no physician ;
 Deep malice makes too deep incision :
 Forget, forgive ; conclude, and be agreed ;
 Our doctors say, this is no time to bleed.—
 Good uncle, let this end where it begun ;
 We'll calm the duke of Norfolk, you your son.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace shall become my age :—
 Throw down, my son, the duke of Norfolk's gage.

K. Rich. And, Norfolk, throw down his.

Gaunt. When, Harry ? when ?
 Obedience bids, I should not bid again.

K. Rich. Norfolk, throw down ; we bid ; there is no
 boot ?

Nor. Myself I throw, dread sovereign, at thy foot :
 My life thou shalt command, but not my shame ;

3 *When, Harry ?*] This obsolete exclamation of impatience, is likewise found in Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613 ; again, in *Look about you*, 1600. STEEVENS.

9 — *no boot*] That is, no advantage, no use, in delay or refusal.

JOHNSON.

The

The one, my duty owes ; but my fair name,
 (Despite of death, that lives upon my grave ¹),
 To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have.
 I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here * ;
 Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'd spear ;
 The which no balm can cure, but his heart-blood
 Which breath'd this poison.

K. Rich. Rage must be withstood :
 Give me his gage :—Lions make Leopards tame.

Nor. Yea, but not change their spots ² : take but my
 shame,

And I resign my gage. My dear dear lord,
 The purest treasure mortal times afford,
 Is—spotless reputation ; that away,
 Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
 A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest
 Is— a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
 Mine honour is my life ; both grow in one ;
 Take honour from me, and my life is done :
 Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try ;
 In that I live, and for that will I die.

K. Rich. Cousin, throw down your gage ; do you begin.

Boling. O God defend my soul from such foul sin !

Shall I seem crest-fall'n in my father's fight ?
 Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height
 Before this out-dar'd dastard ? Ere my tongue
 Shall wound mine honour with such feeble wrong,
 Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear
 The slavish motive ³ of recanting fear ;

¹ — *my fair name, &c.*] That is, *my name that lives on my grave in despite of death.* This early passage most of the editors seem to have mistaken. JOHNSON.

* — *and baffled here ;*] *Baffled* in this place means treated with the greatest ignominy imaginable. So, Holinshed, vol. iii. p. 827, and 1218, or annis 1513, and 1570, explains it : “ *Bafulling*, says he, is a great disgrace among the Scots, and it is used when a man is openlie perjured, and then they make of him an image painted, reversed, with heels upward, with his name, wondering, cursing, and blowing out of him with horns.” Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, b. v. c. 3. st. 37 ; and b. vi. c. 7. st. 27. has the word in the same signification. TOLLET.

The same expression occurs again in *Twelfth Night*, sc. ult.

“ Alas, poor fool ! how have they *baffled* thee ? ”
 Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I. AC. I. sc. ii. ;

“ — an I do not, call me villain, and *baffle* me.” STEEVENSON.
² — *but not change their spots :*] The old copies have—*his spots.*
 Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

³ *The slavish motive*—] That which fear puts in motion. JOHNSON.
 And

And spit it bleeding, in his high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face.

[Exit GAUNT.

K. Rich. We were not born to sue, but to command :
Which since we cannot do to make you friends,
Be ready, as your lives shall answer it,
At Coventry, upon saint Lambert's day ;
There shall your swords and lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your settled hate ;
Since we cannot atone you, we shall see
Justice design⁴ the victor's chivalry.—
Lord Marshal, command our officers at arms
Be ready to direct these home-alarms.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. A Room in the duke of Lancaster's Palace.

Enter GAUNT, and dutcheſs of Gloſter⁵.

Gaunt. Alas ! the part I had⁶ in Gloſter's blood
Doth more ſolicit me, than your exclaims,
To ſtir againſt the butchers of his life.
But ſince correction lieth in thoſe hands
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven ;
Who, when they ſee the hours ripe on earth,
Will rain hot vengeance on offenders' heads.

Dutch. Finds brotherhood in thee no ſharper ſpur ?
Hath love in thy old blood no living fire ?
Edward's ſeven ſons, whereof thyſelf art one,
Were as ſeven phials of his ſacred blood,

⁴ *Justice design*—] To *design* in our author's time ſignified to *mark out*. See Minſheu's *Dict.* in v. "To *design* or *ſbew* by a token. *Ital. Denotare. Lat. Designare.*" At the end of the article the reader is referred to the words "to *marke, note, demonſtrate* or *ſbew*."—The word is ſtill uſed with this ſignification in Scotland.—Mr. Pope and all the ſubſequent editors read—*decide*. MALONE.

⁵ — *dutcheſs of Gloſter*.] The Dutcheſs of Gloſter was Eleanor Bohun, widow of Duke Thomas, ſon of Edward III. WALPOLE.

⁶ — *the part I had*—] That is, my relation of conſanguinity to Gloſter. HANMER.

Or

Or seven fair branches springing from one root :
 Some of those seven are dry'd by nature's course,
 Some of those branches by the destinies cut :
 But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloster,
 One phial full of Edward's sacred blood,
 One flourishing branch of his most royal root,—
 Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt ;
 Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all faded,
 By envy's hand, and murder's bloody axe.
 Ah, Gaunt ! his blood was thine ; that bed, that womb,
 That mettle, that self-mould, that fashioned thee,
 Made him a man ; and though thou liv'st, and breath'st,
 Yet art thou slain in him : thou dost consent
 In some large measure to thy father's death,
 In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,
 Who was the model of thy father's life.
 Call it not patience, Gaunt, it is despair :
 In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd,
 Thou shew'st the naked path way to thy life,
 Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee :
 That which in mean men we entitle—patience,
 Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.
 What shall I say ? to safeguard thine own life,
 The best way is—to 'venge my Gloster's death.

Gaunt. Heaven's is the quarrel ; for heaven's substitute,
 His deputy anointed in his sight,
 Hath caus'd his death : the which if wrongfully,
 Let heaven revenge ; for I may never lift
 An angry arm against his minister.

Dutch. Where then, alas ! may I complain myself ?

Gaunt. To heaven, the widow's champion and defence.

Dutch. Why then, I will. Farewell, old Gaunt.

Thou go'st to Coventry, there to behold
 Our cousin Hereford and fell Mowbray fight :
 O, sit my husband's wrongs on Hereford's spear,
 That it may enter butcher Mowbray's breast !
 Or, if misfortune miss the first career,
 Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom,
 That they may break his foaming courser's back,
 And throw the rider headlong in the lists,

7 — *may I complain myself?*] To *complain* is commonly a verb neuter, but it is here used as a verb active. Dryden employs the word in the same sense in his Fables. STEVENS.

So also Fairfax and other contemporaries of our author. MALONE.

A caitiff recreant * to my cousin Hereford !
Farewell, old Gaunt ; thy sometimes brother's wife,
With her companion grief must end her life.

Gaunt. Sister, farewell : I must to Coventry :
As much good stay with thee, as go with me !

Dutch. Yet one word more ;—Grief boundeth where it
falls,

Not with the empty hollowness, but weight :

I take my leave before I have begun ;

For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done.

Commend me to my brother, Edmund York.

Lo, this is all :—Nay, yet depart not so ;

Though this be all, do not so quickly go ;

I shall remember more. Bid him—O, what ?—

With all good speed at Plashy visit me.

Alack, and what shall good old York there see,

But empty lodgings, and unfurnish'd walls ?

Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones ?

And what hear there for welcome, but my groans ?*

Therefore commend me ; let him not come there,

To seek out sorrow that dwells every where † :

Desolate, desolate, will I hence, and die ;

The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye. [Exeunt.

* *A caitiff recreant*.—] *Caitiff* originally signified a *prisoner* ; next a *slave*, from the condition of prisoners ; then a *scoundrel*, from the qualities of a slave.

Ἡμεῖς τῆς ἀπὸ τῆς ἀπειρίας δόλου ἡμεῖς.

In this passage it partakes of all the significations. *JOHNSON.*

I not believe that *caitiff* in our language ever signified a *prisoner*. I take it to be derived, not from *captif*, but from *chetif*, Fr. poor, miserable. *TYRWHITT.*

9 — *unfurnish'd walls*.] In our antient castles the naked stone walls were only covered with tapestry, or arras, hung upon tenter-hooks, from which it was easily taken down on every removal of the family. See the preface to the *Household Book of the Fifth Earl of Northumberland*, begun in 1512. *STEEVENS.*

* *And what hear there, &c.*] I have here followed the reading of the folio, but now rather incline to that of the first quarto—*And what cheer* there, &c. In the quarto of 1608, *cheer* was changed to *hear*, and the editor of the folio followed the latter copy. *MALONE.*

† *To seek out sorrow that dwells every where :*] Perhaps the pointing might be reformed without injury to the sense :

— let him not come there

To seek out sorrow :—that dwells every where. *WHALLEY.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Gosford-Green near Coventry.

Lifts set out, and a throne. Herald, &c. attending.

Enter the Lord Marshal² and AUMERLE.*

Mar. My lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd?

Aum. Yea, at all points; and longs to enter in.

Mar. The duke of Norfolk, sprightly and bold,
Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.

Aum. Why then, the champions are prepar'd, and stay
For nothing but his majesty's approach.

Flourish of trumpets. Enter King RICHARD, who takes his seat on his throne; GAUNT, and several noblemen, who take their places. A trumpet is sounded, and answered by another trumpet within. Then enter NORFOLK in armour, preceded by a herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder champion
The cause of his arrival here in arms:

Ask him his name; and orderly proceed
To swear him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. In Gods' name, and the king's, say who thou art,
And why thou com'st, thus knightly clad in arms:
Against what man thou com'st, and what thy quarrel:

² — *Lord Marshal*] Shakspeare has here committed a slight mistake. The office of Lord Marshal was executed on this occasion by Thomas Holland, Duke of Surrey. Our author has inadvertently introduced that nobleman as a distinct person from the Marshal, in the present scene.

Mowbray-duce of Norfolk was Earl Marshal of England; but being himself one of the combatants, the duke of Surrey, as I have mentioned in my note, officiated as Earl Marshal for the day. MALONE.

* *Enter—Aumerle.*] Edward duke of Aumerle, so created by his cousin german, King Richard II. in 1397. He was eldest son of Edward of Langley duke of York, fifth son of King Edward the Third, and was killed in 1415, at the battle of Agincourt. He officiated at the lists at Coventry as High Constable of England. MALONE.

Speak

Speak truly, on thy knighthood, and thy oath !
And so³ defend thee heaven, and thy valour !

Nor. My name is Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk⁴ ;
Who hither come engaged by my oath,
(Which, heaven defend, a knight should violate !)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my king, and my succeeding issue⁵ ,
Against the duke of Hereford that appeals me ;
And, by the grace of God, and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myself,
A traitor to my God, my king, and me :
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven ! [*He takes his seat.*]

Trumpet sounds. Enter BOLINGBROKE in armour ; preceded by a herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither
Thus plated in habilaments of war ;
And formally according to our law
Depose him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. What is thy name ? and wherefore com'st thou
hither.

Before king Richard, in his royal lists ?
Against whom comest thou ? and what's thy quarrel ?
Speak like a true knight, so defend thee heaven !

Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Am I ; who ready here do stand in arms,
To prove, by heaven's grace, and my body's valour,
In lists, on Thomas Mowbray duke of Norfolk,

³ And so—] The old copies read—*As so*. STEVENS.

Corrected by Mr. Rowe. STEVENS.

⁴ — *Norfolk*,] Mr. Edwards, in his MS. notes, observes, both from Matthew Paris and Holinshed, that the duke of Hereford, appellant, entered the lists first ; and this indeed must have been the regular method of the combat ; for the natural order of things requires, that the accuser or challenger should be at the place of appointment first.

STEVENS.

⁵ — *and my succeeding issue*,] Thus the first quarto. The folio reads—*his succeeding issue*. The first quarto copy of this play, in 1597, being in general much more correct than the folio, and the quartos of 1608, and 1615, from the latter of which the folio appears to have been printed, I have preferred the elder reading. MALONE.

Mowbray's issue was, by this accusation in danger of an attainder, and therefore he might come among other reasons for their sake ; but the reading of the folio is more just and grammatical. JOHNSON.

That

That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous,
To God of heaven, king Richard, and to me ;
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven !

Mar. On pain of death, no person be so bold,
Or daring-hardy, as to touch the lists ;
Except the marshal, and such officers
Appointed to direct these fair designs.

Boling. Lord Marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's hand,
And bow my knee before his majesty :
For Mowbray, and myself, are like two men
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage ;
Then let us take a ceremonious leave,
And loving farewell, of our several friends.

Mar. The appellant in all duty greets your highness,
And craves to kiss your hand, and take his leave.

K. Rich. We will descend, and fold him in our arms.
Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,
So be thy fortune in this royal fight !
Farewell, my blood ; which if to-day thou shed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

Boling. O, let no noble eye profane a tear
For me, if I be gor'd with Mowbray's spear :
As confident, as is the falcon's flight
Against a bird, do I with Mowbray fight.—
My loving lord, [*to Lord Marsh.*] I take my leave of you ;—
Of you, my noble cousin, lord Aumerle ;—
Not sick, although I have to do with death ;
But lusty, young, and chearly drawing breath.
Lo, as at English feasts, so I regret
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet :
O thou, the earthly author of my blood,— [*to Gaunt.*]
Whose youthful spirit in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,—
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers ;
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat⁶,
And furbish new the name of John of Gaunt,
Even in the lusty 'haviour of his son.

⁶ — waxen coat,] *Waxen* may mean either *soft*, and consequently *penetrable*, or *flexible*. The brigandines or coats of mail, then in use, were composed of small pieces of steel quilted over one another, and yet so flexible as to accommodate the dress they form, to every motion of the body. Of these many are to be seen in the Tower of London.

Gaunt. Heaven in thy good cause make thee prosperous !
 Be swift like lightning in the execution ;
 And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
 Fall like amazing thunder on the casque
 Of thy adverse pernicious enemy :
 Rouze up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.

Boling. Mine innocency ⁷, and saint George to thrive !

[*He takes his seat.*]

Nor. [*rising*] However heaven, or fortune, cast my lot,
 There lives, or dies, true to king Richard's throne,
 A loyal, just, and upright gentleman :
 Never did captive with a freer heart
 Cast off his chains of bondage, and embrace
 His golden uncontroll'd enfranchisement,
 More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
 This feast of battle ⁸ with mine adversary —
 Most mighty liege,—and my companion peers,—
 Take from my mouth the wish of happy years :
 As gentle and as jocund, as to jest ⁹,
 Go I to fight ; Truth hath a quiet breast.

K. Rich. Farewel, my lord : securely I espy
 Virtue with valour couched in thine eye.—
 Order the trial, marshal, and begin.

[*The king and the lords return to their seats.*]

Mar. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
 Receive thy lance ; and God defend the right !

Boling. [*rising*] Strong as a tower in hope, I cry—amen.

Mar. Go bear this lance [*to an officer.*] to Thomas duke
 of Norfolk.

1. *Her.* Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
 Stands here for God, his sovereign, and himself,
 On pain to be found false and recreant,
 To prove the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray,
 A traitor to his God, his king, and him,
 And dares him to set forward to the fight.

7 — *mine innocency*—] Old Copies—*innocence*. Corrected by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

8 *This feast of battle*—] “War is death's feast,” is a proverbial saying. See Ray's Collection. STEEVENS.

9 — *as to jest*,] *To jest* sometimes signifies in old language, *to play a part in a mask*. Thus in *Hieranimo* :

“He promis'd us, in honour of our guest,

“To grace our banquet with some pompons jest.” FARMER.

2. *Her.* Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk,

On pain to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himself, and to approve
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his sovereign, and to him, disloyal;
Courageously, and with a free desire,
Attending but the signal to begin.

Mar. Sound, trumpets; and set forward, combatants.

[*A charge sounded.*

Stay, the king hath thrown his warder down¹.

K. Rich. Let them lay by their helmets and their spears,
And both return back to their chairs again:—
Withdraw with us:—and let the trumpets sound,
While we return these dukes what we decree.—

[*A long flourish.*

Draw near,

[*to the Combatants.*

And list, what with our council we have done.
For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd
With that dear blood which it hath fostered;
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of cruel wounds plough'd up with neighbours' swords;
[And for we think the eagle-winged pride²
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival-hating envy, set you on³
To wake our peace⁴, which in our country's cradle
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;]

¹ — *hath thrown his warder down.*] A *warder* appears to have been a kind of truncheon carried by the person who presided at these single combats. STEEVENS.

² *And for we think the eagle-winged pride &c.*] These five verses are omitted in the other editions, and restored from the first of 1598.

POPE.

Dr. Warburton thinks with some probability that these lines were rejected by Shakspeare himself. His idle cavil, that "peace awake is still peace, as well as when asleep," is refuted by Mr. Steevens in the subsequent note. MALONE.

³ — *set you on*] The old copy reads—on you. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

⁴ *To wake our peace,*] It is true, that *peace awake is still peace, as well as when asleep*; but peace awakened by the tumults of these jarring nobles, and peace indulging in profound tranquillity, convey images sufficiently opposed to each other for the poet's purpose. *To wake peace is to introduce discord.* *Peace asleep*, is peace exerting its natural influence, from which it would be frightened by the clamours of war.

STEEVENS.

Which so rouz'd up with boisterous untun'd drums,
 With harsh resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,
 And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,
 Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,
 And make us wade even in our kindred's blood;—
 Therefore, we banish you our territories:—
 You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of death,
 Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields,
 Shall not regret our fair dominions,
 But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

Boling. Your will be done: This must my comfort be,—
 That sun, that warms you here, shall shine on me;
 And those his golden beams, to you here lent,
 Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
 Which I with some unwillingness pronounce:
 The fly-slow hours⁵ shall not determinate
 The dateless limit of thy dear exile;—
 The hopeless word of—never to return—
 Breathe I against thee, upon pain of life.

Nor. A heavy sentence, my most sovereign liege,
 And all unlook'd for from your highness' mouth:
 A dearer merit⁶, not so deep a main
 As to be cast forth in the common air,
 Have I deserved at your highness' hand.
 The language I have learn'd these forty years,
 My native English, now I must forego:
 And now my tongue's use is to me no more,
 Than an unstringed viol, or a harp;
 Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,
 Or, being open, put into his hands
 That knows no touch to tune the harmony.
 Within my mouth you have engaol'd my tongue,
 Doubly portcullis'd, with my teeth, and lips;
 And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
 Is made my gaoler to attend on me.
 I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
 Too far in years to be a pupil now;
 What is thy sentence then, but speechless death,
 Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?

⁵ *The fly-slow hours*—] Mr. Pope reads—*fly-slow*. The former word appears to me more intelligible:—"the thievish minutes—as they pass." MALONE.

⁶ *A dearer merit*—] *Merit* is here used for *meed* or *reward*. MALONE.

K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate⁷;
After our sentence plaining comes too late.

Nor. Then thus I turn me from my country's light,
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night. [retiring.]

K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with thee.
Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands;
Swear by the duty that you owe to heaven,
(Our part therein we banish with yourselves⁸),
To keep the oath that we administer:—

You never shall (so help you truth and heaven!)
Embrace each other's love in banishment;
Nor never look upon each other's face;
Nor never write, regret, nor reconcile
This lowering rempest of your home-bred hate;
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,
'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.

Boling. I swear.

Nor. And I, to keep all this.

Boling. Norfolk, so far as to mine enemy⁹;
By this time, had the king permitted us,
One of our souls had wander'd in the air,
Banish'd this frail sepulcher of our flesh,*
As now our flesh is banish'd from this land:
Confess thy treasons, ere thou fly the realm;

7 — *compassionate*;] for *plaintive*. WARBURTON.

8 (*Our part* &c.] It is a question much debated amongst the writers of the law of nations, whether a banish'd man may be still tied in allegiance to the state which sent him into exile. Tully and lord chancellor Clarendon declare for the affirmative: Hobbes and Puffendorf hold the negative. Our author, by this line, seems to be of the same opinion.

WARBURTON.

9 *Norfolk, so far* &c.] I do not clearly see what is the sense of this abrupt line, but suppose the meaning to be this: *Norfolk, so far* I have addressed myself to thee *as to mine enemy*, I now utter my last words with kindness and tenderness, *Confess thy treasons*. JOHNSON.

All the old copies read, *so fare*. STEEVENS.

Surely *fare* was a misprint for *farre*, the old spelling of the word now placed in the text—Perhaps the author intended that Hereford in speaking this line should shew some courtesy to Mowbray;—and the meaning may be, So much civility as an enemy has a right to, I am willing to offer to thee. MALONE.

* — *this frail sepulcher of our flesh*,] So, afterwards:

“—thou, King Richard's tomb,

“And not King Richard.”

And Milton in *Samson Agonistes*:

“My self my sepulcher, a moving grave. HENLEY.

Since thou hast far to go, bear not along
The clogging burthen of a guilty soul.

Nor. No, Bolingbroke; if ever I were traitor,
My name be blotted from the book of life,
And I from heaven banish'd, as from hence!
But what thou art, heaven, thou, and I do know;
And all too soon, I fear the king shall rue.—
Farewel, my liege:—Now no way can I stray;
Save back to England, all the world's my way'. [Exit.

K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy griev'd heart: thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banish'd years
Pluck'd four away;—Six frozen winters spent,
Return [to Bol.] with welcome home from banishment.

Boling. How long a time lies in one little word!
Four lagging winters, and four wanton springs,
End in a word; Such is the breath of kings.

Gaunt. I thank my liege, that, in regard of me,
He shortens four years of my son's exile:
But little vantage shall I reap thereby;
For, ere the six years, that he hath to spend,
Can change their moons, and bring their times about,
My oil-dry'd lamp, and time-bewalted light,
Shall be extinct with age, and endless night;
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my son.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.

Gaunt. But not a minute, king, that thou canst give:
Shorten my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow²:
Thou canst help time to furrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage;

¹ — *all the world's my way*.] Perhaps Milton had this in his mind when he wrote these lines:

“The world was all before them, where to choose

“Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.” JOHNSON.

The Duke of Norfolk after his banishment went to Venice, where, says Holinshed, “for thought and melancholy he deceased.” MALONE.

I should point the passage thus:

—— Now no way can I stray

Save back to England:—all the world's my way.

There's no way for me to go wrong; except back to England. MASON.

² *And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow*.] It is matter of very melancholy consideration, that all human advantages confer more power of doing evil than good. JOHNSON.

Thy

Thy word is current with him for my death ;
But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.

K. Rich. Thy son is banish'd upon good advice³,
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave⁴ ;
Why at our justice seem'st thou then to lour ?

Gaunt. Things sweet to taste, prove in digestion sour.
You urg'd me as a judge ; but I had rather,
You would have bid me argue like a father :—
O, had it been a stranger, not my child,
To smooth his fault I should have been more mild :
A partial slander⁵ sought I to avoid,
And in the sentence my own life destroy'd.
Alas, I look'd, when some of you should say,
I was too strict, to make mine own away ;
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,
Against my will, to do myself this wrong.

K. Rich. Cousin, farewell :—and, uncle, bid him so ;
Six years we banish him, and he shall go.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* K. RICHARD and Train.]

Aum. Cousin, farewell : what presence must not know,
From where you do remain, let paper show.

Mar. My lord, no leave take I ; for I will ride,
As far as land will let me, by your side.

Gaunt. O, to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words,
That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends ?

Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office should be prodigal
To breathe the abundant dolour of the heart.

Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

Boling. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

Gaunt. What is six winters ? they are quickly gone.

Boling. To men in joy ; but grief makes one hour ten.

Gaunt. Call it a travel that thou tak'st for pleasure.

Boling. My heart will sigh, when I miscall it so,
Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

Gaunt. The sullen passage of thy weary steps
Esteem a foil, wherein thou art to set
The precious jewel of thy home-return.

3 — *upon good advice,*] Upon great consideration. MALONE.

4 — *a party-verdict gave;*] i. e. you had yourself a part or share in the verdict that I pronounced. MALONE.

5 *A partial slander—*] That is, the reproach of partiality. This is a just picture of the struggle between principle and affection. JOHNSON.

Boling.

Boling. Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make
Will but remember me, what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.
Must I not serve a long apprenticeship
To foreign passages; and in the end,
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else,
But that I was a journeyman to grief?

Gaunt. All places that the eye of heaven visits,
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens:
Teach thy necessity to reason thus;
There is no virtue like necessity.
Think not the king did banish thee;
But thou the king*: Woe doth the heavier sit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go, say—I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
And not—the king exil'd thee: or suppose,
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a frether clime.
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st:
Suppose the singing birds, musicians;
The grass whereon thou tread'st, the presence strew'd⁶;
The flowers, fair ladies; and thy steps, no more
Than a delightful measure⁷ or a dance:

* *All places that the eye of heaven visits,
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens:—
Think not, the king did banish thee,
But thou the king.* So, in *Coriolanus*:

“I banish you.”

Shakspeare, when he wrote the passage before us, probably remembered that part of Lily's *Euphues*, 1580, in which *Euphues* exhorts *Botanio* to take his exile patiently. Among other arguments he observes, that “Nature hath given to man a country no more than she hath house, or lands, or livings. Socrates would neither call himself an Athenian, neither a Grecian, but a citizen of the world.” Plato would never account him banished, that had the sunne, ayre, water, and earth, that he had before; where he felt the winter's blast and the summer's blaze; where the same sunne and the same moone shined: whereby he noted, that every place was a country to a wise man, and all parts a place to a quiet mind.—When it was cast in Diogenes teeth, that the Sinoponeres had banished him Pontus, yea, said he, I them of Diogenes.”

MALONE.

⁶ —*strew'd*;] i. e. with rushes. See Hentzner's account of the presence-chamber in the palace at Greenwich, in 1598. *ITINERAR.* p. 135. MALONE.

⁷ —*a delightful measure*—] A motion that affords pleasure or delight. MALONE.

For

For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.

Boling. O, who can hold a fire in his hand ⁸,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantastick summer's heat?
O, no! the apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,
'I han when it bites, but lanceth not the fore.

Gaunt. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy
way:

Had I thy youth, and cause, I would not slay.

Boling. Then, England's ground, farewell; sweet soil,
adieu;

My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!

Where-e'er I wander, boast of this I can,—

Though banish'd, yet a true-born Englishman ⁹. [Exeunt.

⁸ O, who can hold a fire in his hand, &c.] Fire is here, as in many other places, used as a dissyllable. MALONE.

It has been remarked, that there is a passage resembling this in *Tully's Fifth Book of Tusculan Questions*. Speaking of Epicurus, he says:—"Sed unâ se dicit recordatione acquiescere præteritarum voluptatum: ut si quis æstuans, cum vim caloris non facile patiat, recordari velit se aliquando in Arpinati nostro gelidis fluminibus circumfusus fuisse. Non enim video, quomodo sedare possint mala præsentia præteritæ voluptates." The *Tusculan Questions* of Cicero had been translated early enough for Shakspeare to have seen them. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare, however, I believe, was thinking on the words of Lily in the page from which an extract has been already made: "I speake this to this end, that though thy exile seem grievous to thee, yet guiding thy selfe with the rules of philosophy, it should be more tolerable: he that is cold, doth not cover himselfe with *care* but with clothes; he that is washed in the raine, drieth himselfe by the *fire*, not by his fancy; and thou which art banished," &c. MALONE.

⁹ —yet a true born Englishman.] Here the first act ought to end, that between the first and second acts there may be time for John of Gaunt to accompany his son, return, and fall sick. Then the first scene of the second act begins with a natural conversation, interrupted by a message from John of Gaunt, by which the king is called to visit him, which visit is paid in the following scene. As the play is now divided, more time passes between the two last scenes of the first act, than between the first act and the second. JOHNSON.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

The same. A Room in the King's Castle.

Enter King RICHARD, BAGOT, and GREENE; AUWERLE following.

K. Rich. We did observe.—Cousin Aumerle,
How far brought you high Hereford on his way?

Aum. I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,
But to the next high-way, and there I left him.

K. Rich. And, say, what store of parting tears were
shed?

Aum. 'Faith, none by me¹: except the north-east wind,
Which then blew bitterly against our faces,
Awak'd the sleeping rheum; and so, by chance,
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.

K. Rich. What said our cousin, when you parted with
him?

Aum. Farewel:

And for my heart disdained that my tongue
Should so prophane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such grief,
That words seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.
Marry, would the word farewel have lengthen'd hours,
And added years to his short banishment,
He should have had a volume of farewells;
But, since it would not, he had none of me.

K. Rich. He is our cousin, cousin; but 'tis doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.
Ourself, and Bushy, Bagot here, and Greene²,
Observ'd his courtship to the common people:—
How he did seem to dive into their hearts,

¹ — none by me:] The old copies read—*for me*. Corrected by the editor of the second folio.

With the other modern editors I have here adopted an emendation made by the editor of the second folio; but without necessity. *For me*, may mean, *on my part*. Thus we say, "*For me*, I am content," &c. where these words have the same signification as here. MALONE.

² — Bagot here, and Greene,] The old copies read—*here Bagot*, The transposition was made in a quarto of no value, printed in 1634.

MALONE

With

With humble and familiar courtesy ;
 What reverence he did throw away on slaves ;
 Wooing poor craftsmen, with the craft of smiles,
 And patient underbearing of his fortune,
 As 'twere, to banish their affects with him.
 Off goes his bonnet to an oyster-wench ;
 A brace of dray-men bid—God speed him well,
 And had the tribute of his supple knee,
 With—*Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends ;—*
 As were our England in reversion his,
 And he our subjects' next degree in hope³.

Green. Well, he is gone; and with him go these thoughts.
 Now for the rebels, which stand out in Ireland :—
 Expedient⁴ manage must be made, my liege ;
 Ere further leisure yield them further means,
 For their advantage, and your highness' loss.

K. Rich. We will ourself in person to this war.
 And, for our coffers—with too great a court,
 And liberal largesse,—are grown somewhat light,
 We are enforc'd to farm our royal realm ;
 The revenue whereof shall furnish us
 For our affairs in hand : If that come short,
 Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters ;
 Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
 They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,
 And send them after to supply our wants ;
 For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter Bushy.

K. Rich. Bushy, what news?

Bushy. Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord ;
 Suddenly taken ; and hath sent post-haste,
 To entreat your majesty to visit him.

K. Rich. Where lies he?

Bushy. At Ely-house.

K. Rich. Now put it, heaven, in his physician's mind,
 To help him to his grave immediately !
 The lining of his coffers shall make coats
 To deck our soldiers for these Irish wars.—
 Come, gentlemen, let's all go visit him :
 Pray God, we may make haste, and come too late !

[*Exeunt.*

³ *And he our subjects' next degree in hope.*] *Spec. altera Romm. Virg.*
 MALONE.

⁴ *Expedient—*] *is expeditious.* STREVEN.

ACT II. SCENE I.

London. *A Room in Ely-house.*

GAUNT *on a couch; the duke of YORK⁵ and others standing by him.*

Gaunt. Will the king come? that I may breathe my last
In wholesome counsel to his unstay'd youth.

York. Vex not yourself, nor strive not with your breath;
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

Gaunt. O, but, they say, the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention, like deep harmony:
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain:
For they breathe truth, that breathe their words in pain.
He, that no more must say *say*, is listen'd more

Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose;
More are men's ends mark'd, than their lives before:

The setting sun, and musick at the close⁶,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last;
Writ in remembrance, more than things long past:
Though Richard my life's counsel would not hear,
My death's sad tale may yet undeaf his ear.

York. No; it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds,
As, praises of his state; then, there are found
Lascivious metres; to whose venom sound
The open ear of youth doth always listen:
Report of fashions in proud Italy⁷;
Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
Limps after, in base imitation.

Where doth the world thrust forth a vanity,
(So it be new, there's no respect how vile,)
That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears?
Then all too late comes counsel to be heard,

5 — *the duke of York*] was Edmund, son of Edward III. WALPOLE.

6 — *at the close*.] This I suppose to be a musical term. STEEVENS.

7 *Report of fashions in proud Italy*.] Our author, who gives to all nations the customs of England, and to all ages the manners of his own, has charged the times of Richard with a folly not perhaps known then, but very frequent in Shakspeare's time, and much lamented by the wisest and best of our ancestors. JOHNSON.

Where

Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard⁸.
Direct not him, whose way himself will choose⁹;
'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath wilt thou lose.

Gaunt. Methinks, I am a prophet new inspir'd;
And thus, expiring, do foretell of him:
His rash¹ fierce blaze of riot cannot last;
For violent fires soon burn out themselves:
Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short;
He tires betimes that spurs too fast betimes;
With eager feeding, food doth choke the feeder:
Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.
This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demy paradise;
This fortress, built by nature for herself,
Against infection, and the hand of war²;
This happy breed of men, this little world;
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands³;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed⁴, and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
(For Christian service, and true chivalry,)
As is the sepulcher in stubborn Jewry,

⁸ *Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard.*] Where the will rebels, against the notices of the understanding. JOHNSON.

⁹ — *whose way himself will choose.*] Do not attempt to guide him, who, whatever thou shalt say, will take his own course. JOHNSON.

¹ — *rash*—] That is, *hasty*, *violent*. JOHNSON.

So, in *King Henry IV.* P. 1.

"Like aconitum, or *rash* gunpowder." MALONE.

² *Against infection, &c.*] I suppose Shakspeare meant to say, that islands are secured by their situation both from *war* and *pestilence*.

JOHNSON.
In Allot's *England's Parnassus*, 1600, this passage is quoted—"Against infection, &c." Perhaps the word might be *infection*, if such a word was in use. FARMER.

³ — *less happier lands.*] So read all the editions, except Hammer's which has *less happy*. I believe Shakspeare, from the habit of saying *more happier* according to the custom of his time, inadvertently writ *less happier*. JOHNSON.

⁴ *Fear'd their breed*] i. e. by means of their breed. MALONE.

Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son :
 'This land of such dear souls, this dear dear land,
 Dear for her reputation through the world,
 Is now leas'd out (I die pronouncing it,) ⁵
 Like to a tenement, or pelting farm :
 England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
 Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
 Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
 With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds ⁶ ;
 That England, that was wont to conquer others,
 Hath made a shameful conquest of itself :
 O, would the scandal vanish with my life,
 How happy then were my ensuing death !

*Enter King RICHARD, and Queen ⁷ ; Aumerle ⁸, Bushy,
 Green, Bagot, Ross ⁹, and Willoughby ¹.*

York. The king is come : deal mildly with his youth ;
 For young hot colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.

Queen. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster ?

K. Rich. What comfort, man ? How is't with aged
 Gaunt ?

Gaunt. O, how that name befits my composition !
 Old Gaunt, indeed ; and gaunt in being old :

⁵ — *or pelting farm ;*] " In this 22nd yeare of King Richard," says Fabian, " the common fame ranne, that the kinge had *letten to farm* the realme unto Sir William Scrope, earle of Wiltshire, and then treasures of England, to Syr John Bushey, Sir John Bagot, and Sir Henry Grene, knights. MALONE.

⁶ — *rotten parchment bonds ;*] Alluding to the great sums raised by loans and other exactions, in this reign, upon the English subjects. GREY.
 Gaunt does not allude to any loans or exactions extorted by Richard, but to the circumstance of his having actually farmed out his royal realm, as he himself styles it. In the last scene of the first act he says,

" And, for our coffers are grown somewhat light,

" We are enforc'd to farm our royal realm." MASON.

⁷ — *Queen ;*] Shakspeare, as Mr. Walpole suggests to me, has deviated from historical truth in the introduction of Richard's queen as a woman in the present piece ; for Anne, his first wife, was dead before the play commences, and Isabella, his second wife, was a child at the time of his death. MALONE.

⁸ — *Aumerle ;*] was Edward, eldest son of Edmund Duke of York, whom he succeeded in the title. He was killed at Agincourt. WALPOLE.

⁹ *Ross ;*—] was William Lord Ross, (and so should be printed) of Ham-lake, afterwards Lord Treasurer to Henry IV. WALPOLE.

¹ *Willoughby ;*—] was William Lord Willoughby of Eresby, who afterwards married Joan, widow of Edmund Duke of York. WALPOLE.

Within

Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast ;
 And who abstains from meat, that is not gaunt ?
 For sleeping England long time have I watch'd ;
 Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt :
 The pleasure, that some fathers feed upon,
 Is my strict fast, I mean—my children's looks ;
 And, therein fasting, hast thou made me gaunt :
 Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
 Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bones.

K. Rich. Can sick men play so nicely with their names ?

Gaunt. No, misery makes sport to mock itself :
 Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,
 I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

K. Rich. Should dying men flatter with those that live ?

Gaunt. No ! no ; men living flatter those that die.

K. Rich. Thou, now a dying, say'st—thou flatter'st me.

Gaunt. Oh ! no ; thou dy'st, though I the sicker be.

K. Rich. I am in health, I breathe, and see thee ill.

Gaunt. Now, He that made me, knows I see thee ill ;
 Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.

Thy death-bed is no lesser than thy land,

Wherein thou liest in reputation sick ;

And thou, too careless patient as thou art,

Commit'st thy anointed body to the cure

Of those physicians that first wounded thee :

A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown,

Whose compass is no bigger than thy head ;

And yet, incaged in so small a verge,

The waste is no whit lesser than thy land.

O, had thy grandfire, with a prophet's eye,

Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons,

From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame ;

Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd,

Which art possess'd now to depose thyself.

Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world,

It were a shame, to let this land by lease :

But, for thy world, enjoying but this land,

Is it not more than shame to shame it so ?

Landlord of England art thou now, not king :

Thy state of law is bond-slave to the law² ;

And—

K. Rich.

² *Thy state of law is bond slave to the law ;*] The reasoning of Gaunt, I think, is this: *By setting the royalties to farm thou hast reduced thyself to a state below sovereignty, thou art now no longer king but landlord of England, subject to the same restraint and limitations as other landlords: by making thy condition a state of law, a condition upon which the common rules*

K. Rich. — Thou, a lunatick lean-witted fool *,
 Presuming on an ague's privilege,
 Dar'st with thy frozen admonition
 Make pale our cheek ; chasing the royal blood,
 With fury, from his native residence.
 Now by my seat's right royal majesty,
 Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,
 This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head,
 Should run thy head from thy unreverend shoulders.

Gaunt. O, spare me not, my brother Edward's son,
 For that I was his father Edward's son ;
 That blood already, like the pelican,
 Hast thou tapp'd out, and drunkenly carous'd :
 My brother Gloster, plain well-meaning soul,
 (Whom fair befall in heaven 'mongst happy souls !)
 May be a precedent and witness good,
 That thou respect'st not spilling Edward's blood :
 Join with the present sickness that I have ;
 And thy unkindness be like crooked age,
 To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower ³.

Live

rules of law can operate, thou art become a bond-slave to the law ; thou hast made thyself amenable to laws from which thou wert originally exempt. JOHNSON.

Mr. Heath explains the words *state of law* somewhat differently :
 " Thy royal *estate*, which is established by the law, is now in virtue of
 thy having leased it out, subjected &c. MALONE.

* *Gaunt.* And—

K. Rich.—Thou, a lunatick lean-witted fool,] In the disposition
 of these lines I have followed the folio, in giving the word *thou* to the
 king ; but the regulation of the first quarto, 1597, is perhaps preferable,
 being more in our poet's manner :

Gaunt. And thou—

K. Rich.—a lunatick lean witted fool,—

And thou a mere cypher in thy own kingdom, Gaunt was going to say.
 Richard interrupts him, and takes the word *thou* in a different sense, ap-
 plying it to Gaunt, instead of himself. Of this kind of retort there are
 various instances in these plays.

The folio repeats the word *And* :

Gaunt. And—

K. Rich. And thou, &c. MALONE.

—lean witted—] Dr. Farmer observes to me that the
 same expression occurs in the 106th Psalm :

" ——— and sent leanness withal into their soul." STEEVENS.

3 *And thy unkindness be like crooked age,*

To crop at once a too-long wither'd flower.] Shakspeare, I believe,
 took this idea from the figure of Time, who was represented as carrying
 a sickle as well as a scythe. A sickle was anciently called a *crook*, and
 sometimes,

Live in thy shame, but die not shame with thee!—
 These words hereafter thy tormentors be!—
 Convey me to my bed, then to my grave:—
 Love they ⁴ to live, that love and honour have.

[Exit, borne out by his attendants.]

K. Rich. And let them die, that age and sullens have;
 For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

York. I do beseech your majesty, impute his words
 To wayward sickliness and age in him:
 He loves you, on my life, and holds you dear
 As Harry duke of Hereford, were he here.

K. Rich. Right; you say true: as Hereford's love, so his.
 As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND ⁵.

North. My liege, old Gaunt commends him to your
 majesty.

K. Rich. What says he?

North. Nay, nothing; all is said:
 His tongue is now a stringless instrument;
 Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.

sometimes, as in the following instances, *crooked* may mean armed with
 a *crook*. So, in *Kendall's Epigrams*, 1577:

"The regall king and *crooked* clowne,
 "All one alike death driveth downe."

Again, in the 100th sonnet of Shakspeare:

"Give my love, fame, faster than time wastes life,
 "So thou prevent't his scythe and *crooked* knife."

Again, in the 119th:

"Love not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
 "Within his *bending sickle's* compass come."

It may be mentioned, however, that *crooked* is an epithet bestowed on
 age in the *Tragedy of Locrine*, 1595:

"Now yield to death o'er-laid by *crooked* age."

In that passage no allusion to a *scythe* can be supposed. STEVENS.

Again, in *A Flourish upon Fancie*, by N. B. [Nicholas Breton,] 1577:

"Who, when that he awhile hath bin in fancies schoole,
 "Doth learne in his old *crooked* age to play the doting toole."

MALONE.

Shakspeare had probably two different but kindred ideas in his mind,
 the bend of age and the sickle of time, which he confounded together.

MASON.

⁴ *Love they*—] That is, let them love. JOHNSON.

⁵ — *Northumberland*—] was Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland.

WALPOLE.

York

York. Be York the next that must be bankrupt so!
Though death be poor, it ends a mortal woe.

K. Rich. The ripest fruit first falls, and so doth he;
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be⁶:
So much for that.—Now for our Irish wars:
We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns;
Which live like venom, where no venom else⁷,
But only they, hath privilege to live.
And, for these great affairs do ask some charge,
Towards our assistance, we do seize to us
The plate, coin, revenues, and moveables,
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.

York. How long shall I be patient? Ah, how long
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?
Not Gloster's death, nor Hereford's banishment,
Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,
Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke
About his marriage⁸, nor my own disgrace,
Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.—
I am the last of noble Edward's sons,
Of whom thy father, prince of Wales, was first;
In war was never lion rag'd more fierce,
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely gentleman:
His face thou hast, for even so look'd he,
Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours⁹;
But, when he frown'd, it was against the French,
And not against his friends: his noble hand
Did win what he did spend, and spent not that
Which his triumphant father's hand had won:
His hands were guilty of no kindred's blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kin.

6 — *our pilgrimage must be:*] i. e. is yet to come. MASON.

7 — *where no venom else.*] This alludes to a tradition that St. Patrick freed the kingdom of Ireland from venomous reptiles of every kind. STEEVENS.

8 *Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke*

About his marriage.] When the duke of Hereford, after his banishment, went into France, he was honourably entertained at that court, and would have obtained in marriage the only daughter of the duke of Berry, uncle to the French king, had not Richard prevented the match.

9 *Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours;*] i. e. when he was of thy age. MALONE.

O, Richard! York is too far gone with grief,
Or else he never would compare between.

K. Rich. Why, uncle, what's the matter?

York. O, my liege,
Pardon me, if you please; if not, I pleas'd
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.
Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands,
The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford?
Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Hereford live?
Was not Gaunt just? and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deserve to have an heir?
Is not this heir a well-deserving son?
Take Hereford's rights away, and take from time
His charters, and his customary rights;
Let not to-morrow then ensue to-day;
Be not thyself, for how art thou a king,
But by fair sequence and succession?
Now, afore God, (God forbid, I say true!)
If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,
Call in the letters patents that he hath
By his attornies-general to sue
His livery, and deny his offer'd homage¹,
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,
You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,
And prick my tender patience to those hearts,
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.

K. Rich. Think what you will; we seize into our hands
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

York. I'll not be by, the while: My liege, farewell:
What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell;
But by bad courses may be understood,
That their events can never fall out good.

[*Exit.*

K. Rich. Go, Bushy, to the earl of Wiltshire straight;
Bid him repair to us to Ely-house,
To see this business: To-morrow next
We will for Ireland; and 'tis time, I trow;
And we create, in absence of ourself,
Our uncle York lord-governor of England,
For he is just, and always lov'd us well.—
Come on, our queen: to-morrow must we part;
Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

[*Flourish.*

[*Exeunt King, Queen, BUS. AUM. GRE. and BAG.*

¹ — deny his offer'd homage,] That is, refuse to admit the homage,
by which he is to hold his lands. JOHNSON.

North. Well, lords, the duke of Lancaster is dead.

Rofs. And living too; for now his son is duke.

Willo. Barely in title, not in revenue.

North. Richly in both, if justice had her right.

Rofs. My heart is great; but it must break with silence,
Ere't be disburden'd with a liberal tongue.

North. Nay, speak thy mind; and let him ne'er speak
more,

That speaks thy words again, to do thee harm!

Willo. Tends that thou'dst speak, to the duke of Hereford?

If it be so, out with it boldly, man;

Quick is mine ear, to hear of good towards him.

Rofs. No good at all, that I can do for him;

Unless you call it good, to pity him,

Bereft and gelded of his patrimony.

North. Now, afore heaven, 'tis shame, such wrongs are
borne,

In him a royal prince, and many more

Of noble blood in this declining land.

'The king is not himself, but basely led

By flatterers, and what they will inform,

Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,

'That will the king severely prosecute

'Gainst us, our lives, our children, and our heirs.

Rofs. The commons hath he pill'd with grievous taxes,

And quite lost their hearts: the nobles hath he fin'd

For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

Willo. And daily new exactions are devis'd;

As—blanks, benevolences, and I wot not what:

But what, o' God's name, doth become of this?

North. Wars have not wasted it, for warr'd he hath not,

But basely yielded upon compromise

That which his ancestors atchiev'd with blows:

More hath he spent in peace, than they in wars.

Rofs. The earl of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.

Willo. The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.

North. Reproach, and dissolution, hangeth over him.

Rofs. He hath not money for these Irish wars,

His burthenous taxations notwithstanding,

But by the robbing of the banish'd duke.

North. His noble kinsman:—Most degenerate king!

But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,

Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm:

We see the wind sit fore-upon our sails,

And

And yet we strike not², but securely perish³.

Rofs. We see the very wreck that we must suffer;
And unavoided is the danger⁴ now
For suffering so the causes of our wreck.

North. Not so; even through the hollow eyes of death,
I spy life peering; but I dare not say,
How near the tidings of our comfort is.

Willo. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.

Rofs. Be confident to speak, Northumberland:
We three are but thyself; and, speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts; therefore, be bold.

North. Then thus:—I have from Port le Blanc, a bay
In Britany, receiv'd intelligence,
That Harry Hereford, Reignold lord Cobham,
[The son of Richard earl of Arundel,]
That late broke from the duke of Exeter⁵,

His

² *And yet we strike not,*] To strike the sails, is, to contract them when there is too much wind. JOHNSON.

³ — *but securely perish.*] We perish by too great confidence in our security. The word is used in the same sense in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*: "Though Ford be a secure fool," &c. MALONE.

⁴ *And unavoided is the danger—*] *Unavoided* is, I believe, here used for *unavoidable*. MALONE.

⁵ *The son of Richard earl of Arundel,*

That late broke from the duke of Exeter,] For the insertion of the line included within crotchets, I am answerable; it not being found in the old copies. Mr. Steevens observed, that "all the persons enumerated in Holinshed's account of those embarked with Bolingbroke are here mentioned with great exactness, except 'Thomas Arundell, sonne and heire to the late Earle of Arundell, beheaded at the Tower-hill.' And yet this nobleman is the person to whom alone that circumstance relates of having *broke from the Duke of Exeter*." From hence he very justly inferred, that a line must have been lost, "in which the name of this Thomas Arundel had originally a place."

The passages in Holinshed relative to this matter run thus: "About the same time the Earl of Arundell's sonne, named Thomas, *which was kept in the Duke of Exeter's house*, escaped out of the realme, by means of one William Scot," &c. "Duke Henry,—chiefly through the earnest persuation of Thomas Arundell, late Archbischoppe of Canterburie, (who, as before you have heard, had been removed from his sea, and banished the realme by King Richardes means,) got him downe to Britaine:—and when all his provision was made ready, he tooke the sea, together with the said Archbischoppe of Canterburie, and his nephew Thoma Arundell, sonne and heyre to the late Earle of Arundell, beheaded on Tower-hill. There were also with him Reginalde Lord Cobham, Sir Thomas Erpingham," &c.

There cannot, therefore, I think, be the smallest doubt, that a line was omitted in the copy of 1597, by the negligence of the transcriber or

His brother, archbishop late of Canterbury⁶,
 Sir Thomas Erpingham, sir John Ramston,
 Sir John Norbery, sir Robert Waterton, and Francis
 Quoint,—

All these, well furnish'd by the duke of Bretagne,
 With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,
 Are making hither with all due expedience,
 And shortly mean to touch our northern shore :
 Perhaps, they had ere this ; but that they stay
 The first departing of the king for Ireland.
 If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
 Imp out⁷ our drooping country's broken wing,
 Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,
 Wipe off the dust that hides our scepter's gilt,
 And make high majesty look like itself,
 Away, with me, in post to Ravenspurge :
 But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
 Stay, and be secret, and myself will go.

or compositor, in which not only Thomas Arundel, but his father, was mentioned ; for *his* in a subsequent line (*His brother*) must refer to the old Earl of Arundel.

Rather than leave a *lacuna*, I have inserted such words as render the passage intelligible. In Act V. sc. ii. of the play before us, a line of a rhyming couplet was passed over by the printer of the first folio :

" Ill may'st thou thrive, if thou grant any grace."

It has been recovered from the quarto. So also, in *King Henry VI.* P. II. the following line was omitted, as is proved by the old play on which that piece is founded, and (as in the present instance) by the line which followed the omitted line :

" [*Suf.* Jove sometimes went disguis'd, and why not I?]

" *Cap.* But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be."

MALONE.

In *Coriolanus* Act II. sc. ult. a line was in like manner omitted, and it has very properly been supplied.

The christian name of Sir Thomas Ramston is changed to *John*, and the two following persons are improperly described as knights in all the copies. These perhaps were likewise mistakes of the press, but are scarcely worth correcting. MALONE.

⁶ —archbishop late of Canterbury.] Thomas Arundel, archbishop of Canterbury, brother to the earl of Arundel who was beheaded in this reign, had been banished by the Parliament, and was afterwards deprived by the pope of his see, at the request of the king ; whence he is here called, *late of Canterbury*. STEEVENS.

⁷ Imp out—] As this expression frequently occurs in our author, it may not be amiss to explain the original meaning of it. When the wing-feathers of a hawk were dropped, or forced out by any accident, it was usual to supply as many as were deficient. This operation was called, *to imp a hawk*. Turberville has a whole chapter on *The Way and Manner howe to ympe a Hawke's feather, how soeuer it be broken or brosed*. STEEVENS.

Refs.

Rofs. To horse, to horse! urge doubts to them that fear.

Will. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Queen, Bushy, and Bagot.

Bushy. Madam, your majesty is too much sad:
You promis'd, when you parted with the king,
To lay aside life-harming heaviness,
And entertain a chearful disposition.

Queen. To please the king, I did; to please myself,
I cannot do it; yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet Richard: Yet again, methinks,
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming towards me; and my inward soul
With nothing trembles⁸: at something it grieves,
More than with parting from my lord the king.

Bushy. Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which shew like grief itself, but are not so:
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects;
Like perspectives, which, rightly gaz'd upon,
Shew nothing but confusion; ey'd awry,
Distinguish form⁹: so your sweet majesty,

Looking

⁸ *With nothing trembles:*] I suppose it is the *unborn sorrow* which she calls *nothing*, because it is not yet brought into existence. STEEVENS.

⁹ *Like perspectives, which, rightly gaz'd upon,
Shew nothing but confusion; ey'd awry,*

Distinguish form:—] This is a fine similitude, and the thing meant is this. Amongst mathematical recreations, there is one in *optics*, in which a figure is drawn, wherein all the rules of *perspective* are *inverted*: so that, if held in the same position with those pictures which are drawn according to the rules of *perspective*, it can present nothing but confusion: and to be seen in form, and under a regular appearance, it must be looked upon from a contrary station; or, as Shakespeare says, *ey'd awry*. WARBURTON.

Like perspectives, &c.] Dr. Plot's *History of Staffordshire*, p. 391, explains this perspective, or odd kind of "pictures upon an indented board,

Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
 Finds shapes of grief, more than himself, to wail;
 Which look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows
 Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,
 More than your lord's departure weep not; more's not seen:
 Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,
 Which, for things true, weeps things imaginary.

Queen. It may be so, but yet my inward soul
 Persuades me, it is otherwise: Howe'er it be,
 I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad,
 As,—though, in thinking, on no thought I think¹,—
 Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

Busby. 'Tis nothing but conceit², my gracious lady.

Queen. 'Tis nothing less: conceit is still deriv'd
 From some fore-father grief; mine is not so;
 For nothing hath begot my something grief;
 Or something hath the nothing that I grieve³:

'Tis

board, which, if beheld directly, you only perceive a confused piece of work; but if obliquely, you see the intended person's picture;" which, he was told, was made thus. "The board being indented, [or furrowed with a plough plane,] the print or painting was cut into parallel pieces equal to the depth and number of the indentures on the board, and they were pasted on the flats that strike the eye beholding it obliquely, so that the edges of the parallel pieces of the print or painting exactly joining on the edges of the indentures, the work was done." TOLLET.

So in Hentzner, 1598. Royal Palace, Whitehall. "Edwardi VI. Angliæ regis effigies, primo intuitu monstruosum quid representans, sed si quis—effigiem recta intueatur, tum vera deprehenditur." FARMER.

¹ *As,—though, on thinking, on no thought I think,—*] We should read: *As though in thinking; that is, though musing, I have no distinct idea of calamity.* The involuntary and unaccountable depression of the mind, which every one has sometime felt, is here forcibly described.]

JOHNSON.

² *'Tis nothing but conceit,*] *Conceit* is here, as in *K. Henry VIII.* and many other places, used for a fanciful conception. MALONE.

³ *For nothing hath begot my something grief;*

Or something hath the nothing that I grieve:] With these lines I know not well what can be done. The queen's reasoning, as it now stands, is this: My trouble is not conceit, for conceit is still derived from some antecedent cause; some fore-father grief; but with me the case is, that either my real grief hath no real cause, or some real cause hath produced a fancied grief. That is, my grief is not conceit, because it either has not a cause like conceit, or it has a cause like conceit. This can hardly stand. Let us try again, and read thus:

For nothing hath begot my something grief;

Not something hath the nothing that I grieve:

That is, my grief is not conceit; conceit is an imaginary uneasiness from some past occurrence. But, on the contrary, here is real grief without

'Tis in reversion that I do possess⁴;
But what it is, that is not yet known; what
I cannot name; 'tis nameless woe, I wot.

Enter GREEN.

Green. God save your majesty!—and well met, gentlemen:—

I hope, the king is not yet ship'd for Ireland,

Queen. Why hop'st thou so? 'tis better hope, he is;
For his designs crave haste, his haste good hope;
Then wherefore dost thou hope, he is not ship'd?

Green. That he, our hope, might have retir'd his power⁵
And driven into despair an enemy's hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this land:
The banish'd Bolingbroke repeals himself,
And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd
At Ravenspurg.

Queen. Now God in heaven forbid!

Green. O, madam, 'tis too true: and that is worse,—
The lord Northumberland, his young son Henry Percy,
The lords of Ross, Beaumont, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

Bussy. Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland,
And all the rest of the revolting faction
Traitors.

Green. We have: whereupon the earl of Worcester
Hath broke his staff, resign'd his stewardship,
And all the household servants fled with him
To Bolingbroke.

Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife to my woe,

a real cause; not a real cause with a fanciful sorrow. This, I think,
must be the meaning: harsh at the best, yet better than contradiction
or absurdity. JOHNSON.

⁴ *'Tis in reversion that I do possess;*] As the grief the queen felt was
for some event which had not yet come to pass, or at least yet come to
her knowledge, she expresses this by saying that the grief she then actu-
ally possessed was still in reversion, as she had no right to feel the grief
until the event should happen which was to occasion it. MALONE.

⁵ *— might have retir'd his power,*] Might have drawn it back. A
French sense. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"Each one, by him enforc'd, retires his ward." MALONE.

And

And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir⁶;
 Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy;
 And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,
 Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.*

Busby. Despair not, madam.

Queen. Who shall hinder me?

I will despair, and be at enmity
 With cozening hope; he is a flatterer,
 A parasite, a keeper-back of death,
 Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
 Which false hope lingers in extremity.

Enter YORK.

Green. Here comes the duke of York.

Queen. With signs of war about his aged neck;
 O, full of careful business are his looks!—
 Uncle, for God's sake, speak comfortable words.

York. Should I do so, I should bely my thoughts:
 Comfort's in heaven; and we are on the earth,
 Where nothing lives, but crosses, care, and grief.
 Your husband he is gone to save far off,
 Whilst others come to make him lose at home.
 Here am I left to underprop his land;
 Who, weak with age, cannot support myself:—
 Now comes the sick hour that his surfeit made;
 Now shall he try his friends that flatter'd him.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. My lord, your son was gone before I came,

York. He was?—Why, so!—go all which way it will!

⁶ *And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir:]* The Queen had said before that "some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb, was coming towards her;" she talks afterwards of her unknown griefs "being begotten;" she calls Green "the midwife of her woe;" and then means to say, in the same metaphorical jargon, that the arrival of Bolingbroke was the dismal offspring that her foreboding sorrow was big of; which she expresses by calling him her "sorrow's dismal heir," and explains more fully and intelligibly in the next line,

Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy. MASON.

* ——— *thou art the midwife to my woe,—*

And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,

Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.] So, in *Pericles*:

"I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping." MALONE.

The

The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold,
And will, I fear, revolt on Hereford's side.—

Sirrah,

Get thee to Plasby⁷, to my sister Gloster;
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound:—
Hold, take my ring.

Ser. My lord, I had forgot to tell your lordship:
To-day, as I came by, I called there;—
But I shall grieve you to report the rest.

York. What is it, knave?

Ser. An hour before I came, the dutcheſs died.

York. God for his mercy! what a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this woeful land at once!
(So my untruth⁸ had not provok'd him to it,)
The king had cut off my head with my brother's.—
What, are there no poſts diſpatch'd for Ireland?—
How ſhall we do for money for theſe wars?—
Come, ſiſter,—couſin, I would ſay⁹: pray, pardon me.—
Go, fellow, [*to the ſer.*] get thee home, provide ſome carts,
And bring away the armour that is there.— [*Exit ſerv.*]
Gentlemen, will you go muſter men? if I know
How, or which way, to order theſe affairs,
Thus diſorderly thruſt into my hands,
Never believe me. Both are my kinfmen;—
The one's my ſovereign, whom both my oath
And duty bids defend; the other again
Is my kinfman, whom the king hath wrong'd;
Whom conſcience and my kindred bids to right.
Well, ſomewhat we muſt do—Come, couſin, I'll
Diſpoſe of you:—Gentlemen, go, muſter up your men,
And meet me preſently at Berkley-Caſtle.
I ſhould to Plasby too;—
But time will not permit:—All is uneven,
And every thing is left at ſix and ſeven.

[*Exeunt YORK and Queen.*]

⁷ *Get thee to Plasby,—*] The lordſhip of Plasby was a town of the dutcheſs of Gloſter's in Eſſex. See Hall's *Chronicle*, p. 13. THEOBALD.

⁸ —*untruth*—] That is, *diſloyalty, treachery*. JOHNSON.

⁹ *Come, ſiſter,—couſin, I would ſay:*] This is one of Shakſpeare's touches of nature. York is talking to the queen his couſin, but the recent death of his ſiſter is uppermoſt in his mind. STEEVENS.

Busby. The wind sits fair for news to go to Ireland,
But none returns. For us to levy power,
Proportionable to the enemy,
Is all impossible.

Green. Besides, our nearness to the king in love,
Is near the hate of those love not the king.

Bagot. And that's the wavering commons: for their love
Lies in their purses; and who so empties them,
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Busby. Wherein the king stands generally condemn'd.

Bagot. If judgment lie in them, then so do we,
Because we ever have been near the king.

Green. Well, I'll for refuge straight to Bristol castle:
The earl of Wiltshire is already there.

Busby. Thither will I with you: for little office
Will the hateful commons perform for us;
Except, like curs, to tear us all to pieces.—
Will you go along with us?

Bagot. No; I'll to Ireland to his majesty.
Farewel: if heart's presages be not vain,
We three here part, that ne'er shall meet again.

Busby. That's as York thrives to beat back Bolingbroke.

Green. Alas, poor duke! the task he undertakes
Is—numb'ring sands, and drinking oceans dry;
Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly.

Busby. Farewell at once; for once, for all, and ever.

Green. Well, we may meet again.

Bagot. I fear me, never.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The wilds in Gloucestershire.

Enter BOLINGBROKE and NORTHUMBERLAND, with forces.

Boling. How far is it, my lord, to Berkley now?

North. Believe me, noble lord,
I am a stranger here in Gloucestershire.
These high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,
Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome:
And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.

But,

But, I bethink me, what a weary way,
 From Ravenspurg to Cotswold, will be found
 In Rofs and Willoughby, wanting your company;
 Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd
 The tediousness and process of my travel: *
 But theirs is sweeten'd with the hope to have
 The present benefit which I possess:
 And hope to joy¹, is little less in joy,
 Than hope enjoy'd: by this, the weary lords
 Shall make their way seem short; as mine hath done
 By sight of what I have, your noble company.
Boling. Of much less value is my company,
 Than your good words. But who comes here?

Enter Harry PERCY.

North. It is my son, young Harry Percy, sent
 From my brother Worcester, whencesoever.—
 Harry, how fares your uncle?

Percy. I had thought, my lord, to have learn'd his health
 of you.

North. Why, is he not with the queen?

Percy. No, my good lord; he hath forsook the court,
 Broken his staff of office, and dispers'd
 The household of the king.

North. What was his reason?
 He was not so resolv'd, when last we spake together.

Percy. Because your lordship was proclaimed traitor.
 But he, my lord, is gone to Ravenspurg,
 To offer service to the duke of Hereford;
 And sent me o'er by Berkley, to discover
 What power the duke of York had levy'd there;
 Then with direction to repair to Ravenspurg.

North. Have you forgot the duke of Hereford, boy?

* ——— wanting your company;

Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd

The tediousness and process of my travel.] So, in *K. Lear*,

1605:

"Thy pleasant company will make the way seem short."

MALONE.

¹ And hope to joy,—] To joy is, I believe, here used as a verb. So, in the second act of *K. Henry IV*: "Poor fellow never joy'd since the price of oats rose." Again, in *K. Henry VI*. P. II:

"Was ever king that joy'd an earthly throne—."

The word is again used with the same signification in the play before us.—MALONE.

Percy. No, my good lord ; for that is not forgot,
Which ne'er I did remember : to my knowledge,
I never in my life did look on him.

North. Then learn to know him now ; this is the duke.

Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my service,
Such as it is, being tender, raw and young ;
Which elder days shall ripen, and confirm
To more approved service and desert.

Boling. I thank thee, gentle Percy ; and be sure,
I count myself in nothing else so happy,
As in a soul rememb'ring my good friends ;
And, as my fortune ripens with thy love,
It shall be still thy true love's recompence :
My heart this covenant makes, my hand thus seals it.

North. How far is it to Berkley ? And what stir
Keeps good old York there, with his men of war ?

Percy. There stands the castle, by yon tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I have heard :
And in it are the lords of York, Berkley, and Seymour ;
None else of name, and noble estimate.

Enter ROSS and WILLOUGHBY.

North. Here come the lords of Ross and Willoughby,
Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.

Boling. Welcome, my lords : I wot, your love pursues
A banish'd traitor ; all my treasury
Is yet but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,
Shall be your love and labour's recompence.

Ross. Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.

Will. And far surmounts our labour to attain it.

Boling. Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor ;
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bounty. But who comes here ?

Enter BERKLEY.

North. It is my lord of Berkley, as I guess.

Berk. My lord of Hereford, my message is to you.

Boling. My lord, my answer is—to Lancaster² ;
And I am come to seek that name in England :

² — my answer is—to Lancaster ;] Your message, you say, is to my lord of Hereford. My answer is, It is not to him ; it is to the Duke of Lancaster. MALONE.

And I must find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you say.

Berk. Mistake me not, my lord; 'tis not my meaning,
To raze one title of your honour out³:—
To you, my lord, I come, (what lord you will,)
From the most glorious regent of this land,
The duke of York; to know, what pricks you on
To take advantage of the absent time⁴,
And fright our native peace with self-born arms.

Enter YORK attended.

Boling. I shall not need transport my words by you;
Here comes his grace in person.—My noble uncle! [*kneels.*

York. Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose duty is deceivable and false.

Boling. My gracious uncle!—

York. Tut, tut!

Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle: *
I am no traitor's uncle; and that word—grace,
In an ungracious mouth, is but prophane.
Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs
Dar'd once to touch a dust of England's ground?
But then more why⁵;—Why have they dar'd to march
So many miles upon her peaceful bosom;
Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war,

³ *To raze one title of your honour:—*] “How the names of them which for capital crimes against majestie were *erazed out* of the publicke records, tables, and registers, or forbidden to be borne by their posteritie, when their memorie was damned, I could show at large.” Camden's *Remaines*, p. 136, edit. 1605. MALONE.

⁴ — *the absent time,*] i. e. *time of the king's absence.* JOHNSON.

* *Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle:*] In *Romeo and Juliet* we have the same kind of phraseology:

“Thank me no thankings nor proud me no prouds.”

Again, in *Microcynicon, Six Yearling Satires*, &c. 16mo. 1599:

“*Howe* me no *howers*; *howers* break no square.” MALONE.

⁵ *But then more why;*—] But, to add more questions. This is the reading of the first quarto, 1597, which in the second, and all the subsequent copies, was corrupted thus: But *more than* why. The expression of the text, though a singular one, was, I have no doubt, the author's. It is of a colour with those immediately preceding:

“*Grace* me no grace, nor *uncle* me no uncle.”

A similar expression occurs in *Twelfth Night*:

“*More* than I love these eyes, *more* than my life,

“*More*, by *all* *more*s, than I shall e'er love wife.” MALONE.

And

And ostentation of despised arms⁶?
 Com'st thou because the anointed king is hence?
 Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,
 And in my loyal bosom lies his power.
 Were I but now the lord of such hot youth,
 As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself,
 Rescu'd the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,
 From forth the ranks of many thousand French;
 O, then, how quickly should this arm of mine,
 Now prisoner to the palsy, chastize thee,
 And minister correction to thy fault!

Boling. My gracious uncle, let me know my fault;
 On what condition⁷ stands it, and wherein?

York. Even in condition of the worst degree,—
 In gross rebellion, and detested treason:
 Thou art a banish'd man, and here art come,
 Before the expiration of thy time,
 In braving arms against thy sovereign.

Boling. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford;
 But as I come, I come for Lancaster.
 And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace,
 Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye⁸:
 You are my father, for, methinks, in you
 I see old Gaunt alive; O, then, my father!
 Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd,
 A wand'ring vagabond; my rights and royalties
 Pluck'd from my arms perforce, and given away
 To upstart unthrifths? Wherefore was I born⁹?

⁶ *And ostentation of despised arms?*] Mr. Upton gives this passage as a proof that our author uses the passive participle in an active sense. The copies all agree. Perhaps the old duke means to treat him with contempt as well as with severity, and to insinuate that he despises his power, as being able to master it. In this sense all is right. JOHNSON.

So, in this play:

"We'll make foul weather with *despised* tears." STEVENS.

⁷ *On what condition—*] It should be, *in what condition*, i. e. *in what degree of guilt*. The particles in the old editions are of little credit.

JOHNSON.

York's reply supports Dr. Johnson's conjecture:

"Ev'n in condition, &c." MALONE

⁸ — *with an indifferent eye:*] i. e. with an *impartial* eye. "Every juryman," says Sir Edward Coke, "ought to be impartial, and *indifferent*." MALONE.

⁹ — *Wherefore was I born?* &c.] To what purpose serves birth and lineal succession? I am duke of Lancaster by the same right of birth as the king is king of England. JOHNSON.

If that my cousin king be king of England,
 It must be granted, I am duke of Lancaster.
 You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman ;
 Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,
 He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
 To rouse his wrongs, and chase them to the bay.
 I am deny'd to sue my livery here¹,
 And yet my letters-patent give me leave :
 My father's goods are all distrain'd, and sold ;
 And these, and all, are all amiss employ'd.
 What would you have me do ? I am a subject,
 And challenge law : Attornies are deny'd me ;
 And therefore personally I lay my claim
 To my inheritance of free descent.

North. The noble duke hath been too much abus'd.

Rofs. It stands your grace upon to do him right.

Willo. Base men by his endowments are made great.

York. My lords of England, let me tell you this,—
 I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,
 And labour'd all I could to do him right :
 But in this kind to come, in braving arms,
 Be his own carver and cut out his way,
 To find out right with wrong,—it may not be :
 And you, that do abet him in this kind,
 Cherish rebellion, and are rebels all.

North. The noble duke hath sworn, his coming is
 But for his own : and, for the right of that,
 We all have strongly sworn to give him aid ;
 And let him ne'er see joy, that breaks that oath.

York. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms ;
 I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
 Because my power is weak, and ill left :
 But, if I could, by Him that gave me life,
 I would attach you all, and make you stoop
 Unto the sovereign mercy of the king ;
 But, since I cannot, be it known to you,
 I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well ;—
 Unless you please to enter in the castle,
 And there repose you for this night.

Boling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept.
 But we must win your grace, to go with us
 To Bristol castle ; which, they say, is held

¹ — to sue my livery here,] See a note on *K. Henry IV.* P. I.
 Act IV. sc. iii. MALONE.

By Bushy, Bagot, and their complices,
The caterpillars of the commonwealth,
Which I have sworn to weed, and pluck away.

York. It may be, I will go with you:—but yet I'll pause;
For I am loath to break our country's laws.
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are:
Things past redress are now with me past care. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.²

A Camp in Wales.

Enter, SALISBURY³, and a Captain.

Cap. My lord of Salisbury, we have staid ten days,
And hardly kept our countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the king;
Therefore we will disperse ourselves: farewell.

Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman;
The king reposeth all his confidence in thee.

Cap. 'Tis thought, the king is dead; we will not stay.
The bay trees in our country are all wither'd⁴,
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;
The pale-faced moon looks bloody on the earth,
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change;
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap,—
The one, in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other, to enjoy by rage and war:
These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.

² This scene Dr. Johnson suspects to have been accidentally transposed. In the author's draught he supposes it to have been the second scene in the ensuing act. MALONE.

³ — *Salisbury*—] was John Montacute, Earl of Salisbury.

⁴ *The bay-trees &c.*] This enumeration of prodigies is in the highest degree poetical and striking. JOHNSON.

Some of these prodigies are found in Holinshed: "In this year in a manner throughout all the realme of England, old baie trees withered," &c. STEEVENS.

Farewel;

Farewel ; our countrymen are gone and fled,
As well assur'd, Richard their king is dead.

[*Exit.*

Sal. Ah, Richard ! with the eyes of heavy mind,
I see thy glory, like a shooting star,
Fall to the base earth from the firmament !
Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest :
Thy friends are fled, to wait upon thy foes ;
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes.

[*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Bolingbroke's Camp at Bristol.

*Enter BOLINGBROKE, YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY,
WILLOUGHBY, ROSS : Officers behind with BUSHY, and
GREEN, prisoners.*

Boling. Bring forth these men.—

Bushy, and Green, I will not vex your souls
(Since presently your souls must part your bodies,)
With too much urging your pernicious lives,
For 'twere no charity : yet, to wash your blood
From off my hands, here, in the view of men,
I will unfold some causes of your death.
You have misled a prince, a royal king,
A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you unhappy'd and disfigur'd clean^s.
You have, in manner, with your sinful hours,
Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him ;
Broke the possession of a royal bed,*

Q 5.

And

^s — and *disfigur'd clean*] *Clean* has here the signification of *altogether, totally*. So, in our author's 75th *Sonnet* :

"And by and by, *clean* starv'd for a look." MALONE.

* *You have, in manner, with your sinful hours*

Made a divorce betwixt his queen and him ;

Broke the possession of a royal bed,] There is, I believe, no authority for this. Isabel, the queen of the present play, was but nine years

And stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheeks
 With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.
 Myself—a prince, by fortune of my birth;
 Near to the king in blood; and near in love,
 Till you did make him misinterpret me,—
 Have stoop'd my neck under your injuries,
 And sigh'd my English breath in foreign clouds,
 Eating the bitter bread of banishment:
 Whilst you have fed upon my signories,
 Dispark'd my parks⁶, and fell'd my forest woods;
 From my own windows torn my household coat⁷,
 Raz'd out my imprese⁸, leaving me no sign,—
 Save men's opinions, and my living blood,—
 To shew the world I am a gentleman.
 This, and much more, much more than twice all this,
 Condemns you to the death:—See them deliver'd over
 To execution and the hand of death.

Busby. More welcome is the stroke of death to me,
 Than Bolingbroke to England—Lords, farewell.

Green. My comfort is,—that heaven will take our souls,
 And plague injustice with the pains of hell.

Boling. My lord Northumberland, see them dispatch'd.

[*Exeunt Nor. and others, with prisoners.*]

Uncle, you say, the queen is at your house;
 For heaven's sake, fairly let her be entreated:
 Tell her, I send to her my kind commends;
 Take special care my greetings be deliver'd.

York. A gentleman of mine I have dispatch'd
 With letters of your love to her at large.

years old. Richard's first queen, Anne, died in 1392, and the king was extremely fond of her. MALONE.

⁶ Dispark'd my parks,] To *dispark* is to throw down the hedges of an enclosure. *Diffesio*. I meet with the word in Baret's *Alvearie or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580. STEEVENS

⁷ From my own windows torn my household coat,] It was the practice, when coloured glass was in use, of which there are still some remains in old seats and churches, to anneal the arms of the family in the windows of the house. JOHNSON.

⁸ Raz'd out my imprese, &c.] The *imprese* was a device or motto. Ferne, in his *Blazon of Gentry*, 1585, observes, "that the arms &c. of traitors and rebels may be defaced and removed, wheresoever they are fixed, or set." STEEVENS.

Boling.

Boling. Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, lords, away ;
To fight with Glendower and his complices ;
A while to work, and, after, holiday ?

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The coast of Wales. A castle in view.

*Flourish : drums and trumpets. Enter King RICHARD,
Bishop of Carlisle, AUMERLE, and Soldiers.*

K. Rich. Barkloughly castle call you this at hand ?

Aum. Yea, my lord : How brooks your grace the air,
After your late tossing on the breaking seas ?

K. Rich. Needs must I like it well ; I weep for joy,
To stand upon my kingdom once again.—
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs ;

9 *Thanks, gentle uncle.—Come, lords, away ;*

To fight with Glendower and his complices ;

A while to work, and, after, holiday.] Though the intermediate line has taken possession of all the old copies, I have great suspicion of its being an interpolation ; and have therefore ventured to throw it out. The first and third lines rhyme to each other ; nor do I imagine this was casual, but intended by the poet. Were we to acknowledge the line genuine, it must argue the poet of forgetfulness and inattention to history. Bolingbroke is, as it were, but just arrived ; he is now at Bristol, weak in his numbers ; has had no meeting with a parliament ; nor is so far assured of the succession, as to think of going to suppress insurrections before he is planted in the throne. Besides, we find the opposition of Glendower begins *The First Part of K. Henry IV.* and Mortimer's defeat by that hardy Welshman is the tidings of the first scene of that play. Again, though Glendower, in the very first year of K. Henry IV. began to be troublesome, put in for the supremacy of Wales, and imprisoned Mortimer ; yet it was not till the succeeding year that the king employed any force against him. THEOBALD.

This emendation, which I think is just, has been followed by sir T. Hanmer, but is neglected by Dr. Warburton. JOHNSON.

Mr. Heath observes, that Bolingbroke marched to Chester, probably with a view to attack the Welsh army headed by Lord Salisbury. He thinks therefore the line is genuine. Stowe expressly says that "Owen Glendower served King Richard at Flint-Castle." MALONE.

1 Here may be properly inserted the last scene of the second act.

JOHNSON.

As

As a long-parted mother with her child
 Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in meeting²;
 So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
 And do thee favour with my royal hands.
 Feed on thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
 Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense:
 But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
 And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way;
 Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,
 Which with usurping steps do trample thee.
 Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies:
 And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
 Guard it³, I pray thee, with a lurking adder;
 Whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
 Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.—
 Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords;
 This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
 Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
 Shall fault under foul rebellion's arms.

Car. Fear not, my lord; that Power, that made you
 king,

Hath power to keep you king, in spite of all.
 The means that heaven yields must be embrac'd,
 And not neglected; else, if heaven would,
 And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse;*
 The proffer'd means of succour and redress.

² *As a long parted mother with her child*

Plays fondly with her tears, and smiles in meeting:]

"Ως εἰπών, ἀδελφὸν φίλον ἐν χερσὶν ἔθηκε

"Παῖδ' αὖτ' ἢ δ' ἀπ' αὐτῶν ἀναβῆναι δεκάλο πολὺν

"ΔΑΚΡΥΓΕΝ ΓΕΛΑΣΑΝ." *Hem. II Z.*

Perhaps *smiles* it here used as a substantive. As a mother plays fondly with her child from whom she has been a long time parted, crying, and at the same time smiling, at meeting him.

It has been proposed to read—*smiles in weeping*; and I once thought the emend. to be very plausible. But I am now persuaded the text is right. If we read *weeping*, the *long-parted* mother and her child do not meet, and there is no particular cause assigned for either her smiles or tears. MALONE.

³ Guard it,] That is, *border it*. MALONE.

* ———— *else, if heaven would,*

And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse;] Thus the quarto, 1597, except that the word *if* is wanting. The quarto, 1608, and the late editions read—And we *would* not. The word *if* was supplied by Mr. Pope; but the metre and the sense shew that it was accidentally omitted in the first copy.

The last four lines of this speech are not in the folio. MALONE.

Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss ;
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,
Grows strong and great, in substance, and in friends.

K. Rich. Discomfortable cousin ! knowst thou not,
That when the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world ⁴,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
In murders, and in outrage, bloody here ;
But when, from under this terrestrial ball,
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
And dars his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves ?
So when this thief, this traitor, Bolingbroke,—
Who all this while hath revell'd in the night,
Whilst we were wand'ring with the antipodes,—
Shall see us rising in our throne the east,
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day,
But self-affrighted, tremble at his sin.
Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king :
The breath of worldly men cannot depose ⁵
The deputy elected by the Lord :
For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd,
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown,
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel : then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall ; for heaven still guards the right.

⁴ — and *lights the lower world*,] The old copies read—*that lights*. The emendation was made by Dr. Johnson. Sense might be obtained by a slight transposition, without changing the words of the original text :

That when the searching eye of heaven, that lights
The lower world, is hid behind the globe ;—

By *the lower world*, as the passage is amended by Dr. Johnson, we must understand, *a world lower than this of ours* ; I suppose, our *Antipodes*. But *the lower world* may signify *our world*. MALONE.

⁵ *The breath of worldly men &c.*] Here is the doctrine of indefeasible right expressed in the strongest terms ; but our poet did not learn it in the reign of K. James, to which it is now the practice of all writers, whose opinions are regulated by fashion or interest, to impute the original of every tenet which they have been taught to think false or foolish.

JOHNSON.

Enter

Enter SALISBURY.

Welcome, my lord ; How far off lies your power ?

Sal. Nor near, nor farther off, my gracious lord,
Than this weak arm : Discomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me speak of nothing but despair.

One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth :
O, call back yesterday, bid time return,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men !

'To-day, to-day, unhappy day, too late,
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state ;
For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd, and fled.

Aum. Comfort, my liege : Why looks your grace so pale ?

K. Rich. But now the blood of twenty thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled ;
And, till so much blood thither come again,
Have I not reason to look pale and dead ? *
All souls that will be safe, fly from my side ;
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort, my liege ; remember who you are.

K. Rich. I had forgot myself : Am I not king ?
Awake, thou coward majesty ! thou sleep'st.
Is not the king's name forty thousand names ? ?
Arm, arm, my name ! a puny subject strikes
At thy great glory.—Look not to the ground,
Ye favourites of a king ; Are we not high ?
High be our thoughts : I know, my uncle York
Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who
Comes here ?

* *Have I not reason to look pale and dead ?* So, in *King Henry IV.*

P. II.

“ Even such a man—

“ So dull, so dead in look, so woe begone,

“ Drew Priam's curtains in the dead of night.”

Again, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* :

“ So should a murderer look, so dead, so grim.” MALONE

6 *Awake, thou coward majesty !*] Thus the quarto. The folio has—
thou sluggish majesty. MALONE.

7 *Is not the king's name forty thousand names ?*] Thus in *King Richard III.*

“ Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength.”

See a speech of Antigonus in Plutarch, of this kind. Vol. II. p. 199,
4to. Gr. S. W.

Enter

Enter SCROOP.

Scroop. More health and happiness betide my liege,
Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him!

K. Rich. Mine ear is open, and my heart prepar'd⁸;
The worst is worldly loss, thou canst unfold.
Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 'twas my care;
And what loss is it, to be rid of care?
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
Greater he shall not be; if he serve God,
We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so:
Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend;
They break their faith to God, as well as us:
Cry, woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay;
The worst is—death, and death will have his day.

Scroop. Glad am I, that your highness is so arm'd
To bear the tidings of calamity.
Like an unseasonable stormy day,
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears;
So high above his limits swells the rage
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land
With hard bright steel, and hearts harder than steel.
White beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps
Against thy majesty; boys, with women's voices,
Strive to speak big, and clap their female joints⁹
In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown:
Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows¹
Of double-fatal yew² against thy state;

Yea,

⁸ *Mine ear is open, &c.*] It seems to be the design of the poet to raise Richard to esteem in his fall, and consequently to interest the reader in his favour. He gives him only passive fortitude, the virtue of a confessor rather than of a king. In his prosperity we saw him imperious and oppressive; but in his distress he is wise, patient, and pious.

JOHNSON.

9 — *and clap their female joints*] Mr. Pope more elegantly reads—*and clasp*—; which has been adopted by the subsequent editors. But the emendation does not seem absolutely necessary. MALONE.

Thy very beadsmen learn to bend their bows] Such is the reading of all the copies, yet I doubt whether *beadsmen* be right, for the *bow* seems to be mentioned here as the proper weapon of a *beadsmen*. The king's *beadsmen* were his chaplains. Trevisa calls himself the *beadsmen* of his patron. *Beadsmen* might likewise be any man maintained by charity to pray for his benefactor. JOHNSON.

The reading of the text is right enough: As “boys strive to speak big, and clap their effeminate joints in stiff unwieldy arms, &c.” so his “very *beadsmen* learn to bend their bows” against him. *Their* does not absolutely denote that the *bow* was their usual or proper weapon; but only taken up and appropriated by them on this occasion. PERCY.

² *Of double-fatal yew*—] Called so, because the leaves of the yew
are

Yea distaff women manage rusty bills
Against thy feat : both young and old rebel,
And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

K. Rich. Too well, too well, thou tell'st a tale so ill.
Where is the earl of Wiltshire ? where is Bagot ?

What is become of Busby ? where is Green ?
That they have let the dangerous enemy
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps ?

If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.
I warrant they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

Scroop. Peace have they made with him, indeed, my lord.

K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption !
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man !
Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart !
Three Judasses, each one thrice worse than Judas !
Would they make peace ? terrible hell make war
Upon their spotted souls for this offence !

Scroop. Sweet love, I see, changing his property,
Turns to the fourest and most deadly hate :—

are poison, and the wood is employed for instruments of death.

WARBURTON,

From some of the ancient statutes it appears that every Englishman, while archery was practised, was obliged to keep in his house either a bow of *yew* or some other wood. It should seem therefore that *yew* were not only planted in church-yards to defend the churches from the wind, but on account of their use in making bows ; while by the benefit of being secured in enclosed places, their poisonous quality was kept from doing mischief to cattle. STEEVENS.

3 *Where is the earl of Wiltshire ? where is Bagot ?*

What is become of Busby ? where is Green ? Here are *four* of them named ; and, within a very few lines, the king, hearing they had made their peace with Bolingbroke, calls them *three* Judasses. But how was their peace made ? Why, with the loss of their heads. This being explained, Aumerle says : *Is Busby, Green, and the earl of Wiltshire dead ?* So that Bagot ought to be let out of the question : and, indeed, he had made the best of his way for Chester, and from thence had escaped into Ireland.

The poet could not be guilty of so much forgetfulness and absurdity. It seems probable to me that he wrote

Where is the Earl of Wiltshire ? Where is *he* got ? THROBOLD.

This emendation Dr. Warburton adopts. Hanmer leaves a blank after Wiltshire. I believe the author, rather than transcriber, made a mistake. *Where is he got* does not sound in my ear like an expression of Shakespeare. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Shakespeare intended to mark more strongly the perturbation of the king by making him inquire at first for Bagot, whose loyalty, on further recollection, might shew him the impropriety of his question.

MALONE.

Again

Again uncurse their souls ; their peace is made
With heads, and not with hands : those whom you curse,
Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound,
And lie full low grav'd in the hollow ground.

Aum. Is Bushy, Green, and the earl of Wiltshire, dead ?

Scroop. Yea, all of them at Bristol lost their heads.

Aum. Where is the duke my father with his power ?

K. Rich. No matter where ; of comfort no man speak :

Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs ;

Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes

Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.

Let's choose executors, and talk of wills ;

And yet not so,—for what can we bequeath,

Save our deposed bodies to the ground ?

Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,

And nothing can we call our own, but death ;

And that small model of the barren earth⁴,

Which serves as paste and cover to our bones⁵.

For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,

And tell sad stories of the death of kings :—

How some have been depos'd, some slain in war ;

Some haunted by the ghosts they have depos'd ;

Some poison'd by their wives, some sleeping kill'd ;

All murder'd :—For within the hollow crown,

That rounds the mortal temples of a king,

Keeps death his court : and there the antick sits⁶,

Scorning his state, and grinning at his pomp ;

Allowing him a breath, a little scene

To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks ;

Infusing him with self and vain conceit,—

As if this flesh, which walls about our life,

Were brass impregnable ; and, humour'd thus,

⁴ *And that small model of the barren earth,*] He uses *model* for *mould*. That earth, which closing upon the body, takes its form. This interpretation the next line seems to authorize. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare generally uses *model*, not for an *exemplar*, but for a thing made after a pattern. So, in a former scene of this play :

“ ——— thou see'st thy wretched brother die,

“ Who was the *model* of thy father's life.”

Model, however, may be used for *mould*. See Minshieu's *Dict.* in v.

MALONE.

⁵ *Which serves as paste &c.*] A metaphor, not of the most sublime kind, taken from a pie. JOHNSON.

⁶ — *there the antick sits,*] Here is an allusion to the *antick* or *fool* of old farces, whose chief part is to deride and disturb the graver and more splendid personages. JOHNSON.

Come

Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and—farewel king !
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence ; throw away respect,
Tradition⁷, form, and ceremonious duty.
For you have but mistook me all this while :
I live with bread like you, feel want, taste grief,
Need friends :—Subjected thus,
How can you say to me—I am a king ?

Car. My lord, wife ne'er wail their present woes,
But presently prevent the ways to wail.
To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,
And so your follies fight against yourself.
Fear, and be slain ; no worse can come, to fight :
And fight and die, is death destroying death⁸ :
Where fearing dying, pays death servile breath.

Aum. My father hath a power, enquire of him ;
And learn to make a body of a limb.

K. Rich. Thou chid'st me well :—Proud Bolingbroke, I
come

To change blows with thee for our day of doom.
This ague-fit of fear is over-blown ;
An easy task it is, to win our own.—
Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power ?
Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.

Scroop. Men judge by the complexion of the sky
The state and inclination of the day :
So may you by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.
I play the torturer, by small and small,
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken :—
Your uncle York hath join'd with Bolingbroke ;
And all your northern castles yielded up,
And all your southern gentlemen in arms
Upon his party.

K. Rich. Thou hast said enough.—
Beswore thee, cousin, which did lead me forth
Of that sweet way I was in to despair !
What say you now ? What comfort have we now ?

⁷ *Tradition*,—] This word seems here used for *traditional practices* : that is, *established or customary homage*. JOHNSON.

⁸ — *death destroying death* :] That is, to *die fighting*, is to return the evil that we suffer, to destroy the destroyers. I once read—*death destroying death* ; but *destroying* is as well. JOHNSON.

By

By heaven, I'll hate him everlastingly,
 'That bids me be of comfort' ⁹ any more.
 Go, to Flint castle; there I'll pine away;
 A king, woe's slave, shall kingly woe obey.
 That power I have, discharge; and let them go
 To ear the land ¹ that hath some hope to grow,
 For I have none:—Let no man speak again
 To alter this, for counsel is but vain.

Aum. My liege, one word.

K. Rich. He does me double wrong,
 That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
 Discharge my followers, let them hence;—Away,
 From Richard's night, to Bolingbroke's fair day. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Wales. Before Flint Castle.

*Enter with drum and colours, BOLINGBROKE, and forces;
 YORK, NORTHUMBERLAND, and Others.*

Boling. So that by this intelligence we learn,
 The Welshmen are dispers'd; and Salisbury
 Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed,
 With some few private friends, upon this coast.

North. The news is very fair and good, my lord;
 Richard, not far from hence, hath hid his head.

York. It would beseem the lord Northumberland,
 To say—king Richard:—Alack the heavy day,
 When such a sacred king should hide his head!

North. Your grace mistakes; only to be brief,
 Left I his title out.

York. The time hath been,
 Would you have been so brief with him, he would

⁹ — I'll hate him everlastingly,

[*That bids me be of comfort—*] This sentiment is drawn from nature. Nothing is more offensive to a mind convinced that its distress is without a remedy, and preparing to submit quietly to irresistible calamity, than these petty and conjectured comforts which unskilful officiousness thinks it virtue to administer. JOHNSON.

¹ To ear the land] i. e. to plough it. STEEVENS.

Have

Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,
For taking so the head², your whole head's length.

Boling. Mistake not, uncle, further than you should.

York. Take not, good cousin, further than you should,
Lest you mis-take: The heavens are o'er your head.

Boling. I know it, uncle; and oppose not
Myself against their will.—But who comes here?*

Enter PERCY.

Welcome, Harry; what, will not this castle yield?

Percy. The castle royally is mann'd, my lord,
Against thy entrance.

Boling. Royally! Why it contains no king?

Percy. Yes, my good lord,
It doth contain a king; king Richard lies
Within the limits of yon lime and stone:
And with him are the lord Aumerle, lord Salisbury,
Sir Stephen Scroop: besides a clergyman
Of holy reverence, who, I cannot learn.

North. Belike it is the bishop of Carlisle.

Boling. Noble lord, [to North.]
Go to the rude ribs † of that ancient castle;
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parle
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver.
Harry Bolingbroke,
On both his knees, doth kiss king Richard's hand;
And sends allegiance, and true faith of heart,

² For taking so the head,—] To take the head is, to act without restraint; to take undue liberties. We now say, we give the horse his head, when we relax the reins. JOHNSON.

* I knew it, uncle; and oppose not

Myself against their will.—But who comes here?] These lines should be regulated thus:

I know it, uncle; and oppose not myself

Against their will.—But who comes here?

Such is the regulation of the old copies. MALONE.

† Noble lord,

Go to the rude ribs, &c.] It is observable that our author in his addresses to persons, often begins with an hemistich. So, in *Troilus and Cressida*, Act II. sc. iii

“Agam. Princes,

“What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?”

This observation may be of use in other places, where in the old copies, by the mistake of the transcriber, the metre is destroyed by this regulation not being observed. MALONE.

To his most royal person : hither come
 Even at his feet to lay my arms and power ;
 Provided that, my banishment repeal'd,
 And lands restor'd again, be freely granted :
 If not, I'll use the advantage of my power,
 And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood,
 Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen :
 The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke
 It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench
 The fresh green lap of fair king Richard's land,
 My stooping duty tenderly shall shew.
 Go, signify as much ; while here we march
 Upon the grassy carpet of this plain.—

[North. *advances to the Castle, with a Trumpet.*

Let's march without the noise of threat'ning drum,
 That from the castle's totter'd battlements
 Our fair appointments may be well perus'd.
 Methinks, king Richard and myself should meet
 With no less terror than the elements
 Of fire and water, when their thund'ring shock
 At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.
 Be he the fire, I'll be the yielding water :
 The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
 My waters ; on the earth, and not on him.
 March on, and mark king Richard how he looks.

*A parle sounded, and answered by another trumpet within.
 Flourish. Enter on the walls King RICHARD, the bish-
 op of Carlisle³, AUMERLE, SCROOP, and SALIS-
 BURY.*

York. See, see, king Richard doth himself appear⁴,
 As doth the blushing discontented sun
 From out the fiery portal of the east ;
 When he perceives, the envious clouds are bent
 To dim his glory, and to stain the track
 Of his bright passage to the occident.

³ — *the bishop of Carlisle,*] was Thomas Merkes. WALPOLE.

⁴ *See, see, king Richard doth himself appear,*] This and the following five lines are given in the old copies to Bolingbroke. The present regulation was made by Dr. Warburton. MALONE.

Yet

Yet looks he like a king ; behold, his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth
Controlling majesty : Alack, alack, for woe,
That any harm should stain so fair a show !

K. Rich. We are amaz'd ; and thus long have we stood
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee, [to North.
Because we thought ourself thy lawful king :
And if we be, how dare thy joints forget
To pay their awful duty to our presence ?
If we be not, show us the hand of God
That hath dismiss'd us from our stewardship ;
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our scepter,
Unless he do profane, steal, or usurp.
And though you think, that all, as you have done,
Have torn their souls, by turning them from us,
And we are barren, and bereft of friends ;—
Yet know,—my master, God omnipotent,
Is must'ring in his clouds, on our behalf,
Armies of pestilence ; and they shall strike
Your children yet unborn, and unbegot,
That list your vassal hands against my head,
And threat the glory of my precious crown.
Tell Bolingbroke, (for yond', methinks, he is,)
That every stride he makes upon my land,
Is dangerous treason : He is come to ope
The purple testament of bleeding war⁵ ;
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
Shall ill become the flower of England's face⁶ ;

Change

⁵ *The purple testament of bleeding war :*] I once thought that Shakspeare might have had the sacred book (which is frequently covered with purple leather) in his thoughts ; but the following note renders such a supposition extremely doubtful. MALONE.

I believe our author uses the word *testament* in its legal sense. Bolingbroke is come to open the testament of war, that he may peruse what is decreed there in his favour. *Purple* is an epithet referring to the future effusion of blood. STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens is certainly right in his interpretation of this passage. See *Julius Cæsar* :

“ Now while your *purpled* hands do reek and smoke,

“ Fulfil your pleasure.” MALONE.

⁶ *But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,*

Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons

Shall ill become the flower of England's face ;] By the *flower of England's face* is meant the choicest youths of England, who shall be slaughtered

Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace⁷
To scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her pastures' grafs⁸ with faithful English blood.

North. The King of heaven forbid, our lord the king
Should so with civil and uncivil arms
Be rush'd upon! Thy thrice noble cousin,
Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kifs thy hand,
And by the honourable tomb he swears,
That stands upon thy royal grandfire's bones;

slaughtered in this quarrel, or have *bloody crowns*. *The flower of England's face*, to design her choicest youth, is a fine and noble expression. Pericles, by a similar thought, said "that the destruction of the Athenian youth was a fatality like cutting off the spring from the year."

WARBURTON.

Dr Warburton reads—*light in peace*, but *live in peace* is more suitable to Richard's intention, which is to tell him, that though he should get the crown by rebellion, it will be long before it will live in peace, be so settled as to be firm. *The flower of England's face*, is very happily explained. JOHNSON.

The flower of England's face, I believe, means *England's flowery face*, the *flowery surface of England's soil*. The same kind of expression is used in Sidney's *Acadia*, p. 2: "—opening the cherry of her lips," i. e. her cherry lips. Again, p. 240. edit. 1633: "—the sweet and beautiful flower of her face." STEEVENS.

7 *Shall ill become the flower of England's face;*

Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace &c. Perhaps the words *face* and *peace* have changed places. We might read—(but I propose the change with no degree of confidence,)

But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
Shall ill become the flower of England's peace;
Change the complexion of her maid-pale face
To scarlet indignation—

Ere the crown he hopes to obtain be settled peaceably on his head, ten thousand crowns, b smeared with blood, shall disfigure the flower of the peaceable nobility of England; and cause her maid-pale countenance to glow with indignation, &c. The double opposition between *crown* and *peace* is much in our author's manner. In *King Richard III.* we have

"That would with treason wound this fair land's peace."

and in *King Henry IV.* P. I.

"You conjure from the breast of civil peace

"Such bold hostility—"

Peace has already been personified in a former scene:

"To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle

"Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep."

But these lines, it must be owned, add as much support to the old reading, as to the emendation proposed. MALONE.

⁸ *Her pastures' grafs*—] Old Copies—*pastors*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

And

And by the royalties of both your bloods,
 Currents that spring from one most gracious head;
 And by the bury'd hand of warlike Gaunt;
 And by the worth and honour of himself,
 Comprising all that may be sworn or said,—
 His coming hither hath no further scope,
 Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg
 Enfranchisement immediate on his knees:
 Which on thy royal party granted once,
 His glittering arms he will commend * to rust,
 His barbed steeds to stables, and his heart
 To faithful service of your Majesty.
 This swears he, as he is a prince, is just;
 And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.

K. Rich. Northumberland, say,—thus the king returns;—
 His noble cousin is right welcome hither;
 And all the number of his fair demands
 Shall be accomplish'd without contradiction:
 With all the gracious utterance thou hast,
 Speak to his gentle hearing kind commends.—
 We do debase ourself, cousin, do we not, [To Aum.,
 To look so poorly, and to speak so fair?
 Shall we call back Northumberland, and send
 Defiance to the traitor, and so die?

Aum. No, my good lord; let's fight with gentle words
 Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords.

K. Rich. O God! O God! that e'er this tongue of mine,
 That laid the sentence of dread banishment
 On yon proud man, should take it off again
 With words of sooth? O, that I were as great
 As is my grief, or lesser than my name!
 Or that I could forget what I have been!
 Or not remember what I must be now!
 Swell'st thou, proud heart? I'll give thee scope to beat,
 Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. What must the king do now? Must he submit?
 The king shall do it. Must he be depos'd?

* — commend—] i. e. commit. See Minshew's Dict. in v.

9 With words of sooth!—] *Sooth* is 'sweet as well as true. In this place *sooth* means *sweetness* or softness, a signification yet retained in the verb to *sooth*. JOHNSON.

MALONE.

The king shall be contented : Must he lose
 The name of king ? o'God's name, let it go :
 I'll give my jewels for a set of beads ;
 My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage ;
 My gay apparel, ¹ for an alms-mans gown ;
 My figur'd goblets, for a dish of wood ;
 My scepter, for a palmer's walking staff ;
 My subjects, for a pair of carved saints ;
 And my large kingdom for a little grave :—
 A little little grave, an obscure grave :—
 Or I'll be bury'd in the king's highway,
 Some way of common trade², where subjects' feet
 May hourly trample on their sovereign's head³ :
 For on my heart they tread, now whilst I live ;
 And, bury'd once, why not upon my head ?—
 Aumerle, thou weep'st ; my tender-hearted cousin !—
 We'll make foul weather with despised tears ;
 Our sighs, and they, shall lodge the summer corn,
 And make a dearth in this revolting land.
 Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,
 And make some pretty match with shedding tears ?
 As thus ;—To drop them still upon one place,
 Till they have fretted us a pair of graves
 Within the earth ; and, therein laid,—*There lies*
Two kinsmen, digg'd their graves with weeping eyes ?
 Would not this ill do well ?—Well, well, I see
 I talk but idly, and you mock at me.—

¹ *My gay apparel, &c.*] Dr. Grey observes, "that king Richard's expence in regard to dress, was very extraordinary." Holinshed has the same remark ; and adds, that "he had one cote which he caused to be made for him of gold and stone, valued at 30,000 marks."

STEEVENS.

Stowe, in his *Survey*, says, "to the value of three thousand marks." So also in *Vita Ricardi Secundi*, published by T. Hearne, p. 156.

MALONE.

² *Some way of common trade,*] *Trade* in the sense of either commerce or custom. JOHNSON.

The phrase is still used by common people. When they speak of a road much frequented, they say, "it is a road of much traffic." Shakespeare uses the word in the same sense in *K. Henry VIII.* :

"Stand in the gap and *trade* of more preferments." STEEVENS.

³ — *on their sovereign's head :*] Shakespeare is very apt to deviate from the pathetic to the ridiculous. Had the speech of Richard ended at this line, it had exhibited the natural language of submissive misery, conforming its intention to the present fortune, and calmly ending its purposes in death. JOHNSON.

Most mighty prince, my lord Northumberland,
 What says king Bolingbroke? will his majesty
 Give Richard leave to live till Richard die?
 You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says—ay⁴.

North. My lord, in the base court⁵ he doth attend
 To speak with you, may't please you to come down?

K. Rich. Down, down, I come; like glistering Phaeton,
 Wanting the manage of unruly jades. [*Nor. retires to Bol.*
 In the base court? Base court, where kings grow base;
 To come at traitors' calls, and do them grace.
 In the base court? Come down? Down, court! down, king!
 For night-owls shriek, where mounting larks should sing.
 [*Exeunt, from above.*

Boling. What says his majesty?

North. Sorrow and grief of heart
 Makes him speak fondly, like a frantick man:
 Yet he is come.

Enter King RICHARD and his Attendants, below.

Boling. Stand all apart,
 And shew fair duty to his majesty.—
 My gracious lord,—

[*kneeling.*

K. Rich. Fair cousin, you debase your princely knee,
 To make the base earth proud with kissing it:
 Me rather had, my heart might feel your love,
 Than my unpleas'd eye see your courtesy.
 Up, cousin, up; your heart is up, I know,
 Thus high at least, [*touching his own head.*] although your
 knee be low.

Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for mine own.

K. Rich. Your own is yours, and I am yours, and all.

Boling. So far be mine, my most redoubted lord,
 As my true service shall deserve your love.

K. Rich. Well you deserve:—They well deserve to have,
 That know the strongest and surest way to get.—

4 — *Bolingbroke says—ay,*] Here is another instance of injury done to the poet's metre by changing his orthography. *I*, which was Shakespeare's word, rimed very well with *die*; but *ay* has quite a different sound. TYRWHITT.

In some counties *ay* is at this day pronounced with a sound very little differing from that of *I*. MALONE.

5 — *base court*—] *Bas cour.* FR. STEEVENS.

Uncle,

Uncle, give me your hand : nay, dry your eyes ;
 Tears show their love, but want their remedies.—
 Cousin, I am too young to be your father,
 Though you are old enough to be my heir.
 What you will have, I'll give, and willing too ;
 For do we must, what force will have us do.—
 Set on towards London :—Cousin, is it so ?

Boling. Yea, my good lord.

K. Rich. Then I must not say, no.* [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Langley. The Duke of York's garden.

Enter the Queen, and two ladies.

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in the garden,
 To drive away the heavy thought of care ?

1. Lady. Madam, we'll play at bowls.

Queen. 'Twill make me think, the world is full of rubs,
 And that my fortune runs against the bias.

1. Lady. Madam, we'll dance.

Queen. My legs can keep no measure in delight,
 When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief :
 Therefore, no dancing, girl ; some other sport.

1. Lady. Madam, we will tell tales.

Queen. Of sorrow or of joy⁶ ?

* *Then I must not say, no.*] “ The duke with a high sharp voyce
 bade bring forth the kings horses, and then two little naggcs, not worth
 fortie franks, were brought forth ; the king was set on the one, and the
 earle of Salisburie on the other : and thus the duke brought the king
 from Flint to Chester, where he was delivered to the duke of Glocesters
 sonne and to the earle of Arundels sonne, (that loved him but little,
 for he had put their fathers to death,) who led him straight to the
 castle.” Stowe, (p. 521, edit. 1605,) from a Manuscript account writ-
 ten by a person who was present. MALONE.

⁶ *Of sorrow, or of joy ?*] All the old copies concur in reading: *Of
 sorrow, or of grief.* Mr. Pope made the necessary alteration.

STEEVENS.

R 2

1. Lady.

1. *Lady.* Of either, madam.

Queen. Of neither, girl:

For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow;
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy;
For what I have, I need not to repeat;
And what I want, it boots not to complain.

1. *Lady.* Madam, I'll sing.

Queen. 'Tis well, that thou hast cause;

But thou should'st please me better, would'st thou weep.

1. *Lady.* I could weep, madam, would it do you good.

Queen. And I could weep⁷, would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.
But stay, here come the gardeners:
Let's step into the shadow of these trees.—

Enter a Gardener, and two Servants.

My wretchedness unto a row of pins,
They'll talk of state; for ever one doth so
Against a change: Woe is fore-run with woe⁸.

Queen and ladies retire.

Gard. Go, bind thou up yon' dangling apricocks,
Which, like unruly children, make their sire
Stoop with oppression of their prodigal weight;
Give some supportance to the bending twigs.—
Go thou, and, like an executioner,
Cut off the heads of too-fast-growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth:
All must be even in our government —
You thus employ'd, I will go root away

7 *And I could weep,—*] The old copies read: *And I could sing.*

STEEVENS.

Mr. Pope made the emendation. MALONE.

8 *Against a change: Woe is fore run with woe.*] The poet, according to the common doctrine of prognostication, supposes dejection to fore-run calamity, and a kingdom to be fill'd with rumours of sorrow when any great disaster is impending. The sense is, that public evils are always presignified by public pensiveness, and plaintive conversation.

JOHNSON.

The

The noisome weeds, that without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

1. *Serv.* Why should we, in the compass of a pale,
Keep law, and form, and due proportion,
Shewing, as in a model, our firm estate?⁹
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds; her fairest flowers chok'd up,
Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?

Gard. Hold thy peace:—
He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring,
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf:
The weeds, that his broad spreading leaves did shelter,
That seem'd, in eating him, to hold him up,
Are pluck'd up, root and all, by Bolingbroke;
I mean, the earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

Serv. What, are they dead?

Gard. They are; and Bolingbroke
Hath seiz'd the wasteful king.—Oh! what pity is it,
That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land,
As we this garden! We at time of year
Do wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees;
Lest, being over-proud with sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself:
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste
Their fruits of duty. Superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
Which waste of idle hours hath quite thrown down.

Serv. What, think you then, the king shall be depos'd?

Gard. Depress'd he is already; and depos'd,

9 — our firm estate?] The servant says *our*, meaning the state of the garden in which they were at work. Why (says he) should we be careful to preserve order in the narrow cincture of this *our state*, when the *great state of the kingdom* is in disorder? STEEVENS.

¹ — We at time of year] The word *We* is not in the old copies. The context shews that some word was omitted at the press; and the subsequent lines

———— Superfluous branches

We lop away—

render it highly probable that this was the word. MALONE.

'Tis

'Tis doubt, he will be²: Letters came last night
To a dear friend of the good duke of York's,
That tell black tidings.

Queen. O, I am press'd to death
Through want of speaking³.—Thou, old Adam's likeness,
[*Coming from her concealment.*

Set to dress this garden*, how dares⁴
Thy harsh rude tongue sound this unpleasing news?
What Eve, what serpent hath suggested thee
To make a second fall of cursed man?
Why dost thou say, king Richard is depos'd?
Darest thou, thou little better thing than earth,
Divine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how,
Cam'st thou by these ill tidings? speak thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, madam: little joy have I,
To breathe this news, yet, what I say, is true.
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bolingbroke; their fortunes both are weigh'd:

² *'Tis doubt, he will be:]* We have already had an instance of this uncommon phraseology in the present play:

He is our cousin, cousin. but 'tis *doubt*,
When time shall call him home, &c.

Doubt is the reading of the quarto, 1597. The folio reads *doubted*. I have found reason to believe that some alterations even in that valuable copy were made arbitrarily by the editor. MALONE.

³ — *I am press'd to death*

Through want of speaking] The poet alludes to the ancient legal punishment called *peine fort et dure*, which was inflicted on those persons, who, being arraigned, refused to plead, remaining obstinately silent. They were *pressed to death* by a heavy weight laid upon their stomach. MALONE.

* — *to dress this garden,*] This was the technical language of Shakespeare's time. So, in Holy Writ: "— and put him unto the garden of Eden, *to dress* it, and to keep it." Gen. ii. 15. MALONE.

⁴ — *how dares*

Thy harsh rude tongue &c.] So, in *Hamlet*:

"What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue

"In noise so rude against me?"

I have quoted this passage only to justify the restoration of the word *rude*, which has been rejected in some modern editions. Some words seem to have been omitted in the first of these lines. We might read:

Set to dress *out* this garden. *Say*, how dares, &c.

It is always safer to add than to omit.

A line in *King John* may add support to the restoration here made from the old copy:

"To whom he sung in *rude* harsh-sounding rhyme."

MALONE.

In

In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,
 And some few vanities that make him light ;
 But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
 Besides himself, are all the English peers,
 And with that odds he weighs King Richard down.
 Post you to London, and you'll find it so ;
 I speak no more than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,
 Doth not thy embassage belong to me,
 And I am last that knows it ? O, thou think'st
 To serve me last, that I may longest keep
 Thy sorrow in my breast.—Come, ladies, go,
 To meet at London, London's king in woe.
 What, was I born to this ! that my sad look
 Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke ?
 Gardener, for telling me this news of woe,
 I would, the plants thou graft'st, may never grow^s.

[*Exeunt Queen and ladies.*]

Gard. Poor queen ! so that thy state may be no worse,
 I would my skill were subject to thy curse.—
 Here did she drop a tear ; here, in this place,
 I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace :
 Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
 In the remembrance of a weeping queen.

[*Exeunt.*]

^s *I would, the plants thou graft'st, may never grow.*] This execration of the queen is somewhat ludicrous, and unsuitable to her condition ; the gardener's reflection is better adapted to the state both of his mind and his fortune. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Rape of Lucrece* :

— “ This bastard graft shall never come to growth.”

An anonymous writer suggests, that the queen perhaps meant to wish him childless. The gardener's answer (“ I would my *skill* &c.”) shews that this was not the author's meaning. MALONE.

ACT

A C T IV.

Westminster-Hall.*

The Lords spiritual on the right side of the throne; the Lords temporal on the left; the Commons below. Enter BOLINGBROKE, AUWERLE, SURREY,† NORTHUMBERLAND, PERCY, FITZWATER¹, another Lord, Bishop of Carlisle, Abbot of Westminster, and Attendants. Officers behind, with BAGOT.

Boling. Call forth Bagot:—
Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind;
What thou dost know of noble Gloster's death;
Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd
The bloody office of his timeless end².

Bagot. Then set before my face the Lord Aumerle.

Boling. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.

Bagot. My Lord Aumerle, I know, your daring tongue
Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd.
In that dead time when Gloster's death was plotted,
I heard you say,—*Is not my arm of length,
That reacheth from the restless English court
As far as Calais, to my uncle's head?*

* The rebuilding of Westminster-Hall, which Richard had begun in 1597, being finished in 1599, the first meeting of parliament in the new edifice was for the purpose of deposing him. MALONE.

† Thomas Holland earl of Kent. He was brother to John Holland duke of Exeter, and was created duke of Surrey in the 21st year of King Richard the Second, 1397. The dukes of Surrey and Exeter were half brothers to the king, being sons of his mother Joan, (daughter of Edmond earl of Kent) who after the death of her second husband, Lord Thomas Holland, married Edward the Black Prince. MALONE.

¹ — *Fitzwater.*] The christian name of this nobleman was Walter. WALFOLE.

² — *his timeless end.*] *Timeless* for *untimely*. WARBURTON.

Amongst much other talk, that very time,
I heard you say, that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand crowns,
Than Bolingbroke's return to England ;
Adding withal, how blest this land would be,
In this your cousin's death,

Aum. Princes, and noble lords,
What answer shall I make to this base man ?
Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars³,
On equal terms to give him chastisement ?
Either I must, or have mine honour soil'd
With the attainder of his slanderous lips.—
There is my gage, the manual seal of death,
That marks thee out for hell : I say, thou liest,
And will maintain, what thou hast said, is false,
In thy heart-blood, though being all too base
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

Boling. Bagot, forbear, thou shalt not take it up.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence that hath mov'd me so.

Fitz. If that thy valour stand on sympathies⁴,
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine :
By that fair sun which shews me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,
That thou wert cause of noble Gloster's death.
If thou deny'st it, twenty times thou liest ;

³ — my fair stars,] The *birth* is supposed to be influenced by the stars ; therefore our author, with his usual licence, takes *stars* for *birth*.

JOHNSON.

We learn from Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* that the vulgar error assigned the bright and fair stars to the rich and great. "*Sidera singulis attributa nobis, et clara divitibus, minora pauperibus, &c.*" Lib. i. cap. 8.

ANONYMOUS.

⁴ If that thy valour stand on sympathies,] Here is a translated sense much harsher than that of stars explained in the foregoing note. Aumerle has challenged Bagot with some hesitation, as not being his equal, and therefore one whom, according to the rules of chivalry, he was not obliged to fight, as a nobler life was not to be staked in a duel against a baser. Fitzwater then throws down his *gage*, a pledge of battle ; and tells him that if he stands upon *sympathies*, that is, upon equality of blood, the combat is now offered him by a man of rank not inferior to his own. *Sympathy* is an affection incident at once to two subjects. This community of affection implies a likeness or equality of nature, and thence our poet transferred the term to equality of blood.

JOHNSON.

And

And I will turn thy falshood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point⁵.

Aum. Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see that day.

Fitz. Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.

Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

Percy. Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is as true,

In this appeal, as thou art all unjust:

And, that thou art so, there I throw my gage,

To prove it on thee to the extremest point

Of mortal breathing; seize it, if thou dar'st.

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And never brandish more revengeful steel
Over the glittering helmet of my foe!

Lord. I talk the earth to the like⁶, forsworn Aumerle;
And spur thee on with full as many lies
As may be holla'd in thy treacherous ear
From sun to sun⁷: there is my honour's pawn;

Engage

⁵ — *my rapier's point*] Shakspeare deserts the manners of the age in which his drama is placed, very often without necessity or advantage. The edge of a sword had served his purpose as well as the *point of a rapier*, and he had then escaped the impropriety of giving the English nobles a weapon which was not seen in England till two centuries afterwards. JOHNSON.

⁶ *I talk the earth to the like*,—] This speech, which is not in the folio, was restored from the quarto by Dr. Johnson. *Task* is the reading of the first and best quarto in 1597. In that printed in the following year the word was changed to *take*; but all the alterations made in the several editions of our author's plays in quarto, after the first, appear to have been made either arbitrarily or by negligence. (I do not mean to include copies containing new and additional matter.) I confess I am unable to explain either reading; but adhere to the elder, as more likely to be the true one.

Dr. Johnson would read—*I take thy oath*, and Mr. Steevens observes that there is a similar corruption in *Troilus and Cr. ssida*, quarto, 1609, where we have untraded *earth*, for untraded *oath*.—The following line is quoted from Warner's *Albion's England* by the editor last mentioned, as tending to throw some light on the text:

"Lo, here my gage, (the *ter* d'his glove) thou know'st the victor's meed."
To *terre* the glove, he supposes, was, to dash it on the earth.

MALONE.

We might read, only changing the place of one letter, and altering another,—*I talk thy heart to the like*, i. e. I put thy valour to the same trial. So, in *Henry IV. Act IV. sc. ii.*

"How shew'd his *asking*? se'm'd it in contempt? STEEVENS.

⁷ *From sun to sun*:] i. e. as I think, from sun-rise to sun-set. So, in *Cymbeline*:

"*I'm*."

Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

Aum. Who sets me else? by heav'n, I'll throw at all;
I have a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answer twenty thousand such as you.

Surrey. My lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
The very time Aumerle and you did talk.

Fitz. 'Tis very true: you were in presence then;
And you can witness with me, this is true.

Surrey. As false, by heaven, as heaven itself is true.

Fitz. Surrey, thou liest.

Surrey. Dishonourable boy!
That lie shall lye so heavy on my sword,
That it shall render vengeance and revenge,
Till thou the lie-giver, and that lie, do lye
In earth as quiet as thy father's scull.
In proof whereof, there is my honour's pawn;
Engage it to the trial, if thou dar'st.

Fitz. How fondly dost thou spur a forward horse?
If I dare eat, or drink, or breathe, or live,
I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness⁸,
And spit upon him, whilst I say, he lies,
And lies, and lies: there is my bond of faith.
To tie thee to my strong correction.—
As I intend to thrive in this new world⁹,
Aumerle is guilty of my true appeal:.

"*Imo.* How many score of miles may we ride

"*Twixt hour and hour?*"

"*Pisa.* One score 'twixt *sun and sun*,

"*Madam,* 's enough for you, and too much too."

"The time appointed for the *duello*," says Saviole, "hath alwaies bene 'twixt the rising and the setting sun; and whoever in that time doth not prove his intent, can never after be admitted the combat upon that quarrel." *On Honour and honourable quarrels*, 4to. 1595. This passage fully supports the emendation here made, and my interpretation of the words.

The quartos read—From *fin* to *fin*. The emendation, which in my apprehension requires no enforcement or support, was proposed by Mr. Steevens, who explains these words differently. He is of opinion that they mean, *from one day to another* MALONE.

⁸ *I dare meet Surrey in a wilderness*,] I dare meet him where no help can be had by me against him. So, in *Macbeth* :

" ——— or be alive again,

" And dare me to the desert with thy sword " JOHNSON.

⁹ — in *this new world*,] In this world where I have just begun to be an actor. Surrey has, a few lines above, called him *boy*. JOHNSON.

Besides,

Besides, I heard the banish'd Norfolk say,
That thou, Aumerle, didst send two of thy men
To execute the noble duke at Calais.

Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a gage,
That Norfolk lies: here do I throw down this¹,
If he may be repeal'd to try his honour.

Boling. These differences shall all rest under gage,
Till Norfolk be repeal'd: repeal'd he shall be,
And, though mine enemy, restor'd again
To all his land and signories; when he's return'd,
Against Aumerle we will enforce his trial.

Car. That honourable day shall ne'er be seen.—
Many a time hath banish'd Norfolk fought
For Jesu Christ; in glorious Christian field
Ssreaming the ensign of the Christian cross,
Against black pagans, Turks, and Saracens:
And, toil'd with work of war, retir'd himself
To Italy; and there, at Venice, gave
His body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long.

Boling. Why, bishop, is Norfolk dead?

Car. As sure as I live, my lord.

Boling. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soul to the bosom
Of good old Abraham!—Lords appellants.
Your differences shall all rest under gage,
Till we assign you to your days of trial.

Enter YORK, attended.

York. Great duke of Lancaster, I come to thee
From plume-pluck'd Richard; who with willing soul
Adopts thee heir, and his high scepter yields
To the possession of thy royal hand:
Ascend his throne, descending now from him,—
And long live Henry, of that name the fourth!

¹ — *here do I throw down this.*] Holinshed says, that on this occasion, "he threw down a hood that he had borrowed." STEEVENS.

He had before thrown down his own hood, when accused by Bagot.

MALONE.

Boling.

Boling. In God's name, I'll ascend the regal throne.

Car. Marry, God forbid!

Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best befitting me to speak the truth.
Would God, that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard; then true noblesse would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
What subject can give sentence on his king?
And who sits here, that is not Richard's subject?
'Thieves are not judg'd, but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them:
And shall the figure of God's majesty²,
His captain, steward, deputy elect,
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,
And he himself not present? O, forbid it, God,
That, in a Christian climate, souls refin'd
Should shew so heinous, black, obscene a deed!
I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
Stirr'd up by heaven thus boldly for his king.
My lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king:
And if you crown him, let me prophesy,—
The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act;
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
And, in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound;

² *And shall the figure, &c.*] Here is another proof that our author did not learn in king James's court his elevated notions of the right of kings. I know not any flatterer of the Stuarts, who has expressed this doctrine in much stronger terms. It must be observed that the poet intends, from the beginning to the end, to exhibit this bishop as brave, pious and venerable. JOHNSON.

Shakspere has represented the character of the bishop as he found it in Holinshed, where this famous speech, (which contains, in the most express terms, the doctrine of passive obedience,) is preserved. The politics of the historian were the politics of the poet. STEEVENS.

The chief argument urged by the bishop in Holinshed, is, that it was unjust to proceed against the king "without calling him openly to his answer and defence." He says, that "none of them were worthy or meete to give judgment to so noble a prince;" but does not expressly assert that he could not be lawfully deposed. Our author, however, undoubtedly had Holinshed before him. MALONE.

Disorder,

Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,
 Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
 The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls.
 O, if you rear this house against this house,
 It will the woofullest division prove,
 That ever fell upon this cursed earth :
 Prevent, resist it, let it not be so,
 Lest child, child's children, cry against you—woe !

North. Well have you argu'd, sir ; and for your pains,
 Of capital treason we arrest you here :—

My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge
 To keep him safely till his day of trial³.—

May't please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit ?

Boling. Fetch hither Richard, that in common view
 He may surrender ; so we shall proceed

Without suspicion.

York. I will be his conduct*.

[*Exit.*

Boling. Lords, you that are here under our arrest,
 Procure your sureties for your days of answer :

Little are we beholding to your love,

[*to Carlisle.*

And little look'd for at your helping hands.

Re-enter YORK, with king RICHARD, and officers bearing the Regalia.

K. Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a king,
 Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
 Wherewith I reign'd ? I hardly yet have learn'd

³ — *his day of trial.*] After this line, whatever follows, almost to the end of the act, containing the whole process of dethroning and debasing king Richard, was added after the first edition of 1598, and before the second of 1615. Part of the addition is proper, and part might have been forborn without much loss. The author, I suppose, intended to make a very moving scene. JOHNSON.

The addition was first made in the quarto 1608. STEEVENS.

The first edition was in 1597, not in 1598. When it is said that this scene was added, the reader must understand that it was added by the printer, or that a more perfect copy fell into the hands of the later editor than was published by a former. There is no proof that the whole scene was not written by Shakspeare at the same time with the rest of the play, though for political reasons it might not have been exhibited or printed during the life of Queen Elizabeth. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of his plays*. Vol. I. MALONE.

* — conduct.] for conductor. MALONE.

To

To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee:—
 Give sorrow leave a while to tutor me
 To this submission. Yet I will remember
 The favours of these men⁴: Were they not mine?
 Did they not sometime cry, all hail! to me?
 So Judas did to Christ: but he in twelve,
 Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelve thousand, none.
 God save the king!—Will no man say, amen?
 Am I both priest and clerk? well then, amen.
 God save the king! although I be not he;
 And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me.
 To do what service, am I sent for hither?
Tork. To do that office, of thine own good will,
 Which tired majesty did make thee offer,—
 The resignation of thy state and crown
 To Henry Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. Give me the crown:—Here, cousin, seize the crown;

Here, cousin, on this side, my hand; on that side, thine.
 Now is this golden crown like a deep well,
 That owes two buckets filling one another;
 The emptier ever dancing in the air⁵,
 The other down, unseen, and full of water:
 That bucket down, and full of tears, am I,
 Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

Boling. I thought, you had been willing to resign.

K. Rich. My crown, I am, but still my griefs are mine:
 You may my glories and my state depose,
 But not my griefs; still am I king of those.

Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your crown.

K. Rich. Your cares set up, do not pluck my cares down.
 My care is—loss of care, by old care done⁶;
 Your care is—gain of care, by new care won:

⁴ *The favours, &c.]* The countenances; the features. JOHNSON.

⁵ *The emptier ever dancing—]* This is a comparison not easily accommodated to the subject, nor very naturally introduced. The best part is this line, in which he makes the usurper the empty bucket.

JOHNSON.
⁶ *My care is—loss of care, by old care done;]* Shakspeare often obscures his meaning by playing with sounds. Richard seems to say here, that his cares are not made less by the increase of Bolingbroke's cares; for this reason, that his care is the loss of care,—his grief is, that his regal cares are at an end, by the cessation of the care to which he had been accustomed. JOHNSON.

The cares I give, I have, though given away ;
They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.

Boling. Are you contented to resign the crown ?

K. Rich. Ay, no ;—no, ay ;—for I must nothing be ;
Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.
Now mark me how I will undo myself :—
I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy scepter from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart ;
With mine own tears I wash away my balm⁷,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duteous oaths ;
All pomp and majesty I do forswear ;
My manors, rents, revenues, I forego ;
My acts, decrees, and statutes, I deny :
God pardon all oaths, that are broke to me !
God keep all vows unbroke, are made to thee !
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd ;
And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd !
Long may'st thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an earthy pit !
God save king Henry, unking'd Richard says,
And send him many years of sun-shine days !—
What more remains ?

North. No more, but that you read [offering a paper.]
These accusations, and these grievous crimes,
Committed by your person, and your followers,
Against the state and profit of this land ;
That, by confessing them, the souls of men
May deem that you are worthily depos'd.

K. Rich. Must I do so ? and must I ravel out
My weav'd-up follies ? Gentle Northumberland,
If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not shame thee, in so fair a troop,
To read a lecture of them ? If thou would'st⁸,
There should'st thou find one heinous article,—
Containing the deposing of a king,
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,—

⁷ — my balm,] The oil of consecration. He has mentioned it before.

⁸ If thou would'st,] That is, if thou would'st read over a list of thy
own deeds. JOHNSON.

Mark'd

Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven :—
 Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon me,
 Whilst that my wretchedness doth bait myself,—
 Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,
 Shewing an outward pity ; yet you Pilates
 Have here deliver'd me to my four crofs,
 And water cannot wash away your sin.

North. My lord, dispatch ; read o'er these articles.

K. Rich. Mine eyes are full of tears, I cannot see :
 And yet salt-water blinds them not so much,
 But they can see a sort of traitors here ?
 Nay, if I turn mine eyes upon myself,
 I find myself a traitor with the rest :
 For I have given here my soul's consent,
 To undeck the pompous body of a king ;
 Make glory base ; and sovereignty a slave ;
 Proud majesty, a subject ; state, a peasant.

North. My lord,—

K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haught ' insulting man,
 Nor no man's lord ; I have no name, no title,—
 No, not that name was given me at the font ²,
 But 'tis usurp'd :—Alack the heavy day,
 That I have worn so many winters out,
 And know not now what name to call myself !
 O, that I were a mockery king of snow,
 Standing before the sun of Bolingbroke,
 To melt myself away in water-drops !—
 Good king,—great king,—(and yet not greatly good,)
 An if my word be sterling yet in England,
 Let it command a mirror hither straight :
 That it may shew me what a face I have,
 Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

Boling. Go some of you, and fetch a looking-glass.

[Exit an Attendant.]

North. Read o'er this paper, while the glass doth come.

K. Rich. Fiend ! thou torment'st me ere I come to hell

9 — a sort—] A pack, a company. WARBURTON.

1 — haught,] i. e. haughty. STEEVENS.

2 No, not that name was given me at the font,] How that name which was given him at the font could be usurped, I do not understand. Perhaps Shakspeare meant to shew that imagination, dwelling long on its own misfortunes, represents them as greater than they really are.

ANONYMOUS.

Boling.

Boling. Uge it no more, my lord Northumberland.

North. The commons will not then be satisfy'd.

K. Rich. They shall be satisfy'd: I'll read enough,
When I do see the very book indeed
Where all my sins are writ, and that's—myself.

Re-enter Attendant, with a glass.

Give me that glass, and therein will I read—
No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow struck
So many blows upon this face of mine,
And made no deeper wounds?—O flattering glass,
Like to my followers in prosperity,
Thou dost beguile me!—Was this face the face
That every day under his household roof
Did keep ten thousand men*? Was this the face,
That, like the sun, did make beholders wink?
Was this the face, that fac'd so many follies,
And was at last out fac'd by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory shineth in this face:
As brittle as the glory is the face;

[Dashes the glass against the ground.]

For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers.—

Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport,—

How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.

Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd
The shadow of your face.

K. Rich. Say that again.

The shadow of my sorrow? Ha! let's see:

'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;

And these external manners of lament

Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,

That swells with silence in the tortur'd soul[†];

There lies the substance: and I thank thee, king,

* *Did keep ten thousand men?*] Shakspeare is here not quite accurate. Our old chronicles only say "that to his household came every day, to meate, ten thousand men." MALONE.

† — *my grief lies all within;*

And these external manners of lament &c.] So in *Hamlet*:

"But I have that within which passeth show;

"These but the trappings and the suits of woe." MALONE.

For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?

Boling. Name it, fair cousin.

K. Rich. Fair cousin? Why, I am greater than a king :
For, when I was a king, my flatterers
Were then but subjects ; being now a subject,
I have a king here to my flatterer.

Being so great, I have no need to beg.

Boling. Yet ask.

K. Rich. And shall I have?

Boling. You shall.

K. Rich. Then give me leave to go.

Boling. Whither?

K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

Boling. Go some of you, convey him to the Tower.

K. Rich. O good ! Convey?—Conveyers are you all ⁴,
That rise thus nimbly by a true king's fall ⁵.

[*Exeunt K. RICH. some Lords, and a guard.*]

Boling. On Wednesday next, we solemnly set down
Our coronation : lords, prepare yourselves.

[*Exeunt all but the Abbot, bishop of Carlisle, and AUM.*]

Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.

Car. The woe's to come ; the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn ⁶.

Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?

Abbot. Before I freely speak my mind therein,
You shall not only take the sacrament
To bury ⁷ mine intents, but also to effect

⁴ — *Conveyers are you all,*] To convey is a term often used in an ill sense, and so Richard understands it here. Pistol says of *stealing*, "convey the wive it call"; and to convey is the word for sleight of hand, which seems to be alluded to here. *Ye are all*, says the deposed prince, jugglers, who rise with this nimble dexterity by the fall of a good king. JOHNSON.

⁵ — *a true king's fall.*] This is the last of the additional lines which were first printed in the quarto, 1608. MALONE.

⁶ — *as sharp to them as thorn.*] This pathetic denunciation shews that Shakespeare intended to impress his auditors with dislike of the depol of Richard. JOHNSON.

⁷ *To bury*—] To conceal, to keep secret. JOHNSON.

Whatever

Whatever I shall happen to devise:—

I see, your brows are full of discontent,
Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears:

Come home with me to supper; I will lay

A plot, shall shew us all a merry day.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

London. *A street leading to the Tower.*

Enter QUEEN, and Ladies.

Queen. This way the king will come; this is the way
To Julius Cæsar's ill-erected tower¹,
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord
Is doom'd a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke:
Here let us rest, if this rebellious earth
Have any resting² for her true king's queen,

Enter King RICHARD, and guards.

But soft, but see, or rather do not see,
My fair rose wither: Yet look up; behold;
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,
And wash him fresh again with true-love tears.—

¹ *To Julius Cæsar's &c.*] The tower of London is traditionally said to have been the work of Julius Cæsar. JOHNSON.

² *Here let us rest, if &c.*] So Milton:

"Here rest, if any rest can harbour here." JOHNSON.

Ah,

Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand³;
 Thou map of honour; thou king Richard's tomb,
 And not king Richard; thou most beauteous inn⁴,
 Why should hard-favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee,
 When triumph is become an ale-house guest?

K. Rich. Join not with grief⁵, fair woman, do not so,
 To make my end too sudden: learn, good soul,
 To think our former state a happy dream;
 From which awak'd, the truth of what we are
 Shews us but this: I am sworn brother, sweet,
 To grim necessity⁶; and he and I
 Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France,
 And cloister thee in some religious house:
 Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
 Which our profane hours here have stricken down.

Queen. What, is my Richard both in shape and mind
 Transform'd, and weaken'd? Hath Bolingbroke
 Depos'd thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?
 The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,
 And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
 To be o'erpower'd; and wilt thou, pupil-like,
 Take thy correction mildly? kiss the rod;

³ *Ah, thou, the model where old Troy did stand;*] The queen uses comparative terms absolutely. Instead of saying, *Thou who appearest* as the ground on which the magnificence of Troy was once erected, she says,

Ah, thou, the model, &c.

Thou map of honour;—

Thou *picture* of greatness. JOHNSON.

Model, it has already been observed, is used by our author for a thing made after a pattern. He is, I believe, singular in this use of the word. Thou ruined majesty, says the queen, that *resemblest* the desolated waste where Troy once stood. So before:

“Who was the *model* of thy father's life.”

In our author's *Rape of Lucrece*, sleep is called “the *map* of death.”

MALONE.

⁴ — *beauteous inn*,] *Inn* does not here signify a house of publick entertainment; but, as in Spenser, a habitation in general. STEEVENS.

I cannot agree with Mr. Steevens. It means a house of entertainment, and is opposed to *ale-house* in the following line. MASON.

⁵ *Join not with grief*,] Do not thou unite with grief against me; do not, by thy additional sorrows, enable grief to strike me down at once. My own part of sorrow I can bear, but thy affliction will immediately destroy me. JOHNSON.

⁶ *I am sworn brother, sweet*,

To grim necessity,] I have reconciled myself to necessity, I am in a state of amity with the constraint which I have sustained. JOHNSON.

And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a lion, and a king of beasts?

K. Rich. A king of beasts, indeed; if aught but beasts,
I had been still a happy king of men.

Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for France:

Think, I am dead; and that even here thou tak'st,

As from my death bed, my last living leave.

In winter's tedious nights, sit by the fire

With good old folks; and let them tell thee tales

Of woeful ages, long ago betid:

And, ere you bid good night, to quit their grief⁷,

Tell thou the lamentable fall of me^{*},

And send the hearers weeping to their beds.

For why⁸, the senseless brands will sympathize

The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,

And, in compassion, weep the fire out:

And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,

For the deposing of a rightful king.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, and others.

North. My lord, the mind of Bolingbroke is chang'd;
You must to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.—

And, madam, there is order ta'en for you;

With all swift speed you must away to France.

K. Rich. Northumberland, thou ladder wherewithal

The mounting Bolingbroke ascends my throne,—

The time shall not be many hours of age

More than it is, ere foul sin, gathering head,

⁷ —to quit their grief] To retaliate their mournful stories. JOHNSON.

^{*} Tell thou the lamentable fall of me—] Thus the folio. So in *King Henry VIII.*

“And when you would say something that is sad,

“Speak how I fell.”

The reading, however, of the first quarto, 1597, is also much in our author's manner:

“Tell thou the lamentable tale of me— MALONE.

⁸ For why,—] The poet should have ended this speech with the foregoing line, and have spared his childish prattle about the fire.

JOHNSON.

Shall

Shall break into corruption : thou shalt think,
 'Though he divide the realm, and give thee half,
 It is too little, helping him to all ;
 He shall think, that thou, which knowest the way
 To plant unrightful kings, wilt know again,
 Being ne'er so little urg'd, another way
 To pluck him headlong from the usurped throne.
 The love of wicked friends converts to fear ;
 That fear to hate ; and hate turns one, or both,
 To worthy danger, and deserved death.

North. My guilt be on my head, and there an end.
 Take leave, and part ; for you must part forthwith.

K. Rich. Doubly divorc'd ?—Bad men, ye violate
 A two-fold marriage ; 'twixt my crown and me ;
 And then, betwixt me and my married wife.—
 Let me unkiss the oath 'twixt thee and me ;
 And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.—
 Part us, Northumberland ; I towards the north,
 Where shivering cold and sickness pines the clime ;
 My wife to France ; from whence set forth in pomp,
 She came adorned hither like sweet May,
 Sent back like Hallowmas⁹, or short'st of day.

Queen. And must we be divided ? must we part ?

K. Rich. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart from heart.

Queen. Banish us both, and send the king with me.

North. That were some love¹, but little policy.

Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me go.

K. Rich. So two together weeping, make one woe.
 Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here ;
 Better far off, than—near, be ne'er the near².

Go,

⁹ — *Hallowmas*,] *All hallowes*, or *all-hallows*; the first of November. STEEVENS.

¹ *That were some love*, &c.] The quartos give this speech to the king. STEEVENS.

² *Better far off, than—near, be ne'er the near*.] To be *never the nigher*, or, as it is commonly spoken in the mid land counties, *ne'er the ne-er*, is, to make no advance towards the good desired. JOHNSON.

So, in *The legend of Shore's wife*, by Thomas Churchyard, *Mirror for Magistrates*, 1578:

“Compel the hauke to sit, that is unmann'd,

“Or make the hound untaught to draw the deere,

“Or bring the free against his will in band,

“ Or

Go, count thy way with sighs : I mine with groans.

Queen. So longest way shall have the longest moans.

K. Rich. Twice for one step I'll groan, the way being short,

And piece the way out with a heavy heart.

Come, come, in wooing sorrow let's be brief,

Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief.

One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part :

Thus give I mine, and thus I take thy heart. [*They kiss.*]

Queen. Give me mine own again ; 'twere no good part,

To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart³. [*Kiss again.*]

So, now I have mine own again, begone,

That I may strive to kill it with a groan.

K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond delay :

Once more, adieu ; the rest let sorrow say. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. A Room in the Duke of York's Palace.

Enter YORK and his Dutchess.

Dutch. My lord, you told me, you would tell me the rest,
When weeping made you break the story off
Of our two cousins coming into London.

York. Where did I leave ?

Dutch. At that sad stop, my lord,
Where rude misgovern'd hands, from windows' tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head.

York. Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,—
With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course,
While all tongues cry'd—God save thee, Bolingbroke !

“ Or more the sad a pleasant tale to hear,

“ Your time is lost, and *you are never the near.*”

The meaning is, it is better to be at a great distance, than being near each other, to find that we yet are not likely to be peaceably and happily united. MALONE.

³ — and kill *thy* heart.] So in our author's *Venus and Adonis* :

“ — they have murder'd this poor heart of mine.” MALONE.

You

You would have thought the very windows spake,
 So many greedy looks of young and old
 Through casements darted their desiring eyes
 Upon his visage; and that all the walls,
 With painted imag'ry, had said at once⁴,—
 Jesu, preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!
 Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
 Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,
 Bespake them thus,—I thank you, countrymen:
 And thus still doing, thus he past along.

Dutch. Alas, poor Richard! where rides he the while?

York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
 After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
 Are idly bent⁵ on him that enters next,
 Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
 Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
 Did scowl on Richard; no man cry'd, God save him;
 No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home:
 But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;
 Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,—
 His face still combating with tears and smiles,
 The badges of his grief and patience,*—

That

⁴ *With painted imagery, had said at once,*] Our author probably was thinking of the painted clothes that were hung in the streets, in the pageants exhibited in his own time; in which the figures sometimes had labels issuing from their mouths, containing sentences of gratulation.

MALONE.

⁵ *Are idly bent—*] That is, *carelessly* turned, thrown without attention. This the poet learned by his attendance and practice on the stage.

JOHNSON.

* *His face still combating with tears and smiles,*

The badges of his grief and patience.] There is, I believe, no image, which our poet more delighted in than this. So, in a former scene of this play:

"As a long-parted mother with her child,

"Plays fondly with her *tears* and *smiles* in meeting."

Again, in *King Lear*:

"Patience and sorrow strove

"Who should express her goodliest;

"——— her *smiles* and *tears*

"Were like a bitter May."

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

"——— nobly he yokes

"A *smiling* with a *sigh*."

Again, in *Macbeth*:

"My plenteous *joys*

"Wanton in fullness, seek to hide themselves

"In drops of *sorrow*."

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Again,

That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
 The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
 And barbarism itself have pitied him;
 But heaven hath a hand in these events;
 To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
 To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
 Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

Enter AUMERLE.

Dutch. Here comes my son Aumerle.

York. Aumerle that was⁶;

But that is lost, for being Richard's friend,
 And, madam, you must call him Rutland now:
 I am in parliament pledge for his truth;
 And lasting fealty to the new-made king.

Dutch. Welcome, my son: Who are the violets now,
 That strew the green lap of the new-come spring?⁷

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not;
 God knows, I had as lief be none, as one.

York. Well, bear you well in this new spring of time⁸,
 Lest you be cropt before you come to prime.

What news from Oxford? hold those jousts and triumphs?

Aum. For aught I know, my lord, they do.

York. You will be there, I know.

Aum. If God prevent it not; I purpose so.

Again, in *Coriolanus*:

"Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles."

Again, in *The Tempest*:

"——— I am a fool

"To weep at what I am glad of."

So also Drayton in his *Mortimeriades*, 4to. 1596:

"With thy sweete kisses so them both beguile,

"Untill they smiling weep, and weeping smile." MALONE.

⁶ Aumerle that was:] The dukes of Aumerle, Surrey, and Exeter, were by an act of Henry's first parliament deprived of their dukedoms, but were allowed to retain their earldoms of Rutland, Kent, and Huntingdon. *Holinshed*, p. 513; 514. STEEVENS.

⁷ That strew the green lap of the new-come spring?] So, Milton in one of his songs:

"——— who from her green lap throws

"The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose." STEEVENS.

⁸ — bear you well—] That is, conduct yourself with prudence.

JOHNSON.

THE
PLAYS AND POEMS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.
VOLUME THE SEVENTH.

And never will I rise up from the ground,
Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee: Away;
Begone.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Windfor. *A Room in the Castle.*

Enter BOLINGBROKE as King; PERCY, and other lords.

Boling. Can no man tell of my unthrifty son?
'Tis full three months, since I did see him last:—
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.
I would to God, my lords, he might be found:
Enquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there²,
For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
With unrestrained loose companions;
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
And beat our watch, and rob our passengers;
While he³, young, wanton, effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour, to support
So dissolute a crew.

Percy. My lord, some two days since I saw the prince:
And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford.

Boling. And what said the gallant?

² *Enquire at London, &c.]* This is a very proper introduction to the future character of Henry the Fifth, to his debaucheries in his youth, and his greatness in his manhood. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare seldom attended to chronology. The prince was at this time but twelve years old, for he was born in 1388, and the conspiracy on which the present scene is formed, was discovered in the beginning of the year 1400.—He scarcely frequented taverns or stews at so early an age. MALONE.

³ *While he,—]* All the old copies read—Which *he*. STEEVENS.

The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

Percy.

Percy. His answer was,—he would unto the stewes;
And from the common'st creature pluck a glove⁴,
And wear it as a favour; and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.

Boling. As dissolute, as desperate: yet, through both
I see some sparkles of a better hope⁵,
Which elder days may happily bring forth.
But who comes here?

Enter AUMERLE, hastily.

Aum. Where is the king?

Boling. What means

Our cousin, that he stares and looks so wildly?

Aum. God save your grace. I do beseech your majesty,
To have some conference with your grace alone.

Boling. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone.

[Exeunt Percy and Lords.]

What is the matter with our cousin now?

Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth, *[kneels.]*
My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
Unless a pardon, ere I rise, or speak.

Boling. Intended, or committed, was this fault?
If but⁶ the first, how heinous ere it be,
To win thy after-love, I pardon thee.

Aum. Then give me leave that I may turn the key,
That no man enter till my tale be done.

⁴ — *pluck a glove,*] So, in *Promes and Cassandra*, 1578, Isamia the
strumpet, says,

“Who loves me once is lymed to my heast:

“My colours some, and some shall wear my glove.”

Again, in the *Shoemaker's Holyday, or Gentle Craft*, 1600:

“Or shall I undertake some martial sport,

“Wearing your glove at tourney or at tilt,

“And tell how many gallants I unhors'd?” STEEVENS.

⁵ *I see some sparkles of a better hope,*] The folio reads:—*sparkes of
better hope.* The quarto 1612:—*sparkes of better hope.* STEEVENS.

The first quarto has—*sparkles of better hope.* The article was in-
serted by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

⁶ *If but —*] Old copies—*If on.* Corrected by Mr. Pope.

MALONE.

Boling.

York. What seal is that, that hangs without thy bosom*?
Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing⁹.

Ann. My lord, 'tis nothing.

York. No matter then who sees it:
I will be satisfy'd, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech your grace to pardon me;
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not have seen.

York. Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.
I fear, I fear,—

Dutch. What should you fear?
'Tis nothing but some bond, that he is enter'd into
For gay apparel 'gainst the triumph day.

York. Bound to himself? what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.—
Boy, let me see the writing.

Aum. I do beseech you, pardon me; I may not shew it.

York. I will be satisfied; let me see it, I say.

[*Snatches it, and reads.*]

Treason! foul treason!—villain, traitor! slave!

Dutch. What is the matter, my lord?

York. Ho! who is within there? [*Enter a servant.*]
Saddle my horse.

God for his mercy! what treachery is here!

Dutch. Why, what is it, my lord?

York. Give me my boots, I say; saddle my horse:—
Now by mine honour, by my life, my troth,
I will appeach the villain.

Dutch. What's the matter? [*Exit servant.*]

York. Peace, foolish woman.

Dutch. I will not peace:—What is the matter, son?

Aum. Good mother, be content; it is no more
Than my poor life must answer.

Dutch. Thy life answer!

* *What seal is that, that hangs without thy bosom?* The seals of deeds were formerly impressed on slips or labels of parchment, appendant to them. MALONE.

⁹ *Yea, look'st thou pale? let me see the writing.* Such harsh and defective lines as this, are probably corrupt, and might be easily supplied, but that it would be dangerous to let conjecture loose on such slight occasions. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Shakspeare wrote—*Boy, let me see the writing.* York uses these words a little lower. MALONE.

York. Thou frantick woman, what dost thou make here²?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?

Dutch. Sweet York, be patient: Hear me, gentle liege,

kneeling.

Boling. Rise up, good aunt.

Dutch. Not yet, I thee beseech:

For ever will I kneel upon my knees,
And never see day that the happy sees,
Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,
By pardoning Rutland; my transgressing boy.

Aum. Unto my mother's prayers, I bend my knee.

York. Against them both, my true joints bended be.
Ill may'st thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!

Dutch. Pleads he in earnest? look upon his face;
His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are in jest;
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breast:
He prays but faintly, and would be deny'd;
We pray with heart, and soul, and all beside:
His weary joints would gladly rise, I know;
Our knees shall kneel till to the ground they grow:
His prayers are full of false hypocrisy;
Ours, of true zeal and deep integrity.
Our prayers do out pray his; then let them have
That mercy, which true prayers ought to have.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Dutch. Nay, do not say—stand up;
But, pardon, first; and afterwards, stand up.
An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon—should be the first word of thy speech.
I never long'd to hear a word till now;
Say—pardon, king; let pity teach thee how:
The word is short, but not so short as sweet;
No word like, pardon, for kings' mouths so meet.

York. Speak it in French, king; say, *pardonnez moy*³.

Dutch. Dost thou teach pardon pardon to destroy?
Ah, my sour husband, my hard-hearted lord,
'That set'st the word itself against the word!

² — *what dost thou make here?*] What a spectacle dost thou exhibit?
or what a clamour dost thou make? ANON.

³ — *pardonnez moy.*] That is, *excuse me*, a phrase used when an
thing is civilly denied. The whole passage is such as I could well wish
away. JOHNSON.

Speak,

Speak, pardon, as 'tis current in our land;
 The chopping French⁴ we do not understand.
 Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there:
 Or, in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear;
 That, hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,
 Pity may move thee pardon to rehearse.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Dutch. I do not sue to stand,
 Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

Boling. I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.

Dutch. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee!
 Yet am I sick for fear: speak it again;
 'Twice saying pardon, doth not pardon twain,
 But makes one pardon strong.

Boling. With all my heart
 I pardon him*.

Dutch. A god on earth thou art.

Boling. But for our trusty brother-in-law⁵,—and the abbot⁶,

With all the rest of that comforted crew,—
 Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.—
 Good uncle, help to order several powers
 To Oxford, or where-e'er these traitors are:
 They shall not live within this world, I swear,
 But I will have them, if I once know where.
 Uncle, farewell—and cousin too, adieu⁷:
 Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

Dutch. Come, my old son;—I pray God make thee new.

Exeunt.

⁴ *The chopping French*—] *Chopping*, I suppose, here means *jabbering*, talking slipshodly a language unintelligible to Englishmen; or perhaps it may mean,—the French, who *clip* and *mutilate* their words. I do not remember to have met the word, in this sense, in any other place. In the universities they talk of *chopping* logic; and our author in *Romeo and Juliet* has the same phrase:

“How now! how now! *chop logic*?” MALONE.

* *With all my heart*

I pardon him.] The old copies read—I pardon him with all my heart. The transposition was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

⁵ *But for our trusty brother-in-law*—] John duke of Exeter, and earl of Huntingdon, who had married with the lady Elizabeth, sister of Henry Bolingbroke. THEOBALD.

⁶ — *the abbot*—] i. e. the Abbot of Westminster. THEOBALD.

⁷ — *cousin, too, adieu*:] *Tee*, which is not in the old copy, was added by Mr. Theobald, for the sake of the metre. MALONE.

SCENE.

Boling. Have thy desire. [*Aumerle locks the door.*]

York. [*within.*] My liege, beware; look to thyself;
Thou hast a traitor in thy presence there.

Boling. Villain, I'll make thee safe. [*drawing.*]

Aum. Stay thy revengeful hand;
Thou hast no cause to fear.

York. [*within.*] Open the door, secure, fool-hardy king:
Shall I, for love, speak treason to thy face?
Open the door, or I will break it open.

[*Bolingbroke opens the door.*]

Enter YORK.

Boling. What is the matter, uncle, speak;
Recover breath; tell us how near is danger,
That we may arm us to encounter it.

York. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know
The treason that my haste forbids me show.

Aum. Remember, as thou read'st, thy promise past:
I do repent me; read not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

York. 'Twas, villain, ere thy hand did set it down.—
I tore it from the traitor's bosom, king;
Fear, and not love, begets his penitence:
Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart.

Boling. O heinous, strong, and bold conspiracy!—
O loyal father of a treacherous son!
Thou sheer, immaculate, and silver fountain,
From whence this stream through muddy passages
Hath held his current, and defil'd himself!
Thy overflow of good converts to bad⁸;

⁷ *Thou sheer, immaculate, &c.*] *Sheer* is pellucid, transparent. The modern editors arbitrarily read *clear*. So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. iii. c. 2.:

“Who having viewed in a fountain *sheer* &c.
Transparent muslin is still called *sheer* muslin. STEEVENS.

⁸ *Thy overflow of good converts to bad;*] The overflow of good in thee is turned to bad in thy son; and that same abundant goodness in thee shall excuse his transgression. TYRWHITT.

And!

Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
 With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
 With being nothing — Musick do I hear? [Musick.
 Ha, ha! keep time:—How sour sweet musick is,
 When time is broke, and no proportion kept?
 So is it in the musick of men's lives.
 And here have I the daintiness of ear,
 To check ² time broke in a disorder'd string:
 But, for the concord of my state and time,
 Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
 I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.
 For now hath time made me his numbring clock ³:
 My thoughts are minutes; and, with sighs, they jar ⁴
 Their watches on unto mine eyes, the outward watch,
 Whereto my finger, like a dial's point,
 Is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears:
 Now, sir, the sound, that tells what hour it is,
 Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart,
 Which is the bell: So sighs, and tears, and groans,
 Shew minutes, times, and hours:—but my time
 Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,

² To check—] Thus the first quarto, 1597. The folio read—To hear. Of this play the first quarto copy is much more valuable than that of the folio. MALONE.

³ For now hath time made me his numbring clock: &c.] There appears to me no reason for supposing with Dr. Johnson that this passage is corrupt. It should be recollected that there are three ways in which a clock notices the progress of time: viz. by the libration of the pendulum, the index on the dial, and the striking of the hour. To these the king, in his comparison, severally alludes; his sighs corresponding to the jarring of the pendulum, which, at the same time that it watches or numbers the seconds, marks also their progress in minutes on the dial or outward watch, to which the king compares his eyes; and their want of figures is supplied by a succession of tears, or (to use an expression of Milton) *minute drops*: his finger, by as regularly wiping these away, performing the office of the dial's point:—his clamorous groans are the sounds that tell the hour.

In *K. Henry IV.* P. II. tears are used in a similar manner:

“But Harry lives, that shall convert these tears,

“By number, into hours of happiness.” HENLEY.

⁴ — with sighs they jar] To jar is, I believe, to make that noise which is called ticking. So, in the *Winter's Tale*:

“I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind, &c.”

Again, in the *Spanish Tragedy*:

“—the minutes jarring, the clock striking.” STEEVENS.

While

While I stand fooling here, 'his Jack o' the clock'⁵.
 This musick mads me, let it found no more⁶;
 For, though it have holpe madmen to their wits⁷,
 In me, it seems, it will make wise men mad.
 Yet, blessing on his heart that gives it me!
 Fo 'tis a sign of love; and love to Richard⁸
 Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world⁹.

Enter Groom.

Groom. Hail, royal prince!

K. Rich. Thanks, noble peer;
 The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear.
 What art thou? and how comest thou hither,
 Where no man ever comes, but that sad dog¹
 That brings me food, to make misfortune live?

Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,
 When thou wert king; who, travelling towards York,

⁵ — *his Jack o' the clock.*] That is, I strike for him. One of these automaton is alluded to in *King Richard III.* Act IV. sc. iii.

"Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st the stroke,

"Between thy begging and my meditation." STEEVENS.

⁶ *This musick mads me, let it found no more;*] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"The little birds that tune their morning throats,

"Make her moans mad with their sweet melody." MALONE.

⁷ *For, though it have holpe madmen to their wits,*] The allusion is, perhaps, to the persons bit by the tarantula, who are said to be cured by musick. MALONE.

In what degree musick was supposed to be useful in curing madness, the reader may receive information from Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*; Part II. Sect. 2. REED.

⁸ — *and love to Richard*

Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.] i. e. as strange and uncommon as a brooch, which is now no longer worn. So, in *All's Well that ends Well*: "Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion, richly suited, but unsuitable; just like the brooch and the toothpick, which wear not now." MALONE.

⁹ — *in this all-hating world.*] I believe the meaning is, this world in which I am universally hated. JOHNSON.

¹ — *but that sad dog*] It should be remembered that the word *sad* was in the time of our author used for *grave*. The expression will then be the same as if he had said, *that grave, that gloomy villain*. So, in Holinshed, p. 730: "With that, the recorder called Fitzwilliam, a *sad* man and an honest, &c." STEEVENS.

With

SCENE IV.

Enter EXTON, *and a* Servant.

Exton. Didst thou not mark the king, what words he spake?

Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?
Was it not so?

Serv. Those were his very words.

Exton. *Have I no friend?* quoth he: he spake it twice,
And urg'd it twice together; did he not?

Serv. He did.

Exton. And, speaking it, he wistly look'd on me;
As who should say,—I would, thou wert the man
That would divorce this terror from my heart;
Meaning, the king at Pomfret. Come, let's go;
I am the king's friend, and will rid his foe. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Pomfret. *The Dungeon of the Castle.*

Enter RICHARD.

K. Rich. I have been studying how I may compare
This prison, where I live, unto the world:
And, for because the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it;—Yet I'll hammer it out.
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul;
My soul, the father: and these two beget
A generation of still breeding thoughts,

And

Exton. As full of valour, as of royal blood :
Both have I spilt ; O, would the deed were good !
For now the devil, that told me—I did well,
Says, that this deed is chronicled in hell.
This dead king to the living king I'll bear ;—
Take hence the rest, and give them burial here.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Windfor. *A Room in the Castle.*

Flourish. Enter BOLINGBROKE, and YORK, with lords and attendants.

Boling. Kind uncle York, the latest news we hear,
Is—that the rebels have consum'd with fire

Our

the bar a few years after the death of Richard : living therefore so near the time, his testimony is of the highest weight. And with him Harding, who is supposed to have been at the battle of Shrewsbury in 1403, concurs : " Men sayd *for-hungered* he was." Chron. 1543, fol. 199. So also Walsingham, who wrote in the time of Henry V. and Polydore Virgil.

The Percies in the Manifesto which they published against King Henry IV. in the third year of his reign, the day before the battle of Shrewsbury, expressly charge him with having " carried his sovereign lord traiterously within the castell of Pomfret, without the consent or the judgement of the lordes of the realm, by the space of fiftene daies and so many nightes, (which is horrible among christian people to be heard,) *with hunger, thirst, and cold, to perishe* " Had the story of Sir Pierce of Exton been true, it undoubtedly must have reached them. Their not mentioning it is decisive.

If, however, we are to give credit to Sir John Hayward, this controverted point will not admit of dispute ; for in *The First Part of the Life and Reign of King Henry IV.* 4to. 1559, after relating the story of King Richard's assassination, he very gravely tells us, that " after being felled to the ground, he with a faint and feeble voice *groaned forth* these words : " My great grandfather King Edward II." &c. Mr. Hume in his entertaining, but often superficial, History of England, has not been weak enough to insert this fictitious dying speech. He might, however, have inserted it with as much propriety as an abridgment of the oration of

With much ado, at length have gotten leave
To look upon my sometimes * royal master's face.

O, how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld,
In London streets that coronation day,

When Bolingbroke rode on roan Barbary !

That horse, that thou so often hast bestrid ;

That horse, that I so carefully have dress'd !

K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary ? Tell me, gentle friend,
How went he under him ?

Groom. So proudly, as if he disdain'd the ground.

K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back !
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand ;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not stumble ? Would he not fall down,
(Since pride must have a fall,) and break the neck
Of that proud man that did usurp his back ?
Forgiveness, horse ! why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Wast born to bear ? I was not made a horse ;
And yet I bear a burden like an ass,
Spur-gall'd, and tir'd, by jauncing Bolingbroke †.

Enter Keeper, with a distaff.

Keep. Fellow, give place ; here is no longer stay.

[*to the groom.*

K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall
say. [Exit.

Keep. My lord, will't please you to fall to ?

K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do,

Keep. My lord, I dare not ; sir Pierce of Exton, who
Lately came from the king, commands the contrary.

*.—[*sometimes*—] was used for *formerly*, as well as *sometime*, which the modern editors have substituted. So in Speed's *History of Great Britaine*, 1611 :—"A catalogue of the religious houses, &c. *sometimes* in England and Wales." MALONE.

†.—by jauncing *Bolingbroke*.] *Jaunce* and *jaunt* were synonymous words. B. Jonson uses *geances* in his *Tale of a Tub* :

"I would I had a few more *geances* of it :

"And you say the word, send me to Jericho." STEEVENS.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaster, and thee!
 Patience is stale, and I am weary of it. [*beats the keeper.*
Keep. Help, help, help!

Enter EXTON, and Servants, armed.

K. Rich. How now? what means death in this rude assault?
 Villain, thy own hand yields thy death's instrument.

[*Snatching a weapon, and killing one.*

Go thou, and fill another room in hell.

[*He kills another; then EXTON strikes him down..*

That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire,
 That staggers thus my person. Exton, thy fierce hand
 Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land.
 Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;
 Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die*.. [*Dies.*

Exton.

* — *here to die*] Shakspeare in this scene has followed Holinshed, who took his account of Richard's death from Hall, as Hall did from Fabian, in whose Chronicle, I believe, this story of Sir Piers of Exton first appeared. Froissart, who had been in England in 1396, and who appears to have finished his Chronicle soon after the death of the king, says, "how he died, and by what meanes, I could not tell whanne I wrote this cronicle." Had he been murdered by eight armed men, (for such is Fabian's story,) "four of whom he slew with his own hand," and from whom he must have received many wounds, surely such an event must have reached the ears of Froissart, who had a great regard for the king, having received from him at his departure from England "a goblet of silver and gilt, waying two marke of silver, and within it a C. nobles; by the whych (he adds) I am as yet the better, and shalbe as longe as I live; wherefore I am bounde to praye to God for his soule, and wyth muche sorowe I wryte of his deathe."

Nor is this story of his murder consistent with the account (which is not controverted) of his body being brought to London and exposed in Cheapside for two hours, ("his heade on a blacke quishen, and his wyfage open,") where it was viewed, says Froissart, by twenty thousand persons. The account given by Stowe, who seems to have had before him a Manuscript History of the latter part of Richard's life, written by a person who was with him in Wales, appears much more probable. He says, "he was imprisoned in Pomfrait Castle, where xv dayes and nightes they vexed him with continuall hunger, thirst, and cold, and finally bereft him of his life, with such a kind of death as never before that time was knowen in England, saith Sr John Fortescute," probably in his *Declaration touching the title of the House of Yorke*, a work yet, I believe, somewhere existing in MS. Sr John Fortescue was called to the

the

T H E
P L A Y S A N D P O E M S

O F

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE SEVENTH.

C O N T A I N I N G

M A C B E T H.

K I N G J O H N.

K I N G R I C H A R D I I.

D U B L I N:

PRINTED FOR P. WOGAN, P. RYNE, W. M'KENZIE,
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M,DCC,XCII.

But here is Carlisle living, to abide
Thy kingly doom, and sentence of his pride.

Boling. Carlisle, this is your doom :—
Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,
More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life ;
So, as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife ;
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.

Enter EXTON, *with attendants bearing a coffin.*

Exton. Great king, within this coffin I present
Thy bury'd fear : herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bourdeaux, by me hither brought.

Boling. Exton, I thank thee not ; for thou hast wrought
A deed of slander, with thy fatal hand,
Upon my head, and all this famous land.

Exton. From your own mouth, my lord, did I this deed.

Boling. They love not poison that do poison need,
Nor do I thee ; though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor princely favour :
With Cain go wander through the shade of night,
And never shew thy head by day nor light.—
Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me, to make me grow :
Come, mourn with me for what I do lament,
And put on sullen black inclement ;
I'll make a voyage to the Holy land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand—
March sadly after ; grace my mournings here,
In weeping after this untimely bier ⁴.

[*Exeunt.*]

⁴ This play is extracted from the *Chronicle of Holinshed*, in which many passages may be found which Shakspeare has, with very little alteration, transplanted into his scenes ; particularly a speech of the bishop of Carlisle in defence of king Richard's unalienable right, and immunity from human jurisdiction.

Jonson who, in his *Catiline and Sejanus*, has inserted many speeches from the Roman historians, was perhaps induced to that practice by the example

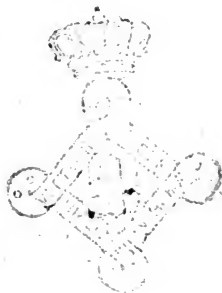
example of Shakspeare, who had condescended sometimes to copy more ignoble writers. But Shakspeare had more of his own than Jonson, and if he sometimes was willing to spare his labour, shewed by what he performed at other times, that his extracts were made by choice or idleness rather than necessity.

This play is one of those which Shakspeare has apparently revised : but as success in works of invention is not always proportionate to labour, it is not finished at last with the happy force of some other of his tragedies, nor can be said much to affect the passions, or enlarge the understanding. JOHNSON.

The notion that Shakspeare revised this play, though it has long prevailed, appears to me extremely doubtful; or, to speak more plainly, I do not believe it. See further on this subject in *An Attempt to ascertain the order of his plays*, Vol. 1. MALONE.



END OF VOL. VII.



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